McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII JULY, 1911 No. 3

THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AND HOW OREGON GOT THEM

BY

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NOTHING is more significant of the popular attitude toward political organizations than the movement, now rapidly spreading all over the United States, for the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall. Six Western State legislatures, in the last few months, have adopted constitutional amendments providing for these measures. The more conservative East, which a few years ago was ridiculing them as wild Populistic vagaries, is now beginning to give them respectful attention. How marked is the change in public opinion was evidenced only the other day, when Woodrow Wilson, for several years president of Princeton University, now Governor of New Jersey, and one of our leading academic authorities on politics and government, announced his conversion.

"For twenty years," said Governor Wilson, "I preached to the students of Princeton that the Referendum and Recall was bosh. I have since investigated, and I want to apologize to those students. It is the safeguard of politics. It takes power from the boss and places it in the hands of the people. I want to say with all my power that I favor it."

For the origin of this popular movement in the United States we must go back nearly twenty years, to a series of meetings held in an unpretentious farm-house in Milwaukie, Clackamas County, Oregon. The first inspiration had been given by a Reverend M. V. Rork, an ex-Unitarian clergyman, who came roaring through rural Oregon in the early '90's as the representative of the Farmers' Alliance. Rork was one of those Populistic agitators whom the Eastern newspapers so dearly loved to caricature; his lectures were directed against the railroads, Wall Street, and the existing political parties, and his favorite remedy was the combination of the farmers and the working classes against exploiting "capitalism." He made a business of organizing branches of the Farmers' Alliance, and with great success. In western Oregon, in particular, his progress was the heralding of a new political age.

Milwaukie, a village of perhaps a thousand people, located in one of the most fruitful sections of the beautiful Willamette Valley, about seven miles south of Portland, was the gathering-place of an energetic and intelligent yeomanry. Here the farmers thought and read and closely followed political movements and all important public questions. There was one family, in particular, which for many years had acted as an intellectual stimulus upon the town. Seth and Alfred Luelling were especially favorable specimens of rural Americanism — of the sturdy and honest pioneers who had crossed the plains in ox teams and laid, in Oregon, the foundations of one of America's greatest commonwealths. They were prosperous nurserymen; they owned and cultivated several hundred acres; and, in their own profession, they are known as the creators of the famous "Bing" and "Luelling" cherries. But they were more than fruit-grow-

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ers; they were natural philosophers: though academically uneducated, they had definite ideas on most religious, political, and economic questions. Almost inevitably their ideas were revolutionary. In religion they were spiritualists; Seth Luelling's house, indeed, was the local headquarters of spiritualism long before it became the meeting-place of political malcontents. The very room where the agitation for popular government in Oregon started had been for many years previously the scene of spiritualistic séances. Many of America's leading spiritualists were the Luellings' intimate friends. Elizabeth Cady Stanton had also visited the Luellings' home and had written from there on questions concerning women.

A Group of "Advanced Thinkers"

The Luellings organized the Farmers' Alliance Lodge in Milwaukie, and the Luelling farmhouse became its official headquarters. Here Seth and Alfred gradually drew about them a philosophic group and held weekly meetings for the discussion of current events. All their associates belonged to the class known, in those days, as "advanced thinkers." An "advanced thinker" was usually a man who declaimed vigorously against the extortions of the railroads, who considered that both political parties existed only to serve the interests of corporate wealth, who believed in the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and in the single tax. His chief idol among public men was usually Henry George; his greatest aversion, Grover Cleveland — Mr. Cleveland was then well launched in his second term. The Luelling group represented certainly all the forces of unrest that were soon to blossom into the Populist party — farmers' alliances, granges, knights of labor, labor-unions, greenbackers, Socialists, and the rest. At one of these Thursday evening meetings one could usually hear irreverently discussed nearly all the most sacred American institutions — the Supreme Court, the United States Senate, the representative system of government, even the Constitution itself. Many tenets then regarded as Socialistic — such as governmental ownership of railroads — likewise found hearty indorsement here. Women participated in the proceedings almost as generally as men; and one of the strongest articles of the Luelling faith — as it afterward became of the Populist party — was woman suffrage. The company frequently interrupted the political arguments with incursions into polite literature; they read and discussed good books; and one of the most entertaining members was a well-known Shakespearian "reciter," John D. Stevens.

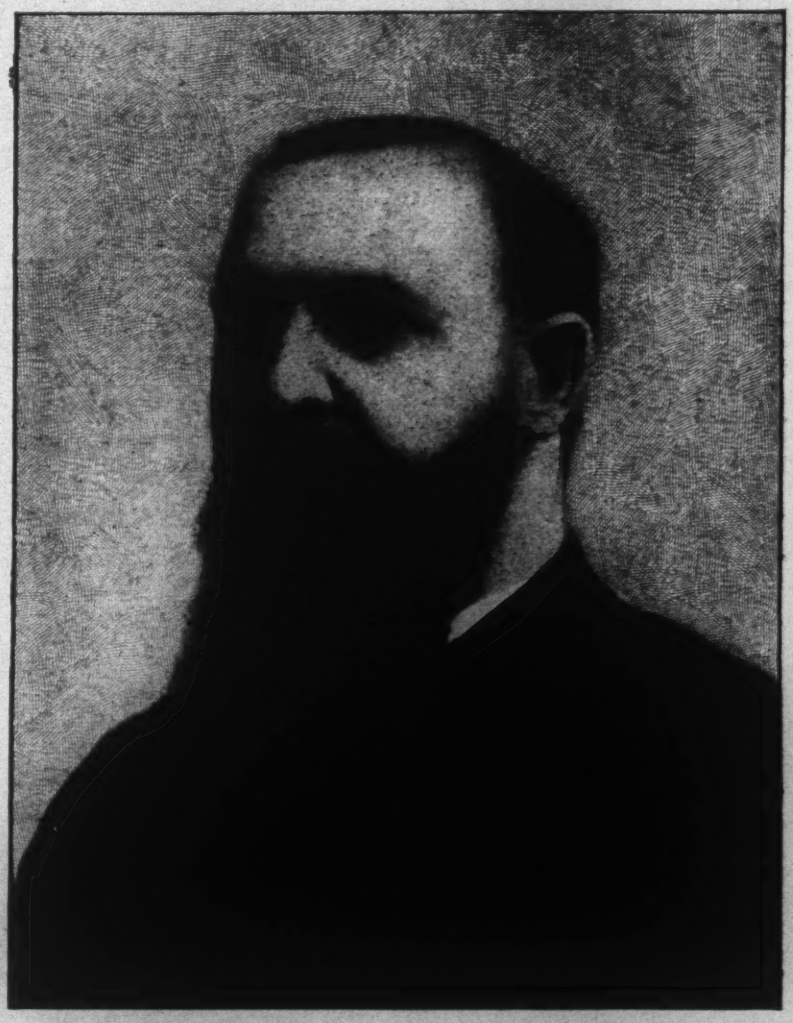
William S. U'Ren

Cranky, irresponsible, half baked — all these things, in conservative eyes, the little assemblage certainly was; yet it was alive and stimulating. Out of this, and out of thousands of similar groups then scattered through the West, developed many of the ideas that have now reached the full dignity of practical politics. In the fall of the year 1892 the Luelling lodge admitted an important new member. This was a wanderer with a strange name — William Simon U'Ren.* Mr. U'Ren, like the Luellings, was a spiritualist, and, like most other spiritualists in that part of the country, he naturally gravitated toward the Luelling headquarters. He was then about thirty-two years old — tall, slender, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, not in the best of health, but with an engaging manner, a ready tongue, and a quiet and deliberate interest in public questions. Although a young man, U'Ren had lived in many States and had acquired at first hand much political information. Radicalism he had breathed in as a child. His mother was a hardy Cornish woman; his father — still living and a Socialist at seventy-six — was an Englishman who, as a young man, had become dissatisfied with the political and social system of England, and had sought new ideals in this country. Here, as a blacksmith, he had prospered, but he had failed to find the equality and political morality of which he had dreamed. U'Ren's earliest recollections, as a child, were of fireside discussions of the land system in England; his father is still helping a brother in England to pay rent upon a house which their own grandfather built in the eighteenth century. There seemed something wrong in all this, but U'Ren could not quite understand where the fault lay.

The elder U'Ren had something of a library, in which William read as a boy; but his mother's reading of the Bible gave him his real education. "I was especially fond of the Old Testament leaders," he says, "Moses and the rest; I suppose it's because they were never satisfied with things as they were, but were always kicking." This training he supplemented by the usual course in the public schools of Colorado. Born in Wisconsin in 1859, he "vibrated," to use his own expression, for several years around the West, engaging in several occupations. He was, at various times, a blacksmith in the railroad yards at Denver, a bookkeeper, a shorthand writer, and a lawyer. He frequently took a hand in politics; he knew Colorado intimately, and here he first came into personal contact with political corruption. Going from one State to another—Colorado, Nebraska,

* Accent on the last syllable.

Kansas, Iowa, California among others — he saw everywhere the same conditions, the same clear and simple system — the assumption of governmental powers by the forces of wealth. All these apparent facts, however, confused his mind. He saw no way out, no remedy. One

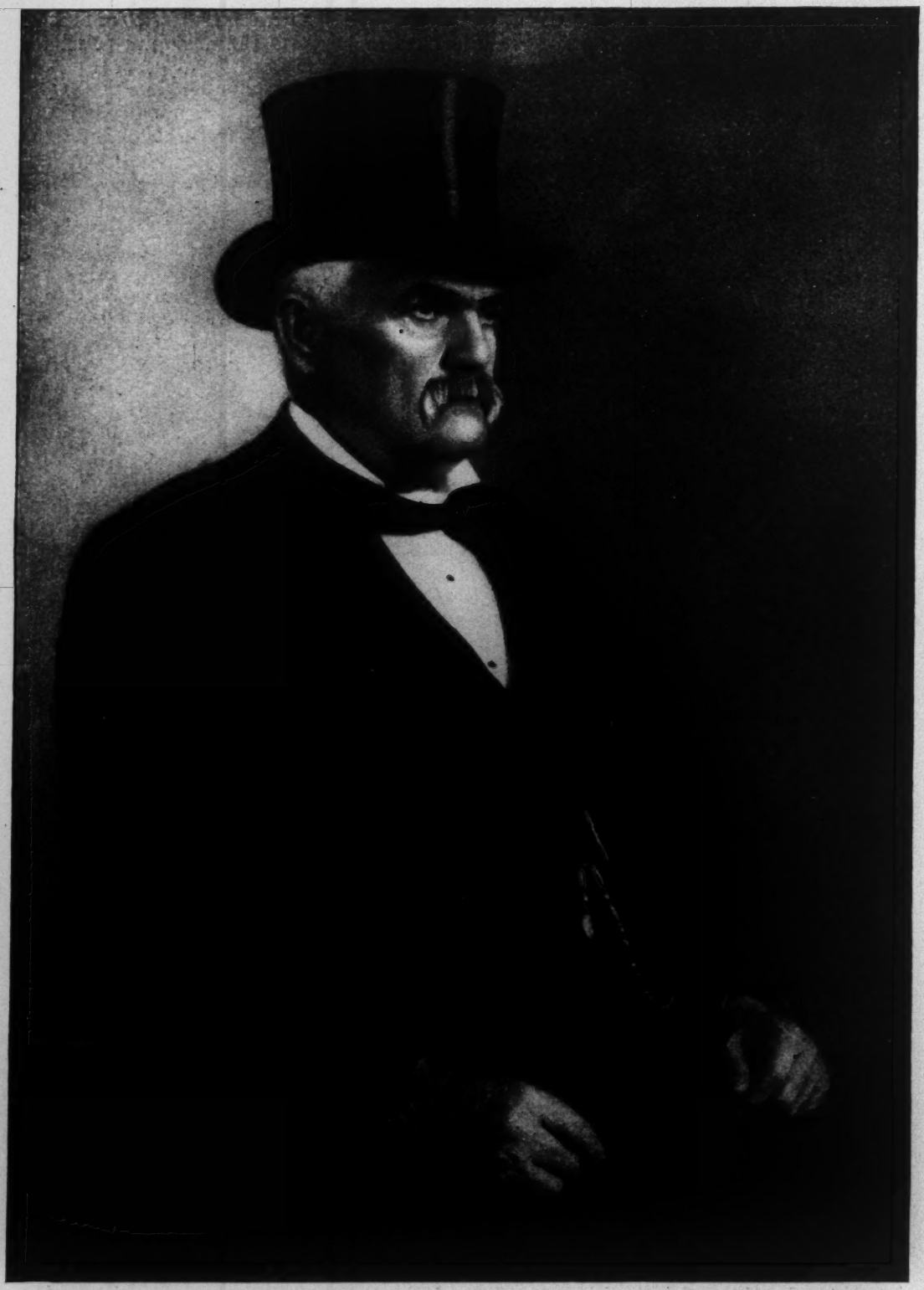


JOHN H. MITCHELL, WHO FAILED OF REELECTION TO THE SENATE IN 1897 BECAUSE HE OPPOSED THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AMENDMENT

day, in the mining camp of Tincup, Colorado, a friend handed U'Ren a book that had been recently written by a Californian. It was "Progress and Poverty." U'Ren's mind had already proved a receptive field for many revolutionary ideas; he was already a paper-money man; and in Henry George's work he found, or thought he found, a genuine political purpose in life. U'Ren has never been an agitator of the type frequently met with in the West — never a ranter, never ill-tempered, unreasonable, or dogmatic, but always soft-voiced, insinuating, persuasive, as good at listening as at talking. And now he brought all these gifts to bear in his missionary labors for the single tax. "Now I began to see why we were paying rent on a house our own grandfather had built in England a hundred years ago," he says; and it was this enthusiasm that he brought to the weekly gatherings at the Luelling household.

Oregon Hears of the Swiss System

He was a valuable acquisition. The reformers had been to a great degree inarticulate and purposeless, and in U'Ren they found their leader. He became a member of the Luelling household, and a partner with Seth Luelling in the nursery



HARVEY W. SCOTT, THE HORACE GREELEY OF THE PACIFIC COAST. HE FAVORED THE REFERENDUM IN THE EARLY DAYS, ALTHOUGH AFTERWARD HE OPPOSED IT

business. Hard times soon fell upon U'Ren, the Luellings, and all the rest of their associates. The panic of 1893 virtually ruined the orchard and nursery business, and financial gloom settled down upon Clackamas County. Farm products could not be sold; debts began to accumulate, farms to be mortgaged and foreclosed. U'Ren, who was at the time unmarried, lived in a little cabin on the Luelling estate. The philosophic group still held their weekly meetings, and constantly discussed their troubles. They could see only one cause for them — Wall Street, capitalism, the "money trust," the "railroad trust."

One evening Alfred Luelling brought to the gathering a copy of a new, paper-covered book. It was called "Direct Legislation by the Citizenship, through the Initiative and Referendum," and was written by J. W. Sullivan. Strange words, these — Initiative and Referendum. Several years before this, when he was crossing the ferry from San Francisco to Oakland, some one had handed U'Ren a labor-union circular on the "Initiative"; but hardly any other member of the group had heard of this governmental device. All were greatly interested, however, while Alfred Luelling read a few chapters to them. He could not finish the book at one reading, and after the meeting had adjourned, U'Ren took the volume and retired to his cabin. There, all night long, by the light of a little kerosene lamp, he pored over Sullivan's work. By sunrise he had read and digested every word.

"I forgot, for the time, all about Henry George and the single tax," he says. "All these I now saw to be details. The one important thing was to restore the law-making power where it belonged — into the hands of the people. Once give us that, we could get anything we wanted — single tax, anything."

Sullivan's teachings were radical because they proposed to modify seriously the fundamental principle of American government. The men who framed the federal and the State constitutions unquestionably accepted, as a political maxim, the idea that democracy could work successfully only as long as the people ruled, not directly, but through elected representatives. They had no abiding confidence in an unrestrained democracy. Hamilton and his associates had constantly before them the historic failures — the Greek cities — in which the people exercised directly, in person, the law-making power. In the American Constitution, therefore, they separated as much as possible the law-making and the executive bodies from the people who elected them. Virtually all of the American States had followed the federal example. Oregon, in 1893, had such a representative system. This idea regulated every phase of its public life.

According to the representative idea, the rank and file could serve no useful purpose in making laws. They were a "mob." They were ignorant, capricious, unthinking, and were constantly led astray by their own passions. Could a "mob" vote upon laws — give a simple "yes" or "no" upon proposed measures of legislation? The suggestion, of course, was absurd. The one thing that the people could be trusted to do was, at stated intervals, to select, among the candidates proposed by the several political parties, the men who should make law-making their exclusive business. After selecting these representatives the voters lost all control of them. Such legislators simply ruled by royal ukase for the period for which they were chosen. If they did ill, the people had no recourse; they could not themselves undo their acts; they could not obtain the measures that their real interests demanded. Their only recourse was to wait until their representatives' terms had expired, and then elect a new set, who might go on betraying their trust precisely as had their predecessors. Under a properly regulated representative system such as the fathers of the Republic had foreseen, these things, of course, would never have happened. The men chosen by the people would be supremely wise and supremely good; they would be the State's leading men — its great educators and philanthropists, its honorable leaders in business, finance, professional life, arts and letters — men whose only possible motive in public life would be an unselfish interest in the public welfare.

Representative Institutions in the "Oregon Country"

Oregon had adopted a constitution, in 1859, founded upon this idea. How had it worked in practice?

This beautiful far-Western State apparently offered a fruitful field for such an idyllic experiment. Nature had endowed the soil with almost exhaustless wealth. The "Oregon country" is a lotus-eating land. Roses bloom in December, and crops burst out of the ground with the smallest amount of human labor. Almost tropical in its vegetative exuberance, it has nothing enervating in its climate. The women are robust, animated, alert; the men, tall, ruddy-faced, bright-eyed, are extraordinarily energetic. In its settlement, Oregon drew upon many of the best elements in the American stock. The Western coast was settled largely by New Englanders, many of them sea-

faring people. There is a tradition that, when the time came to name their leading city, the pioneers tossed a coin to determine whether they should call it Portland or Boston; and Portland, to-day, with its central green, its general atmosphere of quiet respectability, strongly resembles a New England town. The State has always been mainly agricultural. Even now the population is only about seven hundred thousand. Only one third live in the cities — the rest are found on the wheat farms, in the apple orchards and berry fields, on the lonely sheep and cattle ranches. Anglo-Saxondom is the largest element in its population, while its foreign population represents the better European peasant types — Irish, Scotch, Germans, and Scandinavians.

Here, if anywhere, this unmodified representative system, this full flower of Teutonic civilization, ought to bring happiness and justice to the people. A complete analysis, however, shows that in practically every branch of government it had been a humiliating failure. Even among American State governments, Oregon enjoyed a unique distinction for the corruption and inefficiency of its public life. It had a representative government, indeed, but not a government representative of its people. In 1893, when the Luellings, U'Ren, and the Milwaukie group began to reform the State, one could hardly say that popular government, in any real sense, existed at all. There was merely a skeleton — a hollow frame of representative institutions. The power that did select its representatives was made up of the corporations — the street railway, the gas and electric light companies, the banks, the railroads. With these had developed a kind of feudal aristocracy — the "first families of Portland" — which habitually used public powers for private ends.

"Representatives" in Parties and Government

These several extra-constitutional powers had acquired possession of the government by using agencies the existence of which Hamilton and his associates had not foreseen. The fathers never seemed to anticipate, for example, the inevitable development of political parties. They provided that our representatives should be elected, but neglected an even more important detail — that, before being elected, they should be nominated. Under the representative system, the men who make the nominations clearly control the government. In Oregon, as elsewhere, an elaborate machinery had been devised for making these nominations. It was not direct; like the government itself, it was purely "representative." The fact that the people had themselves no immediate choice, but expressed their preferences through representatives chosen by other representatives whom the people themselves sometimes selected, gave them little interest or influence in the proceedings. Thus there grew up a professional class which made a business of working this party machinery.

Oregon's "Wisest" and "Best"

In character the representatives thus selected fell far short of the Hamiltonian ideal. There were thousands of splendid, honest, able, patriotic gentlemen in Oregon — but they were not found, except rarely, in the legislature. Instead, there were briefless lawyers, farmless farmers, business failures, bar-room loafers, Fourth-of-July orators, political thugs. The larger part of these men were ignorant, illiterate, lazy, politically and personally immoral. As soon as the legislature convened, a troop of prostitutes quite regularly encamped at Salem — the law-makers, in some cases, attaching them to the State pay-roll. Drunkenness and debauchery commonly prevailed throughout the whole legislative session. These legislators organized in the interest of the corporations; the latter named the officers and the committees, and directed legislation.

How Switzerland had Driven the "Interests" Out of Politics

With Luelling, U'Ren, and the other members of the Milwaukie group, these conditions had for some time formed the staple of discussion. The reformers made little practical headway, however, until they read and pondered Sullivan's book and other literature of the same kind. Sullivan's volume described how, thirty or forty years before, essentially the same conditions had prevailed in Switzerland. There also, in that pastoral Republic, the "interests" had annexed the government, and had used it to increase their wealth. They were just about the same kind of interests that were exploiting Oregon — the railroads, the banks, the "plutocracy," and the corrupt politicians. There, too, there had been political machines and political bosses; legislatures had been corrupt and bribery had been common. In seeking a way of escape, a small group of Swiss reformers, in the '30's and '40's, began to advocate a general system of popular law-making. For centuries six Swiss cantons — Uri, Glarus, and the double cantons of Appenzell and Unterwalden — have been pure democ-

racies. Here, once a year, usually on a Sunday in May, the mountaineers gather in the meadow, pass laws by a show of hands, and exercise in person all the functions of government. These *Landsgemeinden*, the direct descendants of the Teutonic folkmoots, had long been an object lesson to the Swiss people. The writings of their celebrated philosopher, Rousseau, always an advocate of legislation directly by the people, had also become a part of the national political consciousness.

The cantons in which the *Landsgemeinde* ruled, however, were small, and the town-meeting idea was obviously impracticable in sections where the population reached into the tens of thousands. The reformers, therefore, originated what was essentially a new scheme. They provided for the retention of their representative chambers, and arranged that these chambers should still have charge of legislation. They simply reserved to the people two powers, one to pass laws themselves, the other to veto any obnoxious law passed by the legislature. The first power they called the Initiative, the second the Referendum. In several cantons all laws, before they became effective, had to be indorsed by a majority of the voters; in others, the acts of the legislature became laws without submission, unless a certain percentage of the freemen petitioned for a popular vote.

Sullivan's book, as well as many others written upon the same subject, claimed for these new measures unqualified success. Practically all the abuses that had prevailed under the former system had disappeared. Public life had become orderly and decent; the cantonal legislatures had ceased their turmoils and become honest and businesslike; bribery and corruption had disappeared; and in all its branches Switzerland, which had been one of the worst governed countries in Europe, had gradually become one of the best. Many great national reforms had been instituted. The State, instead of being owned by the railroads, now controlled these corporations — in recent years the government has actually owned them. Switzerland regulated the liquor traffic by making alcohol a State monopoly. The people had obtained an equitable system of taxation, had voted large appropriations for building highways and for other public purposes. Above all, the Swiss people had developed a new political sense, had a keen interest in public affairs, and kept fruitful watch over their legislatures. Unquestionably, at times they had made mistakes; but that the new system was of immense value, on the whole, seemed to be the judgment of nearly all who had investigated it.

A Movement of the Farmers and Working Classes

The Luelling group now began what developed into a ten years' agitation. They soon founded a definite organization — a "Joint Committee on Direct Legislation." They invited the State Grange, the Oregon Farmers' Alliance, the Portland Federated Trades, the Portland Central Labor Council, and the Oregon Knights of Labor to send delegates to discuss ways and means of getting the Initiative and Referendum. In order to make the meeting representative, they sent a similar invitation to the Portland Chamber of Commerce. All except the latter body accepted. The meeting was held in U'Ren's cabin on the Luelling estate. Although the popular movement in Oregon is now comprehensive, in that representatives of all social classes are supporting it, this preliminary meeting emphasizes distinctly that in the early days it was confined to the farming and the wage-earning class. Among the most active of the delegates were A. I. Mason, then a leader in the Carpenters' Union and afterward a letter-carrier; George M. Orton, a printer; G. G. Kurtz, a cigar-maker; T. E. Kirby, a representative of the Knights of Labor; Nathan Pierce, president of the Oregon Farmers' Alliance; and W. D. Hare, from the State Grange. Nearly all of these men were familiar with the Initiative and Referendum in their own organizations — for years it had been their regular way of making laws. Unquestionably they regarded the reform as the most effective way of redressing their grievances — what they looked upon as the oppression of "capital."

This little band decided to strive for one thing — a convention for the revision of the Constitution, this revision to provide for the Initiative and Referendum. A change that would give legislative power to the voters necessarily required a change in this fundamental instrument.

Many Swiss and New Englanders in Clackamas County

For some time the seat of war was Clackamas County. Here the reformers found conditions favorable to their demands. The county is one of the most beautiful and prosperous in the State, and its people are unusually industrious and intelligent. Fortunately for the proposed reform, a considerable part of its population is German-Swiss. In Milwaukie where the movement started, at least half of the population are Swiss. These settlers brought with them many memories of popular law-making in their fatherland; they could remember the days

MISS FLORENCE OLSEN, WHO STUMPED FOR THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AMENDMENT

when, after church on Sunday, they used to assemble on the village green, and, by uplifted hands, pass their own laws and select their own rulers. Another considerable element in the population were New Englanders. With them, also, law-making by the people was not revolutionary or strange; for generations the freemen of the New England towns had met annually in town meetings, laid their own taxes, made their own appropriations, and chosen their own "selectmen." Naturally, these two classes of citizens, the Swiss and the New Englanders, needed little instruction; they eagerly fell into line to educate their less experienced neighbors.

Women Active in the Movement

The movement was a popular one in every sense of the word. In view of present-day discussions of the fitness of women for public affairs, it is interesting to note that, in accomplishing this the most revolutionary governmental change in the last half century, women played a conspicuous part. As a preliminary step, U'Ren and his associates issued a pamphlet discussing the proposed constitutional reforms — a small document that ultimately had a circulation of fifty thousand copies in English and fifteen thousand in German. They had little money, and everybody, men, women, and children, had to help. The printers' unions did the printing; the women did the stitching; the children did their part in the distribution. In the winter of 1894–95 nearly every farmer household in Milwaukie spent its evenings in this work. Several women took to the stump. Mrs. Sophronia Luelling, Seth Luelling's wife, was especially influential as a speaker at meetings of the Alliance and the Grange. A number of young school-teachers traveled over the country, addressing meetings in school-houses. Miss Florence Olsen was most active in this work. It had been the custom to hold social gatherings in these school-houses, at which the people turned out in families; the farmers' wives prepared the supper, and the evening was spent in discussing matters affecting their personal welfare. These gatherings brought together just the crowds desired: there were no politicians — there were only the people. Miss Olsen and her associates made a business of attending these functions and discussing the "I and R," the discussions being invariably followed by debate. Both men and women supplemented these discussions by personal appeals. They canvassed the whole country: John D. Stevens traveled on foot all over Clackamas County, carrying the gospel to every farm-house. All this time Sullivan's book was doing excellent service; thousands of copies were printed and circulated through the State, and each thumbed copy made the round of many farm-houses.

Together with their exhortations the campaigners circulated a petition humbly requesting the sovereign legislature of Oregon to call a constitutional convention. They obtained fifteen thousand signatures, all of voters, out of a total electorate of eighty thousand. They also took pains to pledge as many candidates as possible to vote for such a bill. When the legislature of 1895 convened, U'Ren, who had established his headquarters in the State Capitol, believed that he had pledged votes enough to pass the bill. But the predominant Republican machine energetically opposed it. It is significant of the change in Oregon's public life that the most ferocious enemy of the reform in the session of 1895 was Judge Henry E. McGinn, who is at present one of the leaders in the popular movement. But Mr. McGinn was then merely the Senate leader of the Republican machine.

The Legislature Breaks Its Pledge

U'Ren haunted the legislature day and night, gently buttonholing members in the interest of his proposed convention. Few law-makers understood what he was talking about, but they

all liked him for his mild manner and his amiable persistence. But he didn't make any headway with the legislature. In fact, many members who had pledged themselves to support the bill ostentatiously voted against it. It was perhaps just as well that they did. At that time U'Ren and his followers demanded a compulsory Referendum — a constitutional change requiring that all laws, before becoming valid, should receive the popular indorsement. Such a plan was impracticable, as the reformers soon decided. When they next appeared in public, therefore, they asked merely for the Referendum in its optional form — a provision that laws passed by the legislature should be submitted when eight per cent of the voters petitioned for such submission. They had also abandoned the idea of a constitutional convention, and merely asked for an amendment to the constitution providing for their reform.

The part that U'Ren played in the next session, that of 1897, clearly demonstrated that he had developed political talents of his own.

MRS. SETH LUELLING, ONE OF THE FOREMOST WORKERS FOR THE OREGON REFORM

Reform Indirectly a Result of Senator Mitchell's Free-Silver Policy

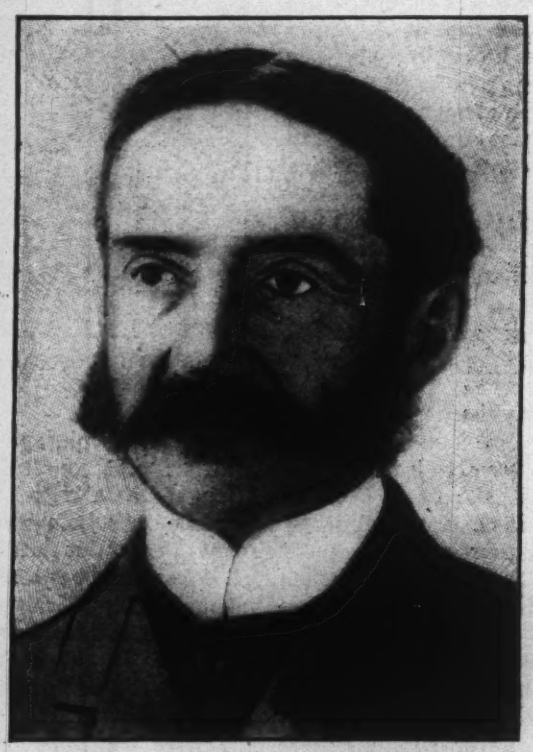
Much political history had been made in these two intervening years. The free-silver issue, which had so completely demoralized and disrupted political parties in the other Western States, had played havoc in Oregon. Indirectly it was the means of giving Oregon its popular laws. For many years Senator John H. Mitchell had been the leading politician in the State. No man in Oregon's history has ever aroused so strong a popular enthusiasm; even to-day, in spite of Mitchell's miserable and disgraceful end, the average Oregonian will defend his memory. The outsider, who has never succumbed to Mitchell's personal influence and knows him only by the facts of his career, cannot quite understand the affection in which he is still held. Mitchell spent his early days as a school-teacher in Pennsylvania, under the name of John M. Hipple, and went to Oregon in 1860. From the first he was successful in politics. He had the personal graces that count for everything in a young community — good looks, amiability, generosity, force, and a certain dash and aggressiveness that passed for intellectual brilliancy. He early associated himself as a lawyer and political adviser with Ben Holliday, a Kentucky stage-driver, who first began building railroads in Oregon. A remark attributed to Mitchell — "Ben Holliday's politics are my politics and what Ben Holliday wants I want" — sums up his system of political morals. Mitchell early formed a law partnership with Joseph N. Dolph, and in the late '60's took into his office, first as a law student and afterward as a clerk and partner, Mr. Joseph Simon — of whom more will be heard. For many years this law firm was virtually the governmental headquarters of the State — managed Republican politics, ruled the State legislature, and made and unmade United States senators. In the course of thirty years four members of this firm went to the United States Senate. Up to 1892 it not only dominated the State politically, but acted as counsel to the Southern Pacific Railroad. For many years its junior member, Joseph Simon, has been the officially recognized head of the State machine.

Mitchell's third term in the United States Senate was to expire on March 4, 1897. In the campaign of the preceding fall — the Presidential gold-silver campaign of 1896 — his reëlection had figured extensively as an issue. Up to the time of McKinley's nomination, Mitchell had been the leading free-silver Republican in Oregon. His speeches on this subject in the Senate had been uncompromising, had received wide publicity, and had unquestionably strengthened his chances of reëlection to the Senate. In those days State elections took place in June, and consequently Mitchell adherents to the legislature had been chosen before the national Republican convention had met and before any

weakening in Mitchell's free-silver advocacy had become known.

Jonathan Bourne, of New Bedford

Mitchell's campaign manager in 1896 was another Republican aggressively in favor of free silver — one of the most remarkable men in the State, Jonathan Bourne, at present senior United States senator from Oregon. All his life Bourne had feasted on excitement and adventure. He was born in New Bedford, in 1855, of wealthy parents. He spent three years at Harvard, but left college to go to sea. The voyage proved to be an exciting and memorable one; Bourne cruised for a time around China, was wrecked off Formosa, and was finally picked up and carried to Portland, Oregon. This was about 1880, and Portland was then a small town with not more than forty thousand people. Bourne liked it, and decided to stay. He read law and was admitted to the bar, but did not practise extensively. It was inevitable that a man with Bourne's activity and interest in life should take a hand in politics, for politics, in those days, furnished the chief entertainment for young men in Oregon. He unquestionably had brains, much masterfulness in handling men, great intensity, and, with it all, remarkable energy and aggressiveness. He was subject to sudden enthusiasms, and, while the spell lasted, was absolutely impenetrable to other interests. But Bourne did not make much headway because of what his enemies called his "destructive" tendencies. He accepted, as a matter of course, the prevailing political morals — that there could be any other way of doing things had not at that time occurred to him. But his fondness for "smashing things," his disinclination to play any game according to established rules, accounted for the distrust in which he was held by the machine leaders.



JONATHAN BOURNE IN 1897, WHEN, WITH U'REN AND OTHERS, HE HELD UP THE OREGON LEGISLATURE AND PREVENTED IT FROM ORGANIZING

Bourne Elects a Mitchell Legislature

In 1896 Bourne had been seized by one of those engrossing enthusiasms to which he was subject. This time it was free silver. He himself had interests in silver-mines; in spite of this, his belief was undoubtedly sincere, and he certainly clung to it more consistently than did many of his associates. Indeed, all through the exciting time of 1896, he thought of nothing else, and talked of nothing else, but the crime of '73. His management of Mitchell's campaign illustrates the methods of electing United States senators that then prevailed in Oregon. Bourne had the handling of Mitchell's campaign fund, and advanced expenses to the Republican candidates for the legislature. In turn, he pledged these candidates to vote for Senator Mitchell. Bourne did not do this in any half-hearted manner; he tied these men up in writing — drawing up documents that had all the external appearance of contracts. Bourne himself was elected to this legislature from Portland, and the agreement made between himself and Mitchell was that he was to be made Speaker of the House.

Mitchell Changes His Free-Silver Views and Drops Bourne

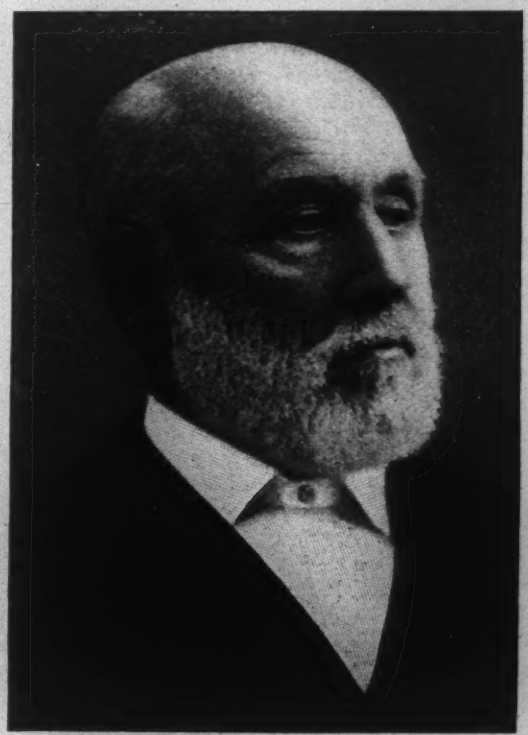
Long before the legislature convened, however, Mitchell had changed his position on the financial issue. He altered his views to correspond with the gold plank in the national platform. Instead of being the great champion of the silver cause in Oregon, he was denounced from one end of the State to the other as a "gold-bug." Mitchell did not attempt to conceal the reason for this turn-about; the federal administration had informed him that no silver man could be elected senator from Oregon. And, in order to carry out the program in full,

Mitchell also had to turn against Bourne, the man who had made his election absolutely certain. In the presidential campaign Bourne had supported Bryan — a course that, in Mitchell's view, made him unavailable as the Speaker of a Republican Assembly. In fact, Mitchell believed that he would lose several votes if Bourne received this office.

Harvey W. Scott, the Pacific Coast Greeley

There were still further complications. Joseph Simon, who became President of the Senate, was then engaging in one of his periodical feuds against his old law partner, Mitchell. He was working hard for Mitchell's defeat, and ostensibly for the election of a rich Portland banker, ex-Senator Henry W. Corbett. Another power hostile to Mitchell was Harvey W. Scott, the brilliant editor of the Portland *Oregonian.* Scott was an old-fashioned journalist, whose activities were by no means confined to his editorial sanctum. In fact, for many years he had been one of the dictators of the Republican party in Oregon. As a newspaper man, Scott had a hold upon the respect and affection of the farmers in the North Pacific region comparable only to that held, in the 50's and '60's, by Horace Greeley in the North Atlantic and Middle Western States. "What does old man Scott say?" was the first question asked by the average Oregon farmer, as each new issue came up for discussion. Born in Illinois in 1838, Scott had come to Oregon in 1852, traveling over the plains with an ox-team. As a boy he had helped to build a home in the wilderness — felling trees, working in sawmills and in the open fields, spending his evenings over the few books the pioneer household provided — the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. He lived these early days at his father's farm near Olympia, on Puget Sound; and at nineteen, after serving two years in a bloody Indian war, he heard of the establishment of an educational institution at Forest Grove, Oregon, under the pretentious title of the Pacific University. That was a long way off, in those days; there were no railroads or stage-coaches; but Scott made a bundle of the few books and clothes he possessed, threw them across his back, and started on a long tramp.

The country was so primitive that he had to swim across the Columbia and the Willamette rivers. When he passed through Portland, the city in which his great journalistic triumphs were afterward to be won, it was a straggling, muddy village. He walked fifty miles a day, ultimately reached the "university," and became its first graduate. This training and the studious habits of a lifetime made Scott an excellent scholar,— a good Latinist, fond of a daily dip into his Horace and Virgil, an expert in philosophy and theology, and well read in history, economics, and English literature. He became editor of the *Oregonian* in 1865, when it was a feeble broadside, and soon made it the one great intellectual newspaper of the Pacific States. Scott's editorial style was keen, stinging, Dana-esque, full of epigrams and pointed quotation, having a literary finish strangely out of keeping with his rude frontier environment. Judged by modern journalistic standards, however, Scott had many limitations. He had little real independence; he was constantly taking a hand in politics; and he judged most public men and public questions from a purely personal standpoint. His usefulness was injured by the consuming ambition of his life — his desire to represent Oregon in the United States Senate. The politicians constantly played upon this ambition, and cajoled Scott many times into supporting unworthy men and unworthy causes. At certain critical times, however, Scott's per-



SETH LUELLING, A FAMOUS OREGON NURSERYMAN AND ORCHARDIST, AT WHOSE FARM-HOUSE THE POPULAR MOVEMENT IN OREGON STARTED

sonal convictions rose superior to these influences, and one of these occasions was this campaign of 1896. He threw all of his energies into the gold-standard fight, and was the chief power in saving Oregon for a sound currency. This explains his hostility to the reëlection of Mitchell— the man who had so ignominiously eaten his own words on this issue.

Certainly here was a remarkable legislative situation. Mitchell had enough pledged votes to secure reëlection to the Senate. Bourne had been dropped by Mitchell and was now exerting all his energies to accomplish his defeat. Simon, the State boss, was working in the interest of another candidate, and Scott, also powerful politically, would go to almost any extreme to punish Mitchell and retire him to private life.

Who could possibly turn such a situation to any public good? There was one man who saw in it his opportunity — a chance to accomplish a cherished reform. That was William S. U'Ren.

Mitchell Opposed Initiative and Referendum

U'Ren had his own grievance against Senator Mitchell. In the course of the campaign of 1896, U'Ren had sounded Mitchell on the Initiative and Referendum. "Yes," said Mitchell, "that's all right—I think that amendment should be submitted."

U'Ren and his associates, therefore, regarded Mitchell as pledged to their reform. His support, indeed, was almost indispensable. In this same election U'Ren himself was chosen to the legislature from Clackamas County, as a Populist. All the farmers, with their wives and children, turned out, and, although the section had been overwhelmingly Republican for years, carried him into the legislature by a large majority. In the campaign U'Ren supported Bryan and free silver, but he talked of little except the Referendum. Sixteen Populists were elected, all pledged to this amendment; and of these U'Ren at once became the leader. In this capacity, after the election, he called upon Mitchell at his home — to make sure that he was still friendly to the cause.

"Well, Senator," he began, "I congratulate you; you certainly will be reëlected."

"Oh, yes," replied Mitchell, "I have three Pops you can't take away from me."

"And I suppose you will help us get the Initiative and Referendum?"

"Hum!" — and Mitchell glanced down on the floor and stroked his patriarchal white beard. "If I were you, I don't think I would introduce that this session."

Mitchell afterward denied that he had intended, by these words, to notify U'Ren that he would not support the amendment; but U'Ren and his associates certainly so understood him. Mitchell's corporation allies, they believed, had forbidden any such revolutionary legislation. Two years before, a majority in the legislature had pledged themselves to the measures, and then had remorselessly broken their pledges. And now once more the farce was to be reënacted.

In order to understand subsequent events, one must clearly understand U'Ren's attitude toward the existing governmental system. If we are to indorse his legislative methods, we shall have to revise considerably our political morals. In discussing that famous session of 1897, U'Ren makes no attempt to conceal the facts and exculpate himself; he simply played the game, he says, according to the prevailing rules, and used such methods as he found ready to his hand.

"Politics," he says, "is war"; and at that time he was engaged not only in a war, but in a revolution. He had absolutely no respect for the existing political institutions; the State of Oregon was owned bodily by property interests and corporations; U'Ren and his followers were rebels — their one aim was to destroy this system and restore the governmental powers to the people. As, in war, the general's business is to grasp every opportunity, with not too scrupulous a regard for the rules that regulate everyday social intercourse,— to employ spies, to lay mines, to deceive,—so in this revolutionary uprising U'Ren believed that any methods were justifiable, provided only they succeeded. "For many years," says U'Ren, "I had seen reformers go in, and, using reform methods, accomplish nothing. I had tried to get the Initiative and Referendum in a respectable way twice — once in 1895 and here again in 1897. Both times our representative legislators had deceived and betrayed us. I now decided to get the reforms by using our enemies' own methods — by fighting the devil with fire."

The present writer makes no attempt to defend U'Ren's attitude; he wishes merely to explain it. The ethics of the procedure each one must settle for himself.

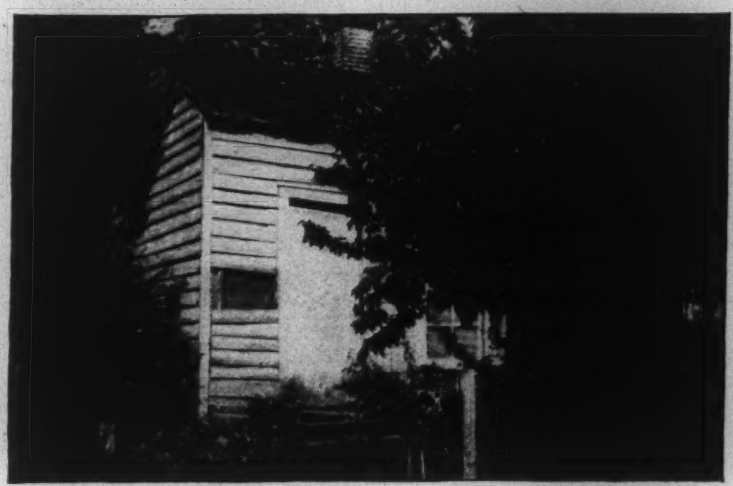
U'Ren Plays Upon the Weaknesses of Politicians

U'Ren clearly understood one important point: that politicians are invariably opportunists, and look upon important public movements only as they affect their immediate personal interest. His experience with the present agitation had taught him that. He now proceeded to play upon this common trait.

He could get nothing out of Mitchell; if he was to succeed at all, he must work with Bourne, Simon, Scott, and the other anti-Mitchell men. The situation, as he saw it, was simple enough. What did he want most of all from that legislature? The passage of the Initiative and Referendum amendment. What did Bourne, Simon, and the others desire above everything else? The defeat of Mitchell as United States senator. U'Ren's plan, therefore, was to make an offensive and defensive alliance with the anti-Mitchell element. If they would pledge themselves to help along his reform, he and his Populist following would pledge themselves to help defeat Mitchell.

In other words, U'Ren and Jonathan Bourne made a "deal." But it was a "deal" rather difficult to carry out. Mitchell had his votes all pledged; and the remarkable feature of the situation was that Bourne himself had secured these pledges. When the legislative hangers-on first heard of the arrangement, therefore, they simply laughed. As soon as the legislature convened and organized, they said, its first act would be to elect Mitchell United States senator.

Bourne and U'Ren acknowledged that this was entirely true. That was precisely the reason, they added, why the legislature was not going to organize—unless it could organize in their way.



U'REN'S CABIN IN MILWAUKIE, OREGON. HERE WAS HELD, IN 1893, THE MEETING OF FARMERS AND WORKINGMEN THAT GAVE OREGON ITS SYSTEM OF POPULAR LAWS

Machinery of Government Stops in Oregon

When the time came for law-making, the Oregon Senate came to order, permanently organized, elected Joseph Simon President, and prepared for business. But in the House matters went more slowly. The body organized temporarily, but got no further. Instead it split into two practically equal parts. One part was composed of Republicans strongly favoring the reëlection of United States Senator Mitchell. This organized as a rump assembly, but had no quorum, and so could do no business. Joseph Simon, as President of the Senate, steadily refused to recognize the body as the lower house. The second part was composed of nine Simon Republicans, five silver Republicans, three Democrats, and thirteen Populists. Jonathan Bourne led the Republican and Democratic insurgents, while William S. U'Ren commanded the Populists. This second group declined to associate with the first. It would not go into the House and help organize; it would not go into caucus to choose a United States senator; its members would not even take their oath of office. They made no secret of their motives. They sent emissaries to the regulars, proposing conditions upon which they would assume their constitutional functions. These were:

First: That Senator Mitchell should not be returned to Washington, but that some candidate satisfactory to the Simon wing should be chosen.

Second: That Jonathan Bourne should be elected Speaker of the House.

Third: That the Legislature should pass the Initiative and Referendum amendment, a registration law, and other remedial legislation.

Thus all elements in the insurrectionary band were to receive a *quid pro quo*. And they made a solemn compact to hold together. Unless the Mitchell people accepted these terms, there would be no legislative session that year.

Of course, Mitchell did not capitulate; and there followed probably the most disgraceful episode in the whole history of American legislatures. In Oregon the wheels of government ceased to turn; law-making stopped, no appropriation bills were passed, the ordinary routine of State business came to an end. Forty years of corruption in the legislature had reached a logical outcome in anarchy. In order to reform the State government on a new basis, U'Ren had abolished the old system. For forty days — the length of the session in Oregon — the lawmakers hung around the bar-rooms, or sat listlessly on the Capitol steps, spitting tobacco juice and swapping stories. To provide them with entertainment, Bourne fitted up elaborate personal headquarters in Salem. When he ran for the United States Senate, in 1906, Bourne issued a pamphlet in which he described this establishment in detail:

"Those who were in the Bourne headquarters almost every day say," reads this pamphlet, "that Mr. Bourne rented all the available rooms in the Eldridge block, in Salem, hired two cooks and a waiter, fitted up a kitchen and dining-room, and entertained his friends as he would if they were guests at his own home. Two or three of his closest political friends made his quarters their home while in Salem. Others who had rooms elsewhere were frequent visitors at his headquarters and were often guests at his table. His steward supplied the table with the best the markets afforded, and every visitor who came was royally entertained."

On the whole, the Bourne-U'Ren combination succeeded. Bourne accomplished his main purpose — Mitchell's defeat. He did not obtain the Speakership: nor did anybody else; and on this score Bourne was satisfied. Simon had also defeated Mitchell; and, at the special session called next year to elect a United States senator, Simon himself received the prize. U'Ren did not get his Initiative and Referendum amendment that year, but he did receive the promises of his allies that at the next legislature it would go through.

And they kept their word. When a new legislature convened in 1899, one of its first acts was the passage of the resolution calling for the submission of this amendment. It was adopted by a large majority. Senator Mitchell had learned his lesson. For breaking his pledges to U'Ren two years before he had lost a United States senatorship. He still aspired to reëlection, and he now respected U'Ren's ability and power. Just before the session of 1901 opened, U'Ren called upon him — precisely as, four years before, he had sounded him on the proposed reform.

"You and I have had some troubles, Senator," U'Ren began.

Mitchell raised his hand in gentle deprecation. "That's right, U'Ren," he said; "we *have* had troubles. But they are all in the past. If we have any more they'll be in the future. My friends will help you to get your Referendum through."

Two years after the legislature had adopted the Referendum amendment, Mitchell was reëlected, for his fourth term, to the United States Senate.

By this time the movement had become respectable. The Populist party was dead; U'Ren himself had failed of election to the Senate in 1898; but the Initiative and Referendum had survived. The Oregon Constitution, however, was rather difficult to amend. The legislature had to pass an amendment at two succeeding sessions before it could be submitted to the people. U'Ren organized a Direct Legislation League, and succeeded in getting into it some of the "leading citizens" of the State — bankers, big merchants, and the like. Even W. D. Fenton, one of the counsel to the Southern Pacific Railroad, contributed fifty cents to the cause. All political parties, except the Prohibitionist, indorsed the innovation in their State conventions and Harvey W. Scott supported it in the *Oregonian*. The amendment, therefore, went smoothly through two different legislatures, and came up for popular indorsement in the election of 1902. There was a feeling, among certain pessimists, that the people would vote it down — constitutional amendments always seemed to fail in Oregon. They did not understand, however, the popular demand for this change. It was the custom in those days for candidates to distribute cards containing their pictures and declaration of principles, and in the election of 1902 one candidate shrewdly printed on his card, in red ink: "Vote for the Initiative and Referendum amendment." This advice made him so popular that virtually all the others followed his example. That the people of Oregon really demanded this law-making power was shown when the ballots were counted.

The amendment had been adopted by a vote of eleven to one, and, in this quiet revolution, political power in Oregon had been transferred from the bosses and the corporations to the citizenship.

IN THE AUGUST NUMBER OF McCLURE'S MR. HENDRICK WILL DESCRIBE THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM IN OPERATION

Dreams in Lace

by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Author of "The Rug of Her Fathers," "The Tooth of Antar," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

WHEN the early spring wind, languorous and sweet, blew softly through the open window, Leila, the mother of Antar and Nazileh Sewaya, dropped her slender hands in her lap and sighed. The lace-hook, heavy and blunt, slipped from her fingers and the ball of coarse thread rolled unheeded to the floor. Leila closed her tired eyes.

Sounds from the noisy court below her, a polyglot Babel of many women and children, she did not heed; they were ever in her ears. The hoarse, sweet horns of the water-craft in the bay beyond — they, too, were part of her daily life, and she did not think of them. She scarcely heard the familiar chatter of her children, Nazileh's little guttural giggles and the baby's answering chuckle.

Leila, Umn Antar, was listening to a thing very far away — the song of a desert lark in far-off Syria. She heard it distinctly; she leaned back her head, and her lips moved softly:

"Love, love, in vain we count the days of spring.
Lost is all life's pain,
Lost in the songs we sing.
Sunshine and summer rain,
Winter — then spring again!
Still the years — but we die."

Leila shivered as she remembered the words she had once sung to the song of the desert lark.

But the little spring wind, very kind to her, wafted such a gentle wave of sweetness to her weary heart that she smiled through her tears.

She reached out mechanically for the lace-hook, groping without seeing, and somehow her fingers touched one of the smaller tools. She did not use them often in these days; the coarser laces could be made more quickly and sold more readily. But when she felt the little hook in her fingers she did not put it down, but rummaged idly for the finer thread, and soon she was fashioning a tiny flower in lace. Fairylike stitches formed the wee petals, little loops of thread made the stamens; it was like the small sand-lily that blossoms on the plains in the spring, only it grew more swiftly.

Antar, rolling across the floor in his hitchy mode of navigation, gave a crow of delight as his chubby fingers touched the forgotten ball of thread. He promptly set his teeth into it. Nazileh flew at him with loving reproaches.

"Little gray owl," she scolded in Arabic, "is that a food for thee?" She rocked him boisterously until she had wrenched the moist ball from his tenacious fingers, then she carried the rescued thread across the room to her mother.

"BUT UMN ANTAR COULD NOT SMILE; SHE BENT OVER HER LACE-HOOKS, TURNING THEM MORE SWIFTLY IN HER SLENDER BROWN HANDS"

"See what this one would eat," she said; and then she saw the tiny flower that had blossomed in the woman's fingers.

"*Aie! Aie!*" she cried in extravagant delight, "thad ees mos' nice! Geeve it ad me!"

Umn Antar's hands closed jealously over the bit of lace.

"It is not thine!" she answered sharply.

"But I leeke thad I see," coaxed Nazileh, impudently trying to open the closed fingers. "Eet ees so nice, thad leetle flower o' lace. Please!"

The fingers uncurled slowly. Leila was blushing under her lovely olive-tinted skin.

"Thad not anytheeng," she murmured, somewhat dazed; and suddenly she twitched impetuously at the thread and raveled it away.

"But I leeke thad I haf —" wailed Nazileh. "Do nod break eet!"

"Eet was break long ago." Umn Antar laughed unpleasantly. "Forgeet eet!" And she pushed her little daughter from her roughly, as she caught the coarser thread from her hands. A moment later the big, blunt hook was flying

to and fro, making crude wheels of lace for Nikola Haddad, the lace importer.

Nazileh pouted, her thick lips pursed naughtily, and her sloe-black eyes snapped with rage.

"Bad woman!" she muttered, and flew back to Antar to kiss him tempestuously. "I weel love thees one," she cried tauntingly to her mother, "and shall not permeet thad he love thee — ah, no!"

Umn Antar laughed indulgently.

"You ees buzz leeke *bishis*, the leetle sand-fly," she answered, "but you ees nod bite efen so hard as he!"

The little girl forgot her wrath completely.

"*Hishis!*" she murmured, giggling over the funny new word, "*bishis!*"

"*Heezheez!*" mimicked the baby; and then they played at being sand-flies until it was almost dark.

Then Nazileh got up and poked about the big chest fretfully. "Thees *rekef* — eet ees all dry," she whined, pushing contemptuously at the small, flat round loaf she found. "Geeve me money to geet mor'."

Umn Antar shook her head.

"Eat thad!" she ordered sharply, "and feed Antar also!"

All the whimsical laughter and scolding of the afternoon seemed to have died away with the daylight. The once pleasant breeze had grown cold. Leila jerked the window shut when her baby son cuddled fretfully in her skirts. In the light of the smoky lamp she bent more closely over her laces. She was weaving a ribbon-like strip that dangled before Antar's groping fingers. When he caught it at last and was tucking it in his mouth, she pushed him roughly from her toward his sister, who was struggling with a colossal task —"home-workin' reethmedics."

"Put thees babee ad bed," ordered the mother; "he ees make me crazee. Go thou, too; eet ees late." She scolded fretfully all the time Nazileh was tucking the rugs about the struggling baby, and when they were at length quiet she murmured the bedtime benediction mechanically, scarcely stopping to lift her sleep-heavy eyes from her work.

Leila was not only tired — she was hungry; and her greedy babies had left not so much as a crumb. Once she reached out her hand toward the knitted purse in the chest; but she shook her head doubtfully and went on working. She did not stop until the ill-smelling lamp was guttering out.

Nor did the morning dawn more happily.

"*Nawi yamtor* [the world rains]," cried Nazileh pettishly, when Antar had roused her. Umn Antar, sedate and grave, made answer with Oriental resignation:

"Eet ees a custom een thees land of Br-rooklyn. Fret nod; eet weel change notheeng."

She had moved her bench close to the window; already her fingers were tying the preliminary knot into which she would slip the hook. And already Nazileh had discovered that there was no more bread. This time the child did not ask for money. She eyed her mother shrewdly, shrugged her shoulders, and explored the farthermost corners of the chest. She found some wheat kernels and a bit of sugar. Nazileh tied them into a scrap of cloth and tucked them into the baby's whimpering mouth. Then she stood obediently at her mother's side.

"Me — I haf to take those ol' home-workin' reethmedics for thad teecha to mar-rk wr-rong," she sighed.

Umn Antar kissed her suddenly.

"Thou art a good child," she murmured in Arabic, her voice thrilling gratefully. "May Allah make smooth thy path this day!"

"Thad ees whad Allah haf to do een Syree-ah," giggled Nazileh, artfully trying to provoke an answering laugh in the sad-eyed little mother; "but een Ameerca — ah, no! Thad man call White Weeng — he ees make smooth the way — weeth a shovel so beeg!"

She stretched her thin arms in extravagant gesture.

But Umn Antar could not smile. She bent over her lace-hooks, turning them more swiftly in her slender brown fingers. The little girl sighed as she gave Antar a moist farewell. His thick red lips were still busy with the wheat kernels, but his dark eyes threatened sudden tears. Nazileh tickled his neck deftly, provoking a mirthful little chuckle.

"*Aie!*" she cried triumphantly, when Umn Antar glanced briefly at her boy. "Ees he nod a nice, naughty babee — leesten 'ow he ees laugh for thee!"

But when she turned for a last look at the adored baby she saw a tear falling on her mother's laces. She fled abruptly, inexplicable misery flooding her sensitive heart. At the corner a familiar blue coat, disappearing within a doorway, brought a wise look into her black eyes.

"Ah — eet ees thad collec' man thad ees make my mothaire weep," she sighed; "eet ees thad bad, bad day of rent."

Rent was a grim specter that pursued the little family. No sooner did Nazileh begin to gloat over the extraordinary number of coins that jingled in the knitted purse, counting them over with proud accuracy when her mother commanded, than there appeared the "collec' man," who took them all away and left only a scrap of paper in return.

Breakfastless mornings and supperless evenings preceded and followed the ominous visitor. Nazileh had learned to endure patiently, usually managing to forage some bit or other for the beloved brother. She had long since ceased to question, save with her pleading eyes; but she pondered much.

This particular day she walked home from school very slowly. Her dusky lashes curled heavily into the little shadows of hunger that darkened the bronze-tinted cheeks. Her black hair curled more closely than usual about her delicately veined temples in the moist spring air.

"Nigger wool! Nigger wool!" teased Geraldine Schmidt, the Dutch baker lady's daughter.

Nazileh turned on her fiercely.

"*Bass baqua!*" she hissed belligerently, "or I weel make a feeve ad you." She doubled her fist ominously.

Geraldine, unimpressionably Teutonic as she was, desisted at this dire threat, for she, like all the other children of the neighborhood, had a superstitious terror for this mysterious stretching out of the fingers, called "making fives," with which their Oriental playmates sometimes threatened them. She paused on the curbstone, clutching a fat cake from which one Gargantuan bite was still crumbling in her mouth.

"I was yust a-kiddin'," she apologized. "Don't get a mad on so soon yet. Curls is *schöne;* mein mama makes mit rags on mein baby's hair by Sunday."

Nazileh was eyeing the little cake craftily.

"You ees scare of feeves, Cheraldeen?" she asked adroitly.

Geraldine shivered.

"Eef thad you ees geeve me thad cake," bargained the little Syrian, "maybe I goin' to tol' you a ver' nice char-rm thad ees sometime scare off a feeve."

Geraldine tucked the cake behind her; her stolid lips moved in question. A bargain involving one small cake was cheap indeed when one's mother had windows full of sugary confections of every hue and size.

"Feerst I mus' haf thad cake," persisted Nazileh, her eyes narrowing shrewdly.

Geraldine reached forward the cake. Her dusky-eyed friend clutched it and fled.

"Do nod make tr-rouble, stupeed one," she cried, as she turned the corner, her voice insolent with victory. "Eef thad you do nod make tr-rouble, nobodee goin' to make feeves ad you!"

She scuttled happily up the stairway.

"*Aie!*" she called. "Where ees thad mos' bes' nice babee een Ameerca? Thad mos' bes' nice babee een world chography?"

Antar stretched out his brown hands eagerly. He champed his few teeth into the cake greedily, smearing himself with the sticky pink icing. His sister eyed him wistfully, catching up the crumbs as he dropped them and tucking them into her own mouth.

"Thad ees mos' nice!" she sighed.

"Where didst thou get the foolish thing?" questioned Leila, trying to speak lightly.

Nazileh laughed. She seated herself cross-legged before her mother, half closed her eyes, and began to romance. Bit by bit she built up a wonderful tale of the cake—a tale so artless, so simple, and so effective that Leila's eyes glistened with pride; a tale, moreover, so exciting that the woman forgot for the moment her unhappy knowledge of her little daughter's hunger, and in the joys of creation Nazileh herself forgot the hunger pain.

"An' thees man," she concluded dramatically, "he cry out ver' loud:

"'Oo ees eet thad ees do thees? Whad lofely Ameercan ge-url haf do the ver' bes' reethmedic home-workin's? An' thees correc' workin' on thees blackness of board?' Teecha she say, 'Eet ees Nazileh Sewaya, daughtaire to the lofely Umn Antar, forty-neen of Deex Street.' And thad man"—she leaned forward breathlessly—"whad you s'pose? He say, 'Take thees el'gant cake; presen' eet to thad smart ge-url.' Ah, me—I win eet as a prize for Antar!"

In proof of all of which, she dragged forth from her stocking-top a smudgy, inky sheet, and passed it gravely over for Leila to inspect.

Umn Antar looked at it proudly upside down, vainglorious of the many crosses in red ink and a legend at the top in "teacher's" writing that said: "All wrong—correct after school." She folded the precious document and thrust it into the girdle of her dress.

"Dear heart," she murmured sweetly, "thy father would have been proud of thee!"

"*Aie!*" exulted Nazileh, springing up. "Me—I theenk you see I ees the stuff!"

She scampered about busily, getting Antar ready for his afternoon outing. At the doorway she held up his little hand, trying to have him make the pretty Arabic gesture of farewell.

"Say 'goo' day!'" she admonished. "Thad ees politeness ad a mothaire! Oxcuse, leetle mothaire of my heart. He nod can do—he ees too leetle!"

To Leila, sitting alone at her laces, grief came once more when the sound of their happy voices left her. She rocked herself and moaned.

And thus Umn Fâris, her neighbor, came upon her when she clambered up the stairway to gossip with the little widow who had come from her own village. Umn Fâris was old and sad; yet she found some small measure of peace

in her adopted land, and she sighed compassionately when she beheld the unhappy Leila.

"All is not grief," she said; "this know I, even though I carry always a burden of past sorrows."

Toil and hunger and the sight of her hungry children Leila had endured staunchly; but this crumb of sympathy completely broke her courage. She wept forth her sorrows to the crumpled old woman.

"Of all who live in this land I am most unhappy," she sobbed, with Oriental extravagance. "Rent and hunger pursue me forever, hast called stupid! Thou canst not do as much!"

Umn Fâris inspected the bit of paper gravely, but she shook her head.

"Neither thou nor I learned such folly in our country," she decided, "yet we learned to earn our bread. It is like all the other foolishness of this strange land. They show a woman-child how to write like a man — who then shall do the woman-child's work? Allah help us, we cannot eat pretty writing! This is a wonder child indeed, Umn Antar; her fingers are swift for play, but they cannot make lace!"

"'THEN WHY DOST THOU LET THY CHILD RUN IDLE IN THE STREETS?'"

and I have nothing with which to fight them but" — she paused and caught up her forgotten work, and her voice broke in a little sob of grim laughter — "lace!"

Umn Fâris scowled; her swarthy forehead wrinkled itself in heavy horizontal lines. "Then why dost thou let thy child run idle in the streets?" she demanded.

Leila stared at the old woman in amazement.

"Nazileh — my pretty one," she faltered,— "ah, she ees too small a one for toil!"

"Too stupid!" taunted Umn Fâris craftily.

Leila's head lifted proudly, and she pulled the tattered "reethmedic" paper from her girdle and waved it before Umn Fâris' dim eyes.

"There, thou voice of slander," she cried, "see what that one can do — that one thou

"It is too hard for her," faltered Leila.

Umn Fâris shrugged her shoulders. "The lot of all women is too hard," she grumbled. "Allah has let us blossom like the flower only to labor like the ox — *schut!* We may idle only when we are too young to care or when we are too old to enjoy.

"Nazileh," she ended sharply, as the children came rollicking through the doorway, "tell thy mother to teach thee sense — to show thee how to make lace."

Nazileh settled the heavy baby on his rug and clapped her hands.

"La, la!" she laughed naughtily. "Me — I leeke thad I make lace so." She flung herself into a monkeyish heap and wriggled her slender fingers in an implike imitation of her mother's

busy hands, glancing slyly upward for their answering smiles. "Poof — to make lace — thad ees a ceench!"

After Umn Fâris had gone the little girl was very merry. She chattered incessantly as she prepared their supper. For, while she was playing in the street, Abu Asaad, their grandfather, had given her a coin for Antar; and Antar — Nazileh giggled as she reported this delicious impossibility — had said to her in "Ameercan En'leesch," "Geet a hustl' on you, Nazileh; geet my sooper quick!" The baby crowed, as she told this absurd lie, as if he would corroborate the tale; and presently they were all three eating hungrily, stuffing in great mouthfuls with deep sighs of content. When the lamp was lighted, Umn Antar fingered her work uneasily and stared at her little daughter.

"Come by my side," she said doubtfully, thrusting the hook into the child's fingers; "play thou art a wee spider and spin me a web — so."

Nazileh laughed.

"Een school," she prattled, "I seeng I ees a spider:

"All round an' round an' round
Eet spun a web so fin'!

Ees thad nod funny? Me — I ees goin' to seeng thad nice song all the days I make thees lace."

But alas for the webs that the little spider spun! She did not laugh and sing about them very long. Every afternoon she sat industriously at her mother's feet, patiently copying the simple patterns that were put before her. The big, dark eyes grew more solemn, the little childish giggle came less frequently; but the slender fingers grew steadily more familiar with the task, and presently the "home-workin' reethmedic" book lay forgotten in the corner, in spite of teacher's constant scolding.

For the "reethmedic" of how many wheels of lace at four cents each a little girl can make in the golden hours from three in the afternoon until bedtime was a far more difficult problem than any in the stupid book.

To her little outside world the child held up her pride as a shield.

"Aw, come on out to play after," pleaded Tommy O'Brien, when school was over.

Nazileh shook her head, a glint of the old-time fun in her eyes.

"Me — whad for I wan' to?" she asked craftily. "Een th' 'ouse of my mothaire I haf a lofely playin'; I ees a leedle spider. Ah, mooch fun ees thad!"

"How?" insisted the literal Geraldine.

"Weeth thread an' a leedle hook," answered Nazileh unwarily, "makin' thad nice lace."

"Ach!" snorted Geraldine, "that hain'dt fun! Sooner yet mein mama lets me take mein bruder *bei* air. It hain'dt healthy that I makes lace — lace is working!"

"Eet ees funs, Cheraldeen," persisted Nazileh wearily. "Me — I" — the voice faltered a moment, but then the lie came bravely — "me — I jus' ma-ak thad my mothaire let me do those lace — those nice leedle lace. She say, 'Nazli, go.' Me, I say, 'I leeke thad I stay — eet ees mor' — mor' styleesch to stay een 'ouse; bad sheeldrens run aroun' on street — een 'ouse ees where reech ladees' sheeldrens stay!' And she stalked away, her shoulders mincing proudly; but she could not look back to glory in their defeat, for her dusky eyes were full of tears.

The spring days lengthened sweetly; the wind and sunlight made the children frolic joyously in the streets. Nazileh heard them while she worked, and lifted pleading eyes to her mother. Antar fretted wearily. He was not so hungry in these days, but he longed for the out-door world that was denied him now that his sister was a wage-earner. Rent day was no longer so grim a specter; yet, somehow, Umn Antar's heart was filled with a vague misery that was even harder to endure. The baby's incessant whimpering irritated her, and the sight of Nazileh's bent shoulders reproached her constantly. Unconsciously she missed the sweet, bubbling laughter of the child's idle days. For Nazileh was silent like a drooping bird that cannot sing when it is caged. All the color and light of her lovely, dusky eyes were lost when she bent over the gray whiteness of the lace.

Some days she brooded sullenly, and her swarthy little face lost all its innocent charm in the ugly lines of care.

"Cheraldeen — she goes forth weeth teecha," she sighed once, "eento a lofely garden called Prospec' Par'; an' the gard'ner, he ees geeve her a lofely flower leeke thad." Her hands dropped idly. "Me — I weesch thad I go. Me — I 'mos' nevaire haf a lofely flower leeke thad." She sighed plaintively as she stared out of the window. "Mus' I make mor' lace to-day?"

Umn Antar shrugged her shoulders; the whining tones of the childish voice annoyed her.

"Why nod?" she asked. "Do I nod make more?"

Nazileh took up the task again slowly. She was thinking of the lovely flower that Geraldine had flaunted so selfishly; she dreamed of its slender stem, its glorious curving petals and the gleaming yellow stamens. Suddenly she caught her breath with delight and her eyes danced joyously. She remembered another flower, the flower of lace!

"Me — I weel haf a flower," she whispered, 'mor' nice than thad of Cheraldeen."

In her excitement she finished the medallion carelessly, pulling the stitches too close. She was roused from her pretty fancy by the sharp chiding of her mother.

"Careless one!" scolded Umn Antar. "Look how you do." She snatched the lace away, raveling it apart swiftly. "Who would buy?"

Nazileh jumped to her feet. "I care nod!" she burst out passionately. "Me — I hate lenly, and began twisting it with great disgust. But presently, as she worked, the dream of the flower came back. She dropped the half-finished medallion and caught up a bit of thread; her eyes shifted anxiously from her mother to the thread. She drew a long breath and smiled. She would make the flower herself; her mother was too cross — she dared not ask her.

She worked breathlessly, twisting the hook too fast, tying the knots too loosely. Presently

"ALL THE COLOR AND LIGHT OF HER LOVELY DUSKY EYES WERE LOST WHEN SHE BENT OVER THE LACE"

medal'ons!" She stamped her foot. "I leeke thad they ees all dead! All eat up by" — she ended with a whimsical return of the old-time giggle — "all eat up by thad ol' goat thad deed put hees horn een the rug of my fathaires. Ees thad nod funny?"

Her good humor was quite restored by this nonsensical thought. "Ees thad nod fool-eesch?" she demanded, eager for applause.

But Leila would not laugh; her face darkened angrily. "Lazy child," she muttered, "do not idle."

Nazileh took up the unraveled thread sullenly, she threw the intricate tangle of threads to the floor, and sobbed miserably.

"I nod can do!" she wailed. "I hate thees bad, bad lace!"

Umn Antar sighed compassionately.

"Go buy bread," she said soothingly, "an' a leetle *mamoul* for Antar."

Nazileh walked slowly to the shop. She was tired, she was cross, and her feet dragged wearily. But on the journey homeward she skipped gayly, singing a queer little song. A delicious plan had come to her. She would ask Umn Fâris to make the flower of lace. Umn Fâris

knew all kinds of lace, even though her rheumatic old fingers were too stiff for agile work. She hurried along to the basement doorway where she knew she would find the old woman watching her grandchildren play in the gutter.

"Umn Fâris! Umn Fâris!" she cried, breathless and shy. "Me — I leeke thad I can do a flower o' lace — show me the way to do!"

Umn Fâris trembled with senile glee.

"Oh, ho!" she chuckled, "hast thou a lover, baby one? Art thou making wedding garments so soon, then?"

Nazileh listened, uncomprehending.

"Me — I nod weesch weddin' clothes," she answered impatiently. "Me — I jus' weesch thad I do thad flower o' lace — please to show me the way, Umn Fâris!" She fumbled in her dress. "See, I haf try — but I nod can do — eet ees too hard."

Umn Fâris held the queer tangle close to her dim old eyes.

"Thad ees too coarse thread," she muttered. "Wait —" and she went into the house for finer thread and a little hook.

Nazileh settled herself on the door-sill, breathless with expectancy. The brown, wrinkled fingers moved slowly, tremblingly; the stitches grew unevenly; but the little flower with its five slender petals, its threadlike stamens, and pretty stem was soon complete.

"*Aie!*" sighed Nazileh contentedly. "Me — I lofe the flower o' lace!"

Umn Fâris put down the hook and stared into her crooked old hands; her mouth worked pitifully. She had quite forgotten the child.

"For my wedding garments," she whispered — "for my wedding garments I made it — a thousand years ago, I think."

Homeward in the golden afterglow of the sunset Nazileh raced, her grimy little hand shut tight over her treasure. She pranced through the doorway with her old-time glee, her breath coming in happy little giggles.

"*Aie!*" she cried, waving her hand at Antar. "Me — I haf the mos' nice bes' lace you evaire see!" She nodded her head wisely. "You nod goin' to geet thees to eat — oh, no!"

The little room was filled with a curious light; it seemed bathed with the mysterious loveliness of spring. Its ugly corners had faded into gentle shadows; the wonderful afterglow of the sunset clouds shone softly on the bending head of the woman as she stooped to her task. The baby at her feet cooed happily as he waved his hands at the clouds.

Leila lifted her tired eyes.

"Why dost thou laugh?" she asked dully.

Nazileh crept toward her shyly.

"Me — I haf a leetle flower o' lace," she confessed, holding out the crumpled bit.

Umn Antar stared for a moment, uncomprehending. She rubbed her eyes incredulously and stared again. And then she smiled faintly at her whimsical little daughter.

"Come by my side, little pigeon," she said, her deep voice shaking oddly as it slipped into the beloved speech of her people. "What dost thou know of flowers of lace?"

"Me — I nod know anytheeng," sighed Nazileh. "I jus' leeke — eet ees so sweet — I leeke th' flower o' lace — and so dost thou," she ended abruptly in Arabic.

Leila shivered a little.

"I do not know," she replied stupidly. "It is so long ago — that I liked it." She sighed deeply. "It was too far away." Her voice was mournfully sweet. "But I remember how the stars came out at night — and how the desert lark sang in the morning." She murmured like one in a dream who hears not the sound of her own voice.

"What did he sing, that desert lark?" demanded Nazileh eagerly.

"He sang" — Leila's wonderful contralto grew deeper and sweeter. "He sang like this, we used to say:

> "In vain we count the days of spring.
> Lost — lost is all life's pain,
> Lost in the songs we sing ——"

The voice faltered and was still.

Nazileh was at her feet, her elbows resting on her mother's knees and her dark eyes staring through the dusk into her mother's eyes.

"And didst thou make the flowers of lace for the darling desert lark? Didst thou, little mother of my heart?"

"Nazli — don't!" whispered Leila.

"But didst thou?" persisted the child.

Suddenly the woman stooped and caught her to her heart, laughing sweetly and tremulously through her falling tears.

"Dear torment!" she sighed, "I can not tell. Once I thought I made the flowers of lace for Asaad, my lover — for my wedding garments in the spring. But now — why, now I think it was for dreams — for dreams of a little desert lark for thee!"

A Tale of the Coral Sea

by Randolph Bedford

Decorations by C.B. Falls

THE palm-fronds threshed softly; odors of frangipanni bloom, reek of seaweed and coral trash, and of the Chinaman and the incense of his joss-house mingled and were destroyed and produced again by the fitful land breeze. Nigh to midnight the land breeze became too strong for anything but the frangipanni scent; the palm-fronds threshed through the air saturated with moonlight; the red lamp on the jetty showed as a purple stain.

The last of the pilots of Torres Straits went to bed; the Grand Hotel of Thursday Island closed its bar: but the two barefoot men on the veranda still talked on the topic that had lasted since dusk — the wreck of the *Pandora;* and one man, Pipon, tried to soothe the other, Moresby, who talked without ceasing of the wreck and twenty thousand pounds of pearls.

"Can't we get a launch, Jim?" he asked, for the twentieth time. "A steamer or a launch?"

"I told you no," replied Pipon. "Bear up, old man; y' can have a lugger."

"A lugger and a dead calm? It would be worse than waiting here."

"Well, quiet a bit!"

"Quiet! How can I be? — when I am in a fever to be there!"

He looked south as if trying to make out the coast of Australia, now the ghost of a shadow in the moon haze and sea blur.

"What could you do if you were there Martin? You couldn't do anything."

"I could stand by the wreck; I could ——"

"You couldn't do any good. It's lucky Phil Regard is coming to-morrow. He's the British India diver. He'll do all there is to be done."

"My pearls, Tom! The big one and nine ounces of little ones. Oyley was bringing them up. What depth did the *Pandora* sink in?"

"Nobody knows, old man; or how she went. The skipper was a good man — exempt, too. Knew every key and every inch of reef — and there's millions of 'em."

"It was my rotten luck, Tom, to miss the *Pandora* by five minutes, and then pick up the *Maranea* to catch her here, and find, when I did get here, that she'd sunk fifty or a hundred miles south. And there's my pearls — Oyley was taking charge of 'em — and then I missed the ship. Oh, gimme a raft — gimme a kerosene-tin — and I'll start!"

"Not you! Come on; take a fool's advice and sleep. You'll wait for the morning, and then leave it all to Phil Regard. He'll be here to-morrow."

The grass trees rustled softly to the poin-

ciana as the men went to bed; the breeze strengthened to a wind, and replaced perfume with a taste of salt; from the veranda above a man began to whimper — a man that had seen death and terror and was now dreaming it all over again and shrieking out the story in his recurrent nightmare — the one survivor of the *Pandora*, who had been picked up by a pearling lugger.

"She's going! Two minutes — you can't get the boats out of the chocks. Why didn't they have boat practice? You can't! You can't! Don't scream, women — dear women, don't scream — it's better to drown than — ah, my God, the sharks! the sharks!"

Druce, the pilot of Torres Straits, boarded that slow, comfortable, old-time high-pooped steamer of the tea clipper type, the *Airlie*, at Goode Island, and brought her up in the early dawn to the wharf at Thursday. A big, bearded, brown-eyed man was the first to land; he was a man in a hurry — in a hurry for news, at least. He waited for neither bath nor breakfast, but aroused an irritated postmaster, and begged so for telegrams that the postmaster gave him his mail long before the beginning of office hours. There were many newspapers, and he did not look at them; a dozen letters, all man-directed and official, and he put them in his pocket. A bitter disappointment settled on his face — the letter from the beloved was not there. He found new hope in the telegrams. Alas! They were as the letters; and his heart was heavy then. This diver of the sea, who knew no fear that he could not fight down, fought against this disappointment and could not conquer it.

"I telegraphed her from Darwin, and she hasn't wired a reply. She's thoughtless, not cruel, not cruel — my girl."

He took from his pocket-book a faded photograph — faded not by age but by wear; looked at it, and put it back again.

"God bless her! I'll telegraph again, and in seven days we'll be together — for a month, anyhow. But — she might have made sure of not missing the post; a letter would make me a king to-day."

He returned to duty by taking a telegram from his pockets, and a fierce resentment held him for a moment as he read it:

Pandora sunk; locate wreck; if not impossible recover gold, ship's papers. B. P. provide tug and tender; made splendid terms.

So he would not see her in a week — happiness was to be postponed again. He thought of the long two months of salvage diving in the Flores Sea. Three months since he had seen her, and now there was to be another fortnight of hunger for her!

But hope came to his comfort. "Another year and I'll have made enough to retire on, with this new chance. And then, no separation till dead finish comes!"

So he went to Burns Philip and arranged for the departure of the little steamer, hired diving tenders, and had his diving gear brought from the *Airlie's* hold. It was then that Moresby found him — Moresby of the drowned pearls; and the new commission made Phil Regard almost gay.

"Oyley had 'em," said Moresby. "I gave them to him to mind because I was going on a spree in Brisbane."

"Was he straight, d'ye think?"

"I think so. He put 'em in a little steel box in his trunk,— he had his own pearls in the box,— and his wife had the key on a chain round her neck."

"What was the number of his cabin, and what was he like?"

"A dark, red-mustached chap — cabin number 41-43 B, port side, near the music-room."

"You know the ship?"

"I tell you, I sailed on her from Sydney to Brisbane, and lost my passage at Brisbane through going to the races. I gave the pearls to Oyley when I was going ashore. But you will get 'em again, mate?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows where she foundered. But, if I do?"

"Five hundred pounds."

With the lack of ceremony characteristic of the latitude, every man in the bar joined in the conversation.

"Five hundred pounds!" said Druce, the pilot. "Five hundred pounds for dredgin' fifteen or twenty thousand pounds out o' the Pacific Ocean! Five hundred to find a ton of scrap-iron in eighty thousand square miles o' coral? It's worth that to find the old hulk that hit the rock somewhere, and sank on it, and jewed me out o' pilot fees."

"I thought it wouldn't be hard to find the wreck," said Moresby hesitatingly. "If ——"

"Oh," replied Druce, "if your aunt had whiskers she'd be your uncle. Why, I know ten wrecks about here that no man knows the name of — ships that were never missed. You know, too, don't you, Dan'l?"

An old man, bent and wizened, replied quaveringly: "I've seen below me — when I've been down — old Spanish ships, an' old Dutch ships, an' old Portugees down below; me in twenty fathom water, an' them deep below, me man ——"

"Twenty fathoms — too much," said the big diver. "I've got a girl at home, and she wants me. Fifteen fathoms is all I care to go."

"Aa-ah," said the old diver, nipping with his strong and crooked fingers the arm and leg muscles of Phil Regard, "I was as strong and straight as ye; but deep divin', an' showin' off above the other min, an' takin' no notice o' the shootin' pains in me legs — callin' it rheumatics, an' all the time 'tis the paralyzer warnin' ye. An' then twenty-eight fathom I went, an' hauled up — I was a cripple."

He laughed as he spoke, but there was in his eye a tear of sorrow for his own dead strength; and, to cover his self-pity, he said, with a feeble attempt at gaiety:

"But 'tis only here I am a cripple! Put me down in fifteen or twenty fathom and give me the pressure on me skin again an' a four-knot tide, an' I'll fly along the floorin' of the sea like a sunbird."

"And you're offering five hundred pounds for the chance of that?" said Druce to Moresby. "Open your heart, Moresby. A mean man makes me spit blood."

"A thousand, then," said Moresby. "I want to be fair, and it's all to nothing."

"It isn't," said Phil Regard. "I've got to go below on another contract, and you think I've only got to open a cabin door and take a key from some poor, dead woman, and open a box. But that means two extra corners to go round, and the more corners the more chances of fouling. It's your pearls to my life. I want a certainty."

"Here y' are, then," said Moresby. "A hundred pounds for opening the cabin door, and I'll take your word for it; and a thousand if you bring back the pearls."

"It's a deal," agreed Phil Regard, and they shook hands on it.

The warning bell of the *Airlie* clanged, and Druce departed to his pilotage. Phil Regard, as yet only half resigned, saw the steamer that should have borne him south disappear down the channel, rounding the Residency, and so away to open sea. Then he resolutely put regrets behind him and went to his tug and tender to prepare for his attempt to find a few thousand tons of foundered metal in an immensity of blue.

The survivor of the *Pandora* had become quiet enough to talk of the horror of the wreck.

"I was steerage steward," he said, "Mister. I can't think! Stay by me, Mister — don't leave me alone."

"Hold on to my coat, if you like. I'll stand by."

"We never had a boat practice — rottin' in the chocks, the boats were. It was about eleven at night — moonlight — quiet; y' could hear the scrapin' of shovels in the stoke-hole on the flat sheets, and the noise came up the ventilators. An' not a ripple. An' there I'm smoking by the rail, waitin' till I can sneak out on the boat deck to sleep — the glory hole bein' so hot. An' then it comes. It was like a kid tearin' brown paper for fun. It seemed to get her amidships — that was because she was drawing a lot more water aft. Only one man came out of the engine-room. The man on the bridge was mad! I was mad! The quiet people in the cabins had the best death. Sharks got all the deck lot. She ran a minute or two, an' I saw the water risin' closer up — an' loosed a raft and went over. It was like hell, Mister, the howls. Her deck blew up amidships. I think she's sound aft. An' the steam jumped out of her funnel as thick as wool, an' down she goes. An' then on the raft I seen white fire cutting the water all over, crisscrossin' it. It was sharks. An' then a yell, an' more crisscrossin' of fire, o' white lightnin', an 'another yell."

"I know! I know!" said Phil Regard soothingly. "Don't think of it! Help me. Tell me where you think she went down."

"I can't help thinkin' of it. Heads o' people in the moonlight, an' then rushin' fire, an' a scream like a horse burnin', an' another head pulled under. Oh — oh! Another head gone."

"Steady! Steady! Take a pull at yourself. Where did she go down?"

"A girl of twenty or so — I heard her singing in the saloon the night before — a song about 'Mine, forever mine,' an' her husband lookin' at her as if he was dyin' for her while she was singin'. He was swimmin' with her when the sharks took him; an' I beat the sea with me 'ands, an' brought the raft close, an' I was bringin' her up to the raft — swish! comes the shark fire, an' she went too. Oh, mate, hell it was!"

The diver's eyes grew moist at that; he thought of his beloved safe at home, and the tragedy touched him nearly. But he said again:

"Where's the *Pandora?*"

"I drifted to an island, an' then I went mad, an' the lugger found me."

"To-day is Wednesday. When did the *Pandora* sink? Now, think — listen! We may pick up somebody yet. Tell me."

"She sunk on Monday night."

"Where?"

"We made twelve knots to Cape Grenville; then we slowed to ten to bring her in at daylight."

"What time at Cape Grenville?"

The survivor of the *Pandora* wrinkled his brows as if thought were a physical pain, and replied: "Twelve o'clock in the mornin'. Y' can't find her — she's got no masts, on'y hydraulic winchpoles."

Phil Regard, with the dividers in his hand, said inquiringly: "And she struck at eleven in the night?"

"It might have been later. I don't remember."

"We'll go on that. Where were you picked up?"

"The lugger came from Bushy Island." Regard pricked off one hundred and ten miles on the chart.

"Somewhere east of New Castle Bay," he said.

Before noon he had left Thursday Island, taking the direct track with his light-draft tugboat — east between Tuesday and Horn islands; and then, after easting Mount Adolphus Island and thridding the reefs to the south of it, steering south through the turquoise of shallow water and into the sapphire of deep sea, he ran south to Bushy Island, and then east over reefs, and then north again, and then west, and then zigzag. And the next day he drove slowly over a blackness in the coral bed; a monstrous black thing surrounded by lazy sharks and darting brilliant fish that made the sea-green water alive with swaying and flashing color, like the air of a tropical jungle: the *Pandora* — almost on an even keel and sunk in fourteen fathoms.

With a little reluctance, Regard made the preparations necessary for such as dive in dress and helmet, and shaved clean the mustache that had grown since he had dived in Flores Seas. The growing of the mustache had been an innocent vanity for the pleasure of his wife, who objected to his professionally beardless face, just as the new suit was for her benefit and not to be worn until the day of happy meeting, that he might shine all freshly in her eyes. Then, in the warm shadow of the white awning, he stripped, and donned the many woolen undergarments and the canvas dress, with its water-tight red-rubber bands at wrists and ankles.

The tender put on his feet the great brass-toed boots of twenty-eight pounds weight; and when he had climbed to the ladder and placed his feet upon the rungs, they screwed his twenty-eight-pound copper helmet on the collar-ring, and hung thirty-eight pounds of lead upon his breast and thirty-eight pounds of lead at his back. Life-line, piping, corselet, helmet, brass boots, and leaden weight complete, the men at the pump began to turn; the tender screwed the face-glass into the helmet and tapped upon it as a signal; the pumps lifted the pressure of the weights from the diver's chest. The air thudded irritatingly into the copper prison that was the helmet; the sense of confinement, and the close smell of the natural breathing element of man unnaturally compressed, returned to Phil Regard. He thought of the wife in Sydney — the last thought of the divinity before bracing himself to work that had the chance of death in it always, though use had brought danger into contempt; then he opened the valve that he might get way to sink with, and dropped easily and gently into the caresses of the water. The sun's shimmer on the sea dimmed to a great pervading shaft of tawny light that made the sea-green lucent, as the white sand below reflected the rays of the breathing world.

The black corpse of the *Pandora* seemed to rise to him. He closed the valve, and sank as through a cataract of feathers. Avoiding the deck, he dropped to the bottom for a survey of the hull. The current hurried him; he might have to wait until slack water. But the lugger drifted too, and he walked rapidly on his toe-tips around the wreck. There could be no doubt of the impossibility of raising her. From the great gaping hole amidships, that extended from one side of her to the other, swam fish of all colors, playing in those puzzling tunnels. Moving lightly as a feather-weight, as if the laws of gravitation had been repealed, Regard studied the situation.

All about him stretched tangles of seaweed and coral with white walks between the spongy copses and the brakes. A yellow water-snake followed his every movement with curious imitation, and white fish circled around his helmet so that a green hand must have become dizzy. From a rift in the rock wavered the tentacles of a devilfish feeling its way to crime with every cup and sucker; immense shoals of young fish were being driven to the surface by stronger bullies. Yet, with all its clamorous hunger and insolent murder, it was a world of bewildering loveliness.

Upon the ribbed sand the starfish; above, the brilliance of living coral: the great violet bouquet-shaped madrepora, its coral flowers with buff branches and petals of magenta; staghorn corals in brown and yellow and lilac and green; coral valleys of myrtle green, coral ridges of golden brown, all the glorified forms of carbonate of lime — beautiful as the fish, brilliant as the painted finch, and tinted like the Raggiana bird of paradise. Regard stepped on a branch of heliopora coral, and it broke in indigo.

Brakes of broad-bladed sea-grass grew as in a swampy meadow for the sea-cow; trepang like black cucumbers slumbered on the sand; weed-grown pearl oysters protected themselves with water made turbid by Regard's footfalls; a big blue-spoked stingray faltered by a rock; and prone on the ruffled floor lay a great skate, which is a flattened shark. Everywhere the water swarmed with strange and beautiful forms: the parrot-fish in his livery of black and gray and scarlet; the giant anemone and his galaxy of sea-stars; the peacock blue and green frills and furbelows of the giant clam shells, spotted turquoise and barred black; the grotesque tobacco-pipe fish of golden and azure spotted brown; the placid brown oxray, so blundering that it is often unintentionally malevolent, since if it once takes hold upon air-pipe or life-line it never lets go; yellow-finned and ultramarine-bodied fish; black and electric-blue fish; fish arabesqued in green and salmon and black and gray and orange and blue and yellow; fish of protective fin and tassel and little body; fish with long brown pennants growing from their heads; mad fish with up-turned noses; tasseled, branded, striped, speckled, barred, spotted fish, each painted like a Carpentaria finch.

The weight of ocean pressed the diver softly in his armor of the air; his body felt as if stroked by the silky hands of the caressing sea — kindly even to the little fragile sea flowers. And then from the great tunnel in the hull of the *Pandora* came floating, gorged and lazy, the horrors of the deep.

Used as he was to these cruel cowards, in the light of the story of the bride who had died in the wreck, they held for him a new horror, and for a moment he was afraid. Their gorged habit, their slow, plethoric movements, their dull eyes, forgetting for a moment to be greedy, told the tale. Regard felt almost physically sick. All those eyes looked at him threateningly, contemptuously; the little fish that swam up to his face-glass and gazed at him did not seem to be frightened as quickly as usual by the movement of his hands.

The sharks came nearer, and Regard, lifting the rubber wrist-band, shot air at them in a succession of silver bullets, and the cowards became energetic and fled. A carpet-bag shark, the incarnation of filthy malevolence, hovered above him until Regard turned the escape-valve on his helmet and shot a madness of fear into the horrible thing.

He finished his survey of the hull with difficulty, attended always by the yellow sea-snake, which followed him as if it expected food from this strange monster, accompanying him to within a few fathoms of surface. For an hour Regard rested and fed; then he went to the ladder, and was loaded and imprisoned again, and sank down to the deck of the *Pandora*.

His retinue of enemies left him at the entrance to the saloon; but the small fish, their brilliance seeming to light the half-gloom, swam into the depths and in and out at the port-holes — "like schoolboys playing a game," thought Phil Regard. Even there some little things had begun already to benefit by the fall of greatness; little pearl shells as big as a thumb-nail — born in motion from the spat, floating in the current, and sucked down by the foundering ship — had here spun their byssus to tie them to the saloon stairs, hiding their weakness in this unexpected asylum.

"All this death to make a safe hiding-place for a shell," thought Regard bitterly, as he walked on tiptoe through this silent world where all values of vision were distorted, where a waving shadow seemed to be a fish and a fish of sober hues was as shadow until the hand felt its form.

He thought hard — racking his brains inside his copper prison for the memory of the plan of the ship.

"The ship's papers will be in the captain's safe; I'll get them to-morrow. The specie-room is inside the mail-room; I'll find that." So, with due regard for the safety of air-pipe and life-line against projections and fittings, he left the saloon, its decorations already dimmed by the traveling slime of the sea, and found the mail-room, and beyond it the specie-room intact.

He talked to himself, and the words reverberated to him from the helmet: "I'll bring dynamite and a wire down and blow the specie-room open, rig a winch, and haul out the gold boxes. That'll be to-morrow. And while I'm here I'll do the horrible job — Moresby's pearls."

He went back to the saloon stairs. Above it a great gray shape hung watchfully, patiently, as if it had all eternity to wait in. Regard, with never a quickening of the pulse, fired the silver bullets from his wrist-band, and the gray shape backed and fled. Regard laughed and went on to find Moresby's pearls.

He opened a cabin door. Two fish fled through the porthole, and the body of a woman came at him in the swirl of the water. The dead face struck his helmet. Regard cried out in horror, and backed away. But in a moment he caught his courage and closed the porthole; then he shut the cabin door again and went to the next. He could not distinguish the letter denoting the corridor, nor the number either.

He opened an inner cabin, and a drowned man came out and struck him. He opened another, and there were in it a dead man and a dead woman trying with her floating skirts to hide a little child from the sea. The man had tried to save another child, and that other child had fixed his teeth in his father's arm, and so had died in cruel fear of the green death that had shipped with them. Horror gripped the diver as with fingers of cold steel.

Yet his duty was to be done, and he did it. He found B corridor, and the first cabin had in it a dead girl with her hands clasped as if she still prayed. He closed the cabin reverently, and came to another in which an old man and an old woman had died in their bed places; and then to an outer cabin opposite the one he had first entered. The light was better there; he saw that this was B 41 at last, and that by a little care he might have saved himself the awfulness that had shaken him.

The lock of B 41 did not yield to the lifting of the handle, so Regard inserted the point of his small ax between the door and the beading and levered it open. Two bodies, those of a man and a woman,— the man's as if he had died standing, the woman's in the lower berth floating up against the wires of the upper berth,— moved queerly in the disturbed liquid — as if they were alive.

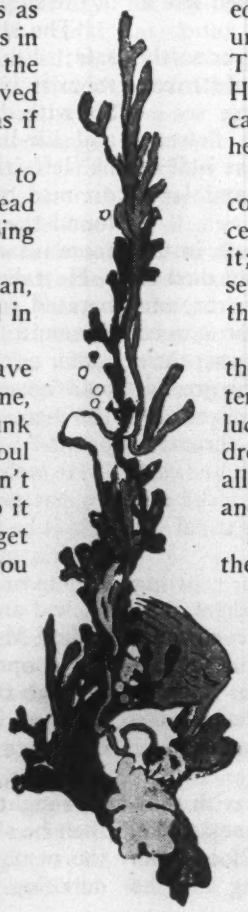
"Porthole closed," said Regard to himself, trying not to look at the dead for a moment. "He had the fan going — the lever's on the top speed."

He looked at the body of the man, and shudderingly turned him around in the water.

"That'll be the man Moresby gave the pearls to. Oyley was the name, and he looks it. There's the trunk under the berth. And this poor soul has the key round her neck. I can't do it. . . . But I promised. I'll do it to-morrow. . . . No; better now — get it done with. Forgive — whoever you are, forgive me. Young, too, and pretty." With a shaking hand and covering his face, he touched the woman's neck, and there he felt the necklet and the key.

"It's horrible. I'll have to use both hands for the fastening."

As if he were physically afraid of it he looked back at the sinister dead man floating near the porthole; then, swiftly and without looking, he unfastened the necklet and held it up — a necklet and a key. The movement floated the body from its position against the springs of the upper berth; it turned upright, floating by his head — through the little circle of the face-glass its dead eyes looked sorrowfully into his own.



And then — madness! Unbelief! Doubt! Unbelief again! And again madness! clamored through his brain. The air seemed to be withdrawn; the helmet became a mountain of copper; the weights upon his back and breast were each a ton of lead. He looked at the necklet — yes, it was so! He had given it. He released it, and it sank to the ooze upon the sodden carpet. He looked at the bracelet of opal before the mirror, and recognized it, too; and then at the dead woman gazing at him mournfully with eyes that seemed to plead: "Forgive; I have been punished, and repented so; forgive."

Still unbelieving, but stunned, he pushed the dead man through the door and out of the alleyway (evicting it as if its presence in that cabin still outraged propriety); and it floated up, bobbing queerly in the tide eddies. Then he turned back, mad but unbelieving, and reëntered the cabin. There could be no doubt — no doubt! He left her there, and fastened the cabin door behind him. And then his heart broke.

He could not live! With his last conscious instinct, he hacked with uncertain hand at the air-pipe, and missed it; then the weight of all the ocean settled on his heart and he wavered to the floor.

He had a conscientious tender. At that sudden jag upon the life-line the tender hauled carefully, and, by that luck which shames the best judgment, drew Philip Regard safely through the alleyway to the deck of the *Pandora* and up to sunlight.

But they might as well have left him there, for the strong man who had dived never returned to the surface.

"Beats me!" said Druce, looking pityingly at the withered wreck that sat every day, and through all the daylight hours of every day, upon the veranda of Thursday Island hospital. "Can't understand it. A fine, big, strong world-beater of a man paralyzed in fourteen fathoms. It beats me!"

THE ACTRESS ON THE ROAD

BY

MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ONLY people who are endowed with a strong body and robust health should go upon the stage. The life of the actor taxes the mind, the heart, and the body almost to the breaking-point. In no profession does the process of the elimination of the weaker ones operate so unerringly, so mercilessly. As a matter of course, this life is vastly more trying to women than to men. There is a proverb in the profession, born of the great power of endurance of its members: Actresses are seldom sick and never die.

When he is in New York, the actor — and by this term I mean actress also — may live as quiet a life or as gay a one as he chooses; but once on "the road," he must accept the inevitable. "The road," in actors' parlance, is anywhere and everywhere outside of the city of New York. The traveling salesman, the only other nearly perpetual vagabond, when he uses this term means all places except the one in which his business has its headquarters. But the actor knows only one city — all the rest is "road." Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco he condescendingly refers to as "week stands," and lumps together smaller cities and towns as "one-night stands" or "one-nighters." If many one-night towns are to be visited in rapid succession, the actor becomes ribald and speaks of them as "blighters" and "water-tanks." It is on such a route as this that the actor's physical endurance is most sorely tried, and the women of the profession are subjected to particular hardships and vexations.

The Peculiar Dangers of the Actress' Profession

It is a curious paradox that the calling of the actress thrusts her into peculiar dangers and at the same time operates to prevent her getting protection against these very perils. It is this way. She must necessarily go upon the street, often unescorted, at unseemly hours. If she be accosted, and appeal to the policeman on the beat, she will too frequently find that, through brutal ignorance and bigotry, he will refuse an actress the protection he would immediately afford another woman. It is better to appeal to almost any man than to a policeman. But, of all protectors, a woman should select the common man. I started out with the idea that the man with the rough face and shabby clothes would be less respectful and courteous than the well-dressed man. In knocking about the country I have had, from time to time, to ask strange men for information, for favors, for help, and sometimes for protection. I have found that by all odds the most sympathetic and helpful and respectful men were the rough-looking ones. If, in a dilemma, I had to choose between the two types, even if it were only a question of which would take the more trouble, I should be sure to go to the common man.

I had an experience when I was with Mrs. Fiske that illustrates this. We were living in a private car, and were about to leave the place in which we had been playing. It is a confusing fact that frequently, after the occupants have left the train to go to the performance, the cars are shifted from one place to another. When the actress is ready to go on board again, she is likely to find that her car has been moved a mile or so up or down the tracks, and it is up to her to find her way to it. If she has plenty of money and can afford to take a cab, she can get the driver to find the car for her. But if she is an ordinary actress, simply one of the "members of the company," and has to look out for herself, this search sometimes becomes a matter not only of great trouble and anxiety, but of positive danger.

An Adventure on the Levee at Midnight

On the night in question we were playing at Rock Island, and our car had been shunted over, I think, to Davenport. Of course, I did not know of this. I am always slow in getting out of the theater after a performance, and on this particular night I started out late with a young girl who belonged to the company. It was very near midnight when we reached the depot. There we were informed that Mrs. Fiske's car had been transferred to the other side of the river. My first thought was to get a cab, but there was none in sight. The station was practically closed for the night. The only people about were a watchman and one or two freight men, and they could suggest no means of getting a conveyance. There was no place to telephone from. There was a livery stable somewhere, we were told, but we did not like the idea of trailing about the streets looking for it. Presently I asked one of the men just how to get to Davenport, and he gave me the following directions: "You go down the levee there, and keep right along between the piles of lumber, and at the other end there is a big bridge; when you strike it, there off to the right you will see the station quite near."

Very stupidly, I started off on the quest with this young girl; but when we got down on the levee I began to realize that this was not a very desirable place to be at that hour of night. There were enormous piles of lumber rising away above our heads, and separated from one another by very narrow passages, leaving no way of escape if we should happen upon anything disagreeable. There must, of course, be night watchmen somewhere about; but we saw nobody, and we had gone a long distance. We could see the bridge that we had to cross, but it was still far away. I was really frightened, but I took care not to betray it. The young girl with me was terribly frightened, and I could feel her trembling. I realized that I must be the man of the party, and I reassured her, telling her that there was nothing there to harm us and that everything was all right. She kept getting more frightened, however, and asked if I had ever been in anything like this before. I said airily, "Oh, yes," but as a matter of fact I never had.

Appealing to the "Common Man" for Protection

Suddenly we heard a long, low whistle. My companion whispered to me that she had seen a man come out from between the long piles of lumber, and that the whistle had come afterward. She wanted to turn and run. Well, I know now exactly what develops courage in cowardly men. I had to disregard my own feelings and at least pretend to courage. I said that we would go on, and that we absolutely would not run; that was settled. I confess I felt anything but comfortable when I saw this man go out and lean against a lumber pile and when I noticed his slouchy, lanky figure as he stood there with his hat pulled down over his face. But I made straight for him, dragging the shaking girl with me, and walked up to him, saying politely:

"Excuse me, but I think you can help us. We belong to a theatrical company, and our car that we are traveling in has been transferred to Davenport, and we did not know it until just now, when we came out of the theater. We are trying to get down to the bridge. Are we going right?"

In a very gruff voice he answered: "Yes."

I continued: "Can we keep right along? Is it safe?"

He answered, just as gruffly: "I guess it's safe enough."

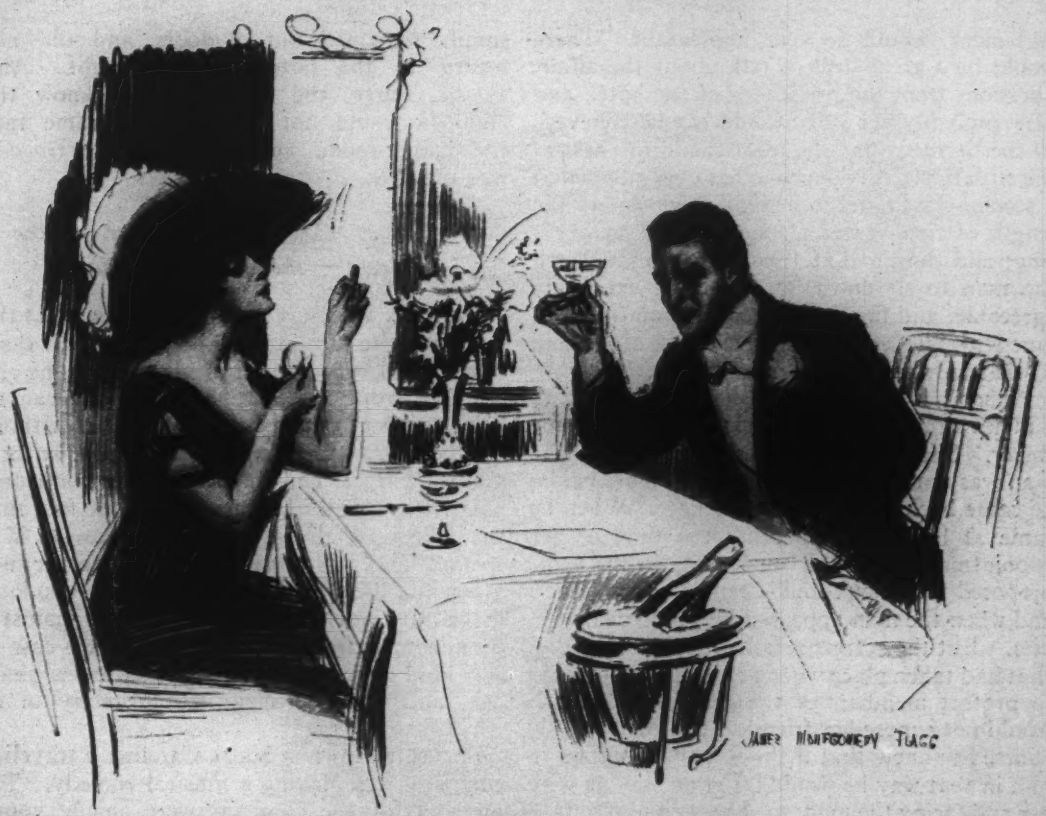
Then I said: "May I ask a favor of you? Will you kindly stand here until we get to the other end of the levee? We shall feel so much better if we know that there is somebody looking out for us."

Again he answered, "Yes," and we passed on.

Whether he was a watchman or not, or what the whistle meant, we shall never know; but we went on, and as long as I could see him when I glanced back, he was standing there in the same black shadow, never moving. And I really feel convinced that if he had been a tramp, sleeping there, it would have been just the same, after two helpless women had walked straight up to him and asked his protection. His manner was not at all cordial, not at all that of a really good-natured man; he consented to help us out in a sullen fashion, as if he were being forced to do it.

The Actress and the Professional Blackguard

One of the most vicious annoyances to which the actress is subjected, particularly when she is playing one-night stands, is the professional "masher." This fellow, if he happens to be a friend of the hotel manager, is given all sorts of liberties in the hotel, and is allowed to carry on his system of persecution almost unhampered. Being a coward at heart, he makes himself obnoxious to unprotected women only. A girl in a theatrical company learns not to pay the slightest attention to these loungers about hotel corridors, for the most casual glance is apt to be



"WHEN HE IS IN NEW YORK, THE ACTOR MAY LIVE AS QUIET A LIFE OR AS GAY A ONE AS HE CHOOSES"

construed as encouragement. I remember one most unpleasant case that shows to what lengths this kind of man will go.

An actress had been staying at a hotel during a week's stand, and every time that she had gone up or down in the elevator a man had annoyed her by attempting to attract her attention. Of course it could not have been by accident. For two days this man was in the elevator whenever she went up or down, and she was conscious that he was trying to meet her. One day, as she was going up after dinner, he was there as usual, and she showed by her manner that she was annoyed. When she left the elevator he got out also, as he had done once or twice before. She had to go a long way down the main hall and around a corner to reach her room, which was in a distant corridor where no one would be apt to be in attendance. She realized that there could be no reason for this man's coming down the corridor, except to follow her, as her room was almost at the end. She unlocked her door, and when she opened it and turned to shut it, the man came forward and put his foot in the doorway. He was well dressed and looked like a gentleman. She angrily asked him what he wanted, and he said that he wanted to come in and talk to her. He refused to take his foot from the door. He was very debonair and polite, but she could not move him. He said she need not be so disagreeable — he just wanted to chat with her.

She did not dare leave the door to ring; but finally, when she showed by her manner and speech that she did not intend to allow him to come in, he deliberately used all his strength, pushed the door open, and stood between her and the door. She had to think quickly, so, making a pretense of trying to escape from the room, she got his mind on defending the door, and then suddenly turned and rang for a bell-boy.

This did not disconcert the man at all, but he suddenly disconcerted her with this statement: "I am not going out of the room till I get ready. When I came in here, at your invitation, I had a gold pencil with a diamond in the end of it. I want it returned to me; then I will go out."

This was too much even for the seasoned actress. She saw the situation in a moment. She belonged to a second-rate company. There were a great many women connected with it — chorus girls, dancers, etc. It flashed through her mind that her situation, if he made this

statement, would be very unpleasant. There would be a great deal of talk about the affair, questions from the proprietor of the hotel, and very probably her story would not be believed; so she decided that she must make the best of the situation. Any one who has ever stopped at a second-class hotel in a small town knows the length of time it takes a bell-boy to answer a ring; and during that time the actress invited the man to sit down, made herself extremely agreeable, and finally made an appointment to dine with him at half past five in the afternoon, so that he went away peaceably.

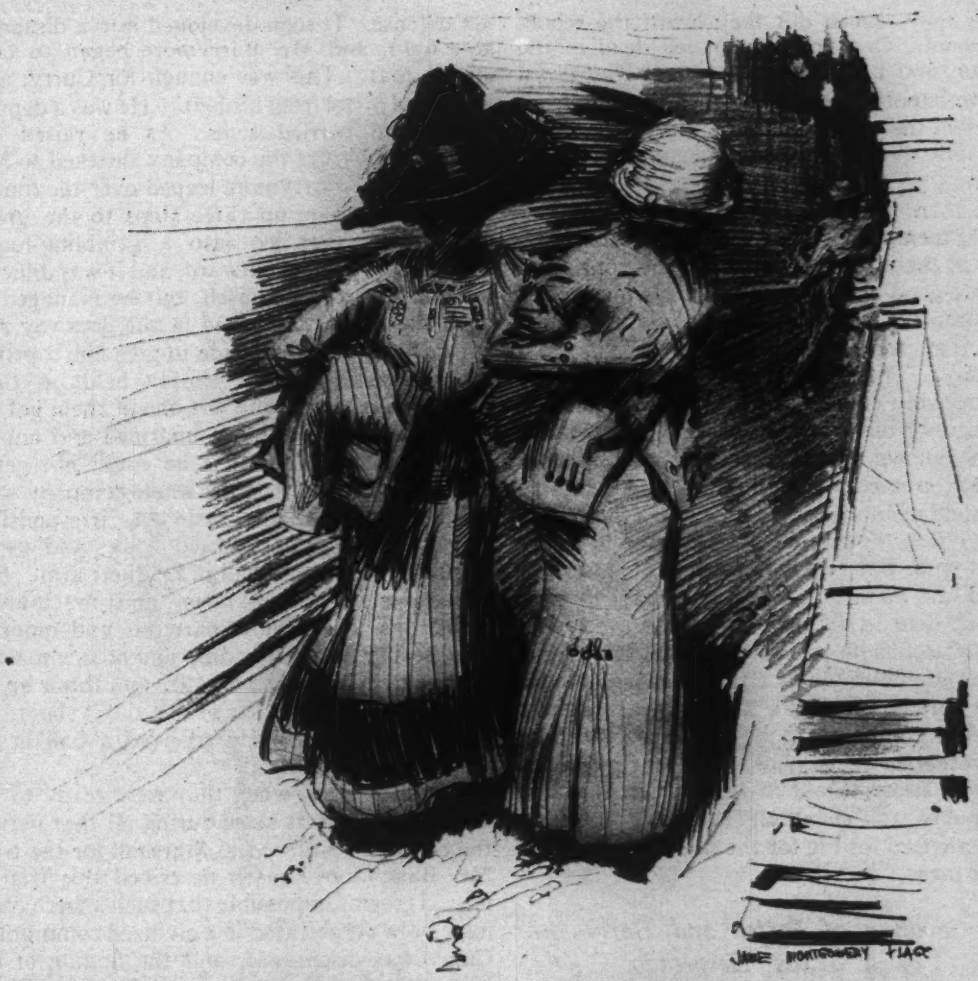
As soon as he was gone, she wrote a note to a man in the company and asked him to come to her. She was afraid to leave her room. The man was not in, and it was several hours before he came back and received her note. When he came at last it was nearing the time of her appointment with the "masher"; so the actor proposed that they should stand there together, and when the man appeared he would deal with him. But the actress recalled terrible tragedies that had taken place when actors had attempted to protect members of the company, and she would not expose her friend to this danger. Of course she knew that if she put the situation to him in that way he would insist on staying with her and facing the man; so she asked him to take her out first, as she wanted to go to a drug-store, and then come back to the hotel and wait for her in the dining-room. When he left her she simply remained out of doors, and did not return to the hotel until midnight. And as, of course, the actor did not know the man, he could not tell when he came into the dining-room, and so a possible tragedy was averted.

"THE ACTOR'S PHYSICAL ENDURANCE IS SORELY TRIED"

The Most Cowardly Annoyer of the Actress — the Hotel Landlord

Probably the most cowardly annoyer that the actress has to face in small cities is the landlord of the hotel. By reason of his position, he can bestow favors or exact penalties. He can go from one part of the hotel to another without question. This man is usually a power in local politics. He is emboldened by the consciousness of the "pull" he has, and by the fact that the actress is almost always a stranger in a strange land. No one would listen to her plea as against the story of this politician — no local magistrate would uphold an actress against a prominent citizen. A most remarkable case of this kind of persecution happened a few years ago, and was positively revolutionary in its effect.

In a small town in South Carolina a traveling company was playing a musical comedy. The members of the company were chiefly young men and women, stage-struck beginners, for the most part, who had taken this engagement because they wanted to get on the stage. Most of them lived in Boston and had been students at the Conservatory of Music. The two young girls whom my story concerns were very charming girls, just out of pleasant homes; and the young men who figured in the tragedy were each about twenty-five and had been friends of the girls from childhood. One afternoon one of these girls was in her room, and was surprised to see the proprietor, who had welcomed them when they came into the hotel, walking along the roof of a low shed and getting into the window of her friend's room. She knew the room was empty, and when her friend returned she told her about it, and they went downstairs and asked for an explanation. They were told that there had been something the matter with the steam radiator, and as the door was locked the man had to get in that way to investigate. This seemed a reasonable explanation. After this the proprietor took the girl around the lower part of the hotel, and talked with her, showing her different improvements he had been making, and was very pleasant — too pleasant, the seasoned actress would have known; but this young girl took it all for a natural kindliness, especially as she knew that Southerners are often much more genial than Northerners.



"AS LONG AS I COULD SEE HIM, HE WAS STANDING IN THE SHADOW, NEVER MOVING"

Actors Protect Women of Their Company at the Cost of Their Lives

That evening, after she had finished her supper, the man came and sat down at the table and began to talk with her. Finally he asked her if she would take a little supper with him after the performance; he said that he would have a spread of some kind, and would like to show her some attention. She refused. That night, sometime about midnight, she was in her room, ready to go to bed, when there was a rap at the door. She asked who was there, and the proprietor answered her and said that he wanted to speak to her for a moment. She told him she could not speak to him, as she was not dressed; but he kept asking her to open the door. By this time even her youth and inexperience could not blink the fact that this man was becoming a nuisance. Presently he became angry and aggressive, and demanded to come into his own room, as he designated it. She would not open the door, and in a moment she heard the man getting up on the transom. Then she began to scream. As soon as she called, there was a scurrying of feet, and the man disappeared. By that time an actor farther down the corridor had opened his door. The girl said she thought she heard something at her door, and it had frightened her. He, of course, thought it was a case of nerves. Next morning the two young men and two young women were at the same table, and one of them began to tease the girl about her shrieking; so she very gravely told the true story of her experience, and her friend further confirmed it by telling how she had seen the man creeping along the roof and getting in at the window in the afternoon. Naturally the two young men were extremely indignant, and instantly went out to the main hall, summoned the proprietor, and demanded to know what his conduct meant. The girls heard a row, and

just as they rushed out they heard the report of a pistol. One young man fell dead in the corridor, and before they were half way down there was another report and the other fell dead. That was the result of their simply telling the story, not even calling for assistance or protection.

The man was, of course, arrested; and although members of the company, who were called at the inquest, testified to the youth and absolute good character of the two young girls, the coroner's jury decided against them because they were chorus girls in an unknown company. They held that the young woman had probably encouraged the man and that he was entirely blameless. This tragedy, when it became known to the theatrical profession of America, created a profound sensation. Every individual member knew well enough that every young girl in the business was exposed to things of this kind; but the awful ending of this affair moved the Actors' Society to engage a very eminent man as counsel to enforce the law of South Carolina to punish this man, and to set before the public the fact that it is possible for an absolutely good girl, traveling about in a theatrical company, to be practically without the protection of the law. The entire profession was asked to aid in this, which they did most nobly; and eventually the hotel proprietor was sentenced for life for the murder of the two young men.

The Shooting of Porter and Barrymore by a Texas Desperado

Many people, of course, have heard of the Curry-Porter case, but few know the real details.

A sensible actor or actress never criticizes food or accommodations in the hearing of the proprietor or servants of a hotel, for it is obviously better to take what is offered with as little objection as possible.

A company playing "Diplomacy," the original company that had played it in New York, had given a performance at Marshall, Texas; and having been obliged to rush to the station to get the train for another town, they had been unable to have a proper dinner. They all went to the lunch-counter, and the leading woman, Ellen Cummings, began to criticize everything on the counter. Finally she decided that she would take a dish of baked beans, tasted it, could not eat it, and pushed it across the counter with some remark about it. A Texas desperado happened to be standing there, and made an insulting remark about her. Mr. Barrymore, who was the leading man of the company, sprang to her defense. It soon developed into a disagreeable fight, and Mr. Barrymore began to take off his coat. This was enough for Curry, and he drew a pistol from his belt. He was a deputy sheriff and carried arms. As he raised his pistol, members of the company shrieked to Mr. Barrymore. Barrymore leaped over the lunch-counter, and ran up three steps to the green baize doors that led into a gambling-room. These doors opened outward, and it was difficult for him to protect himself, but he managed to open the doors, and stood in the doorway and appealed to the men inside to give him a pistol. They hardly moved — simply held up their hands full of cards, and not one of them got up from his chair to help an unarmed and unprotected man. Seeing that he could not get a pistol, and feeling that the whole company were in danger from this drunken, irresponsible creature, Barrymore turned back; and as he turned he received a ball in his right arm. Ben Porter, a very well-known and much-loved actor, one of the most harmless and quiet of men, seeing Barrymore drop and no one making a move to help, rushed forward and threw up his arms, saying, "For God's sake, don't shoot; we are all unarmed!" He received a ball in his stomach, and fell dead.

A month after, when they were ready to try Curry, who was at large during all that period, the company returned to Marshall for the trial. Mr. Barrymore himself described this trial to me. It seems impossible that such a farce could have been perpetrated in a civilized community. Curry was discharged, and the finding of the jury was that it was a case of emotional insanity. Barrymore sat and watched the farcical affair, and, himself hardly recovered from the severe wound he had received, he launched forth in a denunciation of the whole proceeding. Afterward at the hotel he was informed that he had been very foolish to express his opinion of the Texas justice, and that it would be just as well for him to get out of town. The hotel was a low, rambling wooden affair, and had, as most Southern hotels have, a place in front where chairs were placed for lounging. Three or four steps led down into the office of the hotel. About an hour before it was time for his train to start, Mr. Barrymore was sitting with a traveling salesman outside of the hotel, talking about the trial. The salesman thought that Mr. Barrymore had been foolish; he asked him if he had a pistol. Mr. Barrymore laughingly said that he never carried weapons. The man then told him that he had a pistol in his suit-case, and he would go in and bring it down to him. Mr. Barrymore laughed at the idea, and said he did not want it. While this conversation was going

"'I AM NOT GOING OUT OF THE ROOM TILL I GET READY'"

on, a man advanced out of the shadow, went down the steps and into the office, and the two men heard the following colloquy.

"Where is Mr. Barrymore?"

Then, from the negro porter: "Well, sir, I don't rightly know; he was round here a few minutes ago. I think he is just outside on one of those chairs."

This called Mr. Barrymore's attention to the man, and, glancing in, he saw, to his horror, that it was Curry, the discharged murderer. The desperado, who still wore his belt with numberless weapons sticking in it, retraced his steps, came up to the two men, who were sitting in the deep shadow, so that it was not easy to distinguish them, and said in a loud, aggressive tone: "Is this Mr. Barrymore?" Although Mr. Barrymore had just refused a pistol from the man beside him, he thought now that he would make a bluff of having one. "Yes, I am Mr. Barrymore," he said, rising. Being totally unfamiliar with the customary method of carrying a revolver, he put his hand into his coat with the intention of convincing Curry that he was armed. He assured me that when he saw Curry's hand go down to a terrible-looking pistol in his belt and start to draw it out, he lost his last remnant of sense and of power to act. After what seemed to him an appreciable length of time, Curry handed the weapon to him, saying: "This is the pistol that killed Porter; I thought you might like it for a souvenir."

Barrymore had berated Curry, and this was the greatest revenge that Curry could mete out to him.

The Old Southern Theater and Its Wood Furnace

One usually thinks that a fire is the most awful thing that can happen in a theater; but I am confident that a groundless panic is almost as bad.

My own experience occurred in Nashville, Tennessee. The theater was located in a very old building, but the city had done what it could to protect the place according to the best modern methods. Huge coils of hose with great

brass nozzles were suspended at various points; there was a silent alarm to the engine-house; and firemen stood on duty, as they do in every theater in the United States, during every performance. On account of the mild climate in the South, the older theaters at that time used wood furnaces. I am not sure that they have reformed their method of heating, but I imagine that some of them still use it. It is very discomfiting to the actor, when he goes into one of these Southern theaters, to encounter the smell of burning wood — a smell that to his nostrils has a fearful significance. Until he becomes used to the theaters of that section, this odor makes him very nervous.

I was playing in "As You Like It" with Madame Modjeska at the time. As I came into the theater on this particular evening, there was an exceptionally strong smell of burning wood, so strong, in fact, that, more or less used to that sort of thing as I was, I went up to the fireman and asked him what caused it. He told me that it was the huge wood logs in the furnace. But it seemed to me that even in the South I had never known this odor to be so strong. I insisted upon a further explanation, until the fireman became impatient; he was perfectly sure that everything was all right.

During the second act an almost impalpable blue haze began to rise between the stage and the audience, and most of the people were coughing. In a Northern or Western theater the audience would have been on the street long before this. We had been saying among ourselves what a curious thing custom was, and how little notice the people in front took of the matter that made us so nervous. Evidently they were accustomed to taking their dramatic entertainment in an atmosphere of burning wood.

Playing "As You Like It" to a Panic-Stricken House

When the curtain rose upon the third act, the draught carried the smoke, that had accumulated on the stage during the wait, out over the footlights; and now even the most seasoned play-goer could hardly fail to realize that something was wrong. As we stood there, rolling out the long, poetical periods of Shakespeare, we became conscious of a fearful uneasiness out

"A SENSIBLE ACTOR OR ACTRESS NEVER CRITICIZES THE FOOD IN THE HEARING OF THE SERVANTS"

"WE WERE A SORRY-LOOKING COMPANY WHEN WE LEFT THE THEATER"

in front, which was gaining in intensity every moment. Oliver, the brother of Orlando, had come on the stage, and had begun the long speech describing the wounding of Orlando.

Suddenly a rope ladder was thrown down from the top gallery. A second after it struck the floor, that terrible cry, *"Fire!"* rang out. In the fraction of an instant the entire theater was in confusion. I can see, in memory, those faces in the house. An awful rush was made for the door. In a few seconds the first six or eight rows in the orchestra were vacant. Every one seemed to be packed in the aisles. Is it not a strange thing that people never seem to think of going up on the stage and making an exit that way?

At almost the same instant, and while the actors were still going on with their lines, without a single indication by voice or gesture that anything had happened, the coils of hose began to unwind and the brass nozzles to strike the walls and floor with a banging that increased the terror of the audience. A number of firemen rushed across the stage in front of the actors and plunged downstairs. In a few moments more the axmen, armed with their hatchets, dashed past us. But we still played on. Then there was a sound of chopping beneath us. Clouds of smoke that had been confined under the flooring were let loose upon the stage. Still we played the scene. I was sitting with Madame Modjeska. We sat and listened, and never moved. But I remember that I had a fearful moment. Going from theater to theater as we do, it is impossible to keep in mind the plan of the building one chances to be playing in, and I sat there, wondering where the back door was.

One of the most wonderful incidents of that experience now occurred. As the awful mass of smoke, released by the work of the axmen, began to fill the auditorium, and before it wiped it out from view, I saw a class of young girls, who, with their teachers, were occupying the first row of the balcony. They sat perfectly still, their light dresses making them especially noticeable. The sight of them held me spell-

bound; I forgot everything else. I saw them stand and raise their hands to the teachers, in the manner of children at school when they want to speak. One woman, of a commanding aspect, rose and with extended arms waved them down; and just as the awful smoke filled the auditorium and hid everything from view, I saw those young girls actually sit down again — the only persons, so far as I could judge, who were under any kind of control.

How One Behaves in a Theater Fire

It was useless for us to keep up the farce any longer, and we got up from our positions on the stage. Once released from the traditional spell that held us, we became a part of the general terror and confusion. I have never been able to recall what happened, but afterward I found that, together with the other players, I had been aimlessly rushing about the stage. First I ran out into the street; and then, becoming conscious of my make-up, I rushed back into the theater, where every one was shouting and screaming and in a general panic. Again finding a place of exit, I repeated the performance, rushing into the street and then back again. I am happy to say that, in spite of every appearance of a terrible panic in the house, there were only a few casualties and no deaths. The building, although old-fashioned in construction, had many exits, and the crowd was evidently well managed by the firemen.

When the firemen had succeeded in putting out the fire, and we made our way down the stairs to get our street clothing and go home, a wonderful sight met our gaze. I am sure I never realized before how many things one leaves on the floor. The water that had been poured upon the stage was many inches deep. Every conceivable thing in the matter of make-up was floating about on the miniature sea — shoes, stockings, trousers, hats, coats. To be sure, all this represented a great loss to the actors, not to mention the inconvenience of replenishing at short notice. Yet so strong is the average actor's sense of humor and so volatile his temperament that we all sat down on the stairs and joined in one hilarious yell. As we had no rubber boots to wade about in, we had to wait for the waters to subside. At last we made our way over the wet floors, picked up our bedraggled finery, and did the best we could at getting ready to go home. In most cases we found that the clothes we needed at the moment were the most injured, and, indeed, we were a sorry-looking company when we left the theater.

THE WIDOW

BY

ETHEL TALBOT

IT is all quiet in the house,
Very quiet and lonely;
Within the walls I hear the mouse —
Without, the owl's cry only.

The sullen wind against the pane
Knocks as one seeking harbor;
Only the white feet of the rain
Stir the leaves in the arbor.

His voice no more makes new for me
All his old tales of daring;
He shall not take the road to sea,
Nor come from far seafaring.

The rain's white fingers, small and light,
Tap at the windows — only
Save that, all's quiet here to-night,
Very quiet and lonely.

RECLAIMING THE HEATH

HOW DENMARK CONVERTED A DESERT INTO A FARMING COUNTRY

BY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

INSTRUCTOR IN SCANDINAVIAN AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY; FORMERLY SECRETARY TO THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO DENMARK

AMONG those who made the pilgrimage to Oyster Bay, in the first weeks after ex-President Roosevelt's return to this country, was a distinguished citizen of Denmark, a descendant of the Vikings, himself just arrived on our shores. This visitor was the son of the national hero of the Danes, the nation for whom Mr. Roosevelt expressed his high regard last year in Copenhagen when he remarked that the only thing lacking about the Danish-Americans in America was that there were not enough of them. Frederick Dalgas, like his father, is a man of high ideals, like him possessing the ability to execute them. He had been invited to Oyster Bay to tell the former President how his father, Enrico Mylius Dalgas, saved and remade Denmark by watering the desert and by planting the marshes and moors with trees.

The United States has something to learn from little Denmark. Many problems now puzzling the greater nations were settled long ago by the Danish people. No other country has carried co-operative methods in farming to such a degree of perfection. And the issue of the conservation of public resources, especially of the forests, which became a burning question in the United States only yesterday, was raised in Denmark in the period just after our Civil War. To-day it is more than a national issue in Denmark: it is a part of the conscience of the people; and every man who owns an ell of land is planting and watering and urging the soil to produce its utmost. From being one of the poorest nations in Europe, Denmark has in forty years climbed the ladder of prosperity, until it is now, *per capita*, one of the richest lands of the world. One man was the wizard of this transformation — Captain Dalgas, the father of Frederick Dalgas, Colonel Roosevelt's guest.

CAPTAIN DALGAS
THE MAN WHO REFORESTED DENMARK
From a statue at Aarhus

It was my privilege, during the few days Mr. Dalgas spent in America, to travel with him by rail through some of the Eastern States, typical in certain respects of all territory outlying large cities. With characteristic Danish courtesy, he praised, never condemned, what he saw from the car windows, commenting upon the wealth and prosperity of our great

nation as evidenced by the smoke of the factory towns through which we passed. Having recently lived in Denmark, and knowing the Danish point of view, I, however, felt sure that the evidences of waste and almost criminal neglect to be seen throughout the stretches of open country between the cities could not escape his eye. We were passing a dry, hard field of coarse grass and weeds, alternating with bare yellow patches and stunted bushes, its only present economic use being the display of huge, hideous bill-boards, when I turned to Mr. Dalgas with the question: "What would you do in Denmark with land like this?"

"That land," Mr. Dalgas replied, "was probably a forest in the days before your ancestors came to America. In Denmark we would turn it back into a forest. We would begin by planting it with spruce."

Approaching the next town, we saw several "vacant lots," full of pits where the earth had been mined for building purposes, which were now being filled with ashes and refuse.

"Splendid land for market-gardening!" Mr. Dalgas exclaimed. "A man with a plow and a little fertilizer could make a comfortable living in my country from a few acres like this."

Immediately we were passing rows of workingmen's houses, whose back yards, toward the track, were full of weeds and clothes-lines and heaps of tin cans. "How do you explain this?" my companion asked. "Don't your people like fruit-trees and flowers?"

Leaving the town, the train mounted a trestle that crossed a great marsh waving with green and golden sedge, its monotony broken only by occasional creeks, until it ended in a purple line of forest on the horizon.

"This wilderness," I said, with some relief, to Mr. Dalgas, "was not caused by the neglect of my countrymen. It is as nature appointed. Is it not beautiful in its desolateness?"

He smiled sympathetically. "But would it be any less beautiful if the marsh were pasture, and hundreds of well-fed cattle were grazing there, and high mounds of fresh-mown hay were waiting beside the waterways?"

When the train reached the woods, and I pointed out to the son of the great forester the first forest we had seen in our journey, I felt the bitterest disappointment. For these woods, once splendid pines, were now a stunted growth interrupted by swamps and clearings of charred stumps. In one place the woods were still smoldering beside the tracks, a blaze probably set by a locomotive. What would our Danish guest think, I asked myself sorrowfully, of a country road in Massachusetts, known to me, where fifty years ago there were ten prosperous farms, but where now nothing is left except two black ruins and one empty barn, swamps and brush, and a road overgrown with weeds — a district abandoned in the rush for richer lands in Kansas. I confessed to Mr. Dalgas the devastation being wrought on the slopes of the White Mountains by the lumberman's ax, and the greater sorrows of the West — the spoliation of whole counties and the millions of dollars lost every year by unchecked forest fires. I also pointed out the hope of returns from the work of Frederick Haynes Newell and the United States Reclamation Service in fertilizing vast stretches of arid land, and of the organization of the forest service under Gifford Pinchot, and his efforts to awaken the national conscience in the cause of Conservation.

Mr. Dalgas gave sympathetic attention to all I said, remarking: "It was far worse with us in Denmark forty years ago; the waste of national resources in Denmark had gone ten times as far as in America. You as a people realize the need of forests, but my father had to begin single-handed and alone."

"Mr. Dalgas," I asked, "will you not tell me about your father and his work for the conservation of Denmark?"

"Willingly," he replied, "as far as we have time." And I heard from the lips of the son the story to which I had listened many times already in Denmark — a tale that is recited to-day by the children in Danish schools.*

The Beaten Soldiers of Denmark Come Back to a Land of Barren Farms

It was a disastrous war that inspired Captain Dalgas to begin his lifelong campaign of pickax and spade for the conservation of Denmark. In 1864 the combined forces of Prussia and Austria wrested from Denmark the rich duchies of Holstein and Slesvig and the southern part of the peninsula of Jutland. The vast inheritance of Danish kings like Cnut the Great, who ruled over England, Norway, and Prussia, had gradually dwindled into a few islands and the desolate moors of North Jutland. The nation felt that this war was the last straw, and the disbanded army returned to their homes listless and hopeless.

It was then that Dalgas stepped to the front. The soldiers of Jutland, trudging over the black and barren heath, home to their untilled farms,

* The sketch contained in the following pages is not an exact record of the conversation with Mr. Dalgas. It is for the greater part based upon information acquired by the writer in Denmark from the official reports of the Danish Heath Society and the publications of the Danish Bureau of Statistics.

encountered a thickset figure in riding-boots, stalking across the moors, carrying a spade. On nearer approach it proved to be a young Danish captain of engineers, Enrico Mylius Dalgas by name, already a veteran of two wars against Germany. When his late comrades in arms had returned his greeting with the discouraged complaint, "It is a bad, bad day for Denmark!" Captain Dalgas replied: "It is. But what has been lost without can be won within!" and he pointed earnestly toward the desolate heath, which stretched to the horizon as unbroken as a desert. "In your time and in mine," he said, "we can turn that waste into forest and farms, and win back more than we ever lost to the Prussians."

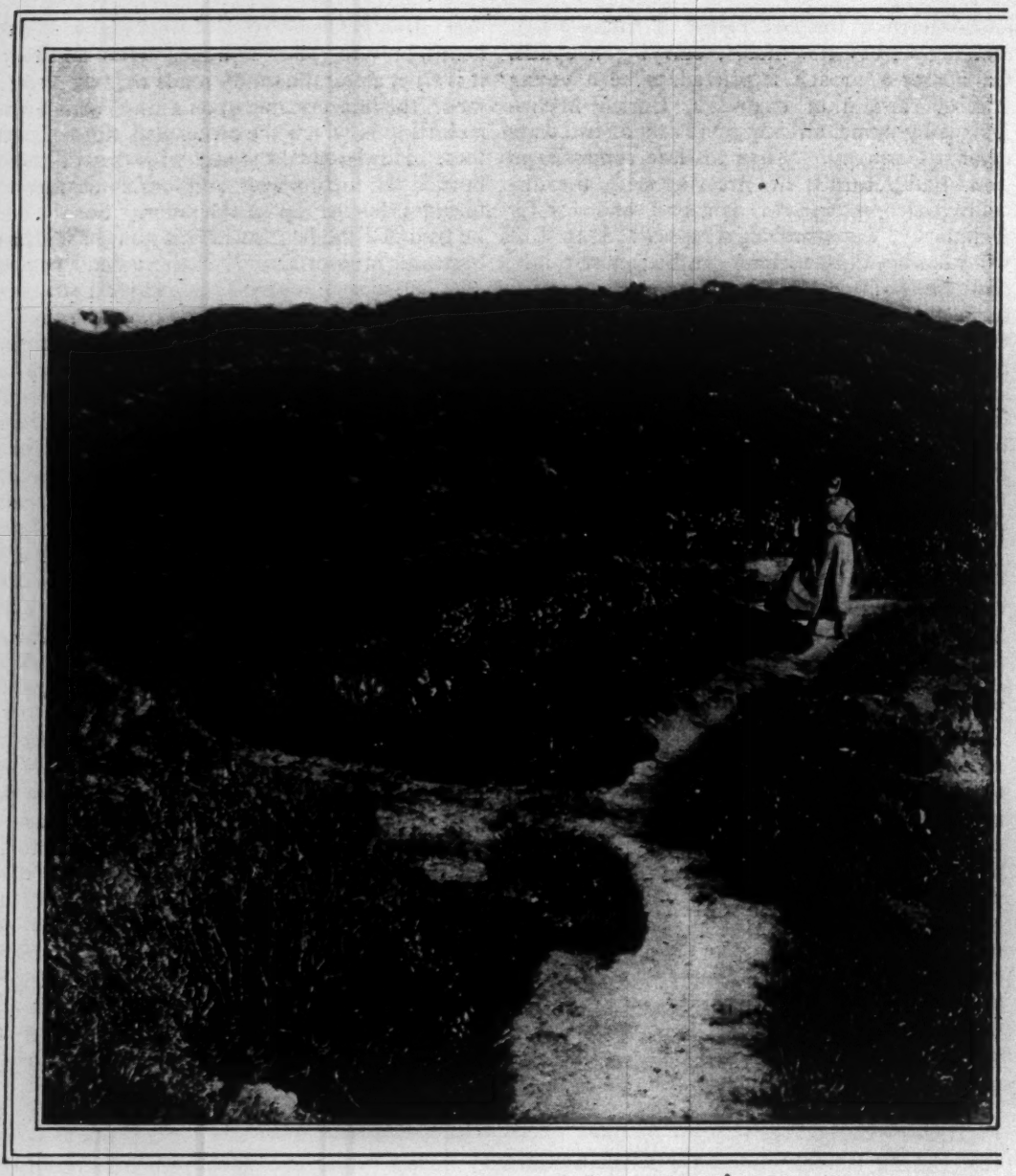
The enthusiasm of the young engineer seemed at first to be wasted on disbelieving ears. For who had ever heard that the moors of Jutland could be of use to any one except to the hunter, the wandering gypsy, and the thief? "The heath, like the poor," said the Danish clergyman, "you have always with you." And the peasants believed, as surely as they did the gospel, in the old Danish adage that said: "Nothing but heather can grow on the heath."

A TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD PLANTATION OF TIMBER ON A DANISH FARM

The Peasants Reduced to Living on Frogs and Bran

And who could blame them? These men had lived, as their grandfathers had before them, on the borders of the vast moorland that stretched black and dismal into the distance. They had, indeed, seen attempts to cultivate the wilderness; they had seen rows of trees planted in the heath, only to yellow and die. Here and there, it is true, along the sandy roads that crossed the moor, the hunter came upon a tiny cottage with a clearing in which the owner had planted potatoes. He thatched his roof with dried heather, burned the turf for fuel, and found nourishment for a few lean sheep on the moor. For the rest, he tramped the heath with his gun, in search of hare and grouse; and when these slender means failed to keep hunger from the door, he turned highwayman, making the heath a dangerous country for a traveler at night. Indeed, wandering camps of gypsies seemed to be the only communities that could maintain a satisfactory existence on the moor.

And worse than its own uselessness was the positive menace of the heath to the agriculture of all Jutland; for the continual west winds from the North Sea gathered force as they swept over the open expanses of moorland, and, reaching the farms, blighted and withered everything they touched. The heath was so sensitive to the sun that on summer days its sands became as hot as the Sahara; and yet on summer nights the mercury dropped so rapidly that there was not a week of July or August without frost; and these violent fluctuations in temperature were communicated by the wind to the surrounding farms. So impoverished were the farmers in some districts that they used money for only four purposes: for the taxes, for salt, for fuel, and for wooden shoes — having no wood out of which to carve their own shoes! Often the meat of an entire family for a year consisted of

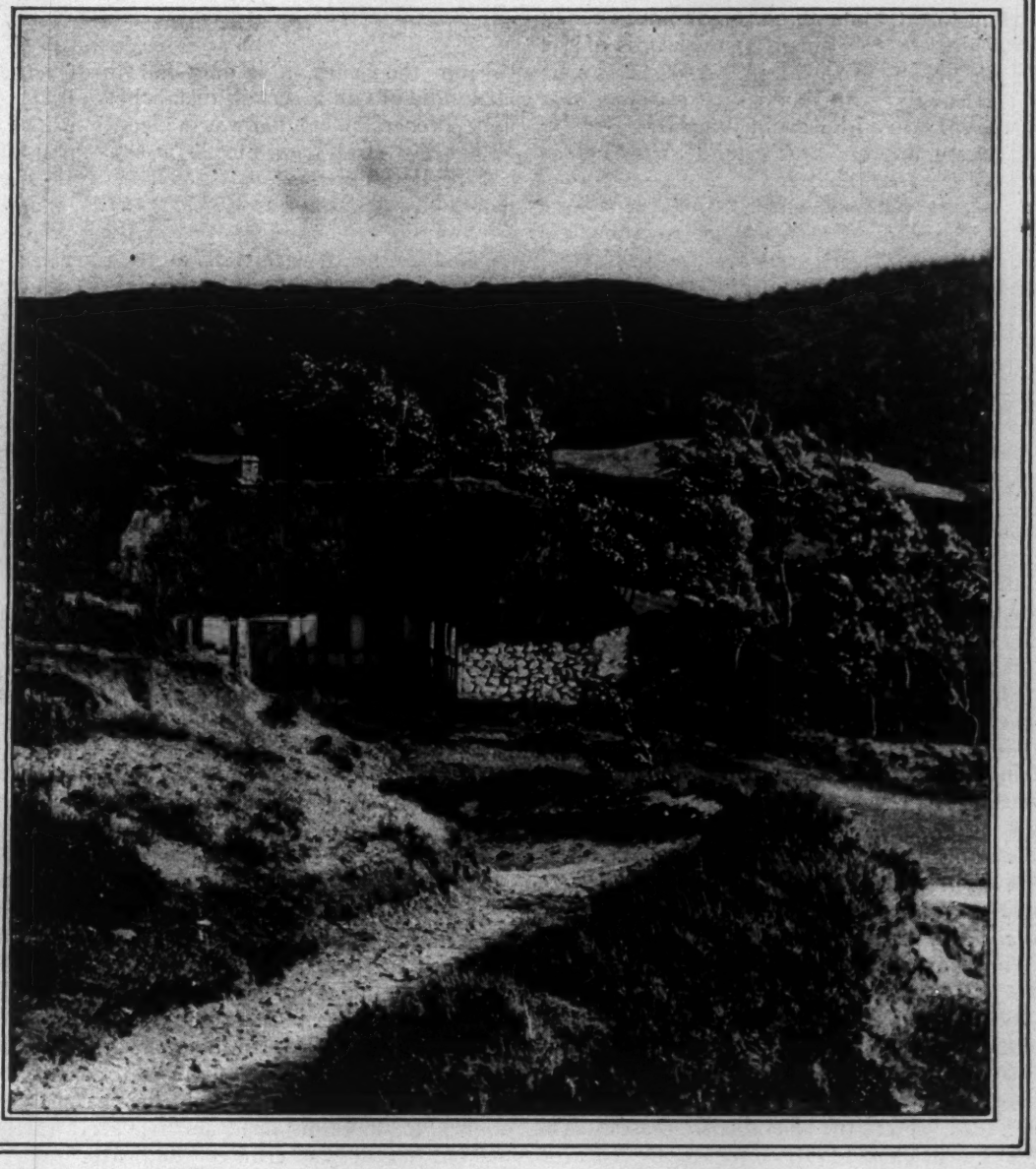


ONE OF THE LONELY FARMS CHARACTERISTIC

one lean pig, slaughtered and salted at Christmas. Sometimes their diet was reduced to frogs and bran. In a certain township there was at one period only one wagon. When the owner wanted to plow, he took the wheels from the wagon, and used them for the plow. At last the wagon became so old that in summer, when he went to dinner and when he went to bed, he placed the wheels in water to keep them from falling apart. In 1864 the portions of Jutland that were under the plow were poor in the extreme, and one fifth of the area of the peninsula was unproductive soil. Instead of the unsympathetic heath, there should have been forests to shield the corn-fields from the blast, to soak up the rains like sponges, and to maintain brooks and springs to water the farm-lands. But the forests of Jutland measured only two and two fifths per cent of the total area of that land — only two and two fifths per cent, against the thirty per cent still covered by forests in the United States.

The Lost Forests of Jutland

It had not always been thus in Denmark. The gradually undulating lines of the heath were



OF THE DANISH HEATH OF FORTY YEARS AGO

broken here and there by huge round mounds,— covered, like all else, with the somber mantle of the moor,— within which were found chambers made of giant stone, containing skeletons of men of the remote Stone Age, buried with farming implements, oxen, and sheep, proving that here, five thousand years ago, had lived a population that subsisted on green fields and fertile farms. Tradition says that Jutland was once a land rich in forests of oak. Indeed, we know that no longer than two centuries ago there were oak forests in some districts now covered by moor. In those regions more recently desolated, occasional clumps of scrub oak and forest flowers like the anemone were found far out on the wild heath, marking the grave of a forgotten oak forest. In such a district stood the ancient church of Gjellerup, the oldest granite village church still standing in Denmark. When this edifice was built, about 1140, Gjellerup was a prosperous farming center; but forty years ago only a few mean dwellings nestled to the church for protection against the blast of the wilderness. Across the bleak moorland, miles away, the inhabitants of the tiny village of Taulund could see the church tower of Gjellerup. And the

Taulund mother, surrounded by her children, pointing to a telltale clump of diminutive oak in the heather, told them, in the words of the folk-tale she had learned from her grandmother: "Where there is heath now, once there were woods, and a squirrel could jump from oak to oak from a flagstaff at Taulund as far as the church tower of Gjellerup."

But year after year, century after century, the oak had been cut with an eye only to immediate gain, while fire aided the ax, the soil soured, heather grew over the rotting stumps, and the land degenerated into a dry heath or a stagnant bog, by the same process as that which is going on to-day in the deforested lands of the United States.

How a Forest Changes into a Heath

One who has seen that strange wilderness in Ocean County, New Jersey, called "the Plains," can form some idea of the general appearance of the Danish heath. On the Plains natural growth is stunted; only dwarfs flourish. The trees that cover the coarse, gravelly sand — the pitch pine, the scrub oak, and the laurel — creep prostrate on the ground like vines, rarely rising higher than a man's knee; and in the memory of the inhabitants of the surrounding country the Plains have always been thus. The peculiar dwarfing of all growth is explained on the theory that at some time in the past this area has been cut and burned over so thoroughly that the tree-growing properties of the forest floor have been eaten out of the soil. Nearly every year a fire sweeps over some portion of the Plains, and one can not traverse them without passing a charred area or scenting a scorched odor. The lonely aspect of the Plains, with the sandy cart-path winding its way around the knolls into the distance, suggests the Danish heath with its cover of low heather bushes and its barrows of the long dead. Here the resemblance ceases. The Danish heath had advanced further by centuries on its way to becoming a desert. Trees no longer grew there, excepting where traces of scrub oak still persisted on the site of a more recent forest. The Plains mark a half-way process in America between the forest and the heath. We are perpetuating in America the same follies that the Danes were committing before America was discovered. By unscientific cutting we are ruining 2,750,000 acres of good timber-land every year, and allowing nearly fifty million dollars' worth to be consumed annually by forest fires. Conservative estimates have placed the exhaustion of our lumber supply at thirty-three years, allowing for the present rate of destruction, while the more radical set nine years as the limit.

The Danes Abandon the Heath to the Heather

From the heath, it is only fair to say, the Danes did obtain a certain melancholy satisfaction. When the heather was in bloom, the long, undulating stretch of purple was a thing of beauty that appealed to the artist, while the monotonous howl of the wind had its charm for the poet. The imagination of the peasants peopled the heath with trolls and strange creatures. From as long ago as the eighth century the old English epic "Beowulf" describes how the great monster Grendel came every night, stalking over the moors to the king's hall, from which he took at every visit a sleeping warrior for his prey. A whole literature of story and song has been written in Danish about the heath; but its greatest singer lived in the first half of the last century, just before the coming of Dalgas — Steen Steensen Blicher, a country parson who spent his days stalking the moor with his gun and dog, and his nights in gypsy encampments or in the equally lonely and uninviting turf cottages of the heath-dwellers, where he gathered the materials for his short stories and poems.

The triumph of the heath found its last praise in the works of Blicher. Its doom was approaching. Even before Blicher's time, men had dreamed of reclaiming the moorland. In the eighteenth century the government brought in a thousand German colonists to try their hand, but they failed utterly. At last a variety of tree was discovered which seemed to grow on the raw heath,— the red spruce,— and soon after 1800 the Danish government established three plantations of these trees; but, in the course of years, after the spruces reached the height of a few feet, they stopped growing altogether, and, where they were exposed to the wind, they died. In short, the attempt was abandoned, the government refused to contribute another cent to the project, and the peasant was allowed to shake his head and repeat: "Nothing but heather can grow on the heath."

The Coming of Captain Dalgas

But the heath had yet to reckon with Dalgas. In 1864, after the war with Germany, he was a man of thirty-six years. Dalgas had been in charge of the construction of highways across the moor, and, being of a scientific as well as a practical turn of mind, a geologist and a botanist, he utilized his abundant opportunities to study the nature of the heath. Alone in the wilderness, he dreamed great dreams. By practical experiments he had convinced himself of the possibility of making trees grow on the heath, and of turning it into plow- and pasture-land. And in putting

CAPTAIN DALGAS (IN THE CENTER) ON ONE OF THE FARMS THAT HAVE BEEN RECLAIMED FROM THE DENMARK HEATH

these vast tracts of waste land under cultivation he saw the salvation of Denmark. Dalgas had convinced himself, but he had now to persuade others. He tried first to interest the government in this lost cause. He wrote to the Copenhagen newspapers and endeavored to secure an appropriation. The suggestion was met with indifference and scorn. When the question was brought up in Parliament, it was said: "We have already wasted too much money on planting trees to dry out on the heath, and now, after the war, we have no funds for foolish experiments."

Failing to secure government aid, Dalgas placed his cause directly in the hands of the people. He began by appealing to the wealthier landowners to make the attempt on the ground of patriotism, taking them to the abandoned plantations and showing them how with better care they might have succeeded, and demonstrating the value of forests in nursing the farmlands that they protect. A few friends became so inspired by his enthusiasm that in 1866, two years after the war, a hundred landowners banded together and formed the Danish Heath Society (*Det Danske Hedeselskab*). The purpose of this association was, in its own words, "to render the Danish moor productive." The founders were actuated entirely by patriotism, and the members have never asked for a dividend. From its foundation until the present time the Danish Heath Society has been the most influential private organization in Denmark.

"Running Water is the Heather's Death"

Captain Dalgas was chosen managing director of the society. His great purpose was to plant the heath with trees and to create forests in Jutland. To do this he found that he must teach the peasants the value of the woods, and then convince them that trees *could* be made to grow on the heath. But first of all he had to win their confidence. He saw that he must meet them on common ground and appeal to something with which they were all familiar. Now, there was one thing that every peasant understood — the value of water; they knew that wherever a rivulet ran through the heath, the heather along its course died out and gave place to fresh grass. There was, in fact, an old Danish adage that said: "Running water is the heather's death." From this saying Captain Dalgas took his cue. For the time he gave up planting trees, and turned his experience as an engineer into digging canals and ditches. He pumped water from distant rivers and let it run over the heath. He brought fertilizers to the peasants to spread over their new-made lands. A farmer found that he could keep two cows where before he had none, and plant peas and beets and rye where before the soil had yielded only a few potatoes. The poor heath-dweller blessed Captain Dalgas. He had won his affection and his trust.

By that time the Society was ready to demonstrate the possibility of trees and forests. It began by purchasing a strip of land near the city of Viborg, the ancient capital of Jutland, a cathedral town set on the hills in the midst of a district once green with oak forests, but where now the west wind howled across the wilderness up to the city gates. In the Society's first plantation Captain Dalgas tried the red spruce, which previous experiments had shown could at least be kept alive on the heath.

How Dalgas Made the Fir-Tree the Nurse of the Spruce

The process of planting developed by Dalgas is to-day somewhat as follows: The heather is first burned off the moor. Being quite dry, it burns readily. The land is then plowed. If the soil has considerable nurture, one plowing is enough; otherwise it is allowed to rest a year, and is turned again, and sometimes a third year. The plants are then set out in rows. When the heather thrusts up its head again between the struggling spruces, it is plowed out at once. In some moors where the soil is very rich the trees can be planted immediately, without burning or plowing, and where there is easy access to natural fertilizers the moor is first turned into farmland and cultivated a few years before the trees are planted. When this can be done their growth is much more rapid.

Dalgas' first attempts to grow red spruce on the heath were not successful enough to arouse much confidence. Where the heath was very young, especially in the vicinity of dwarf oak, it grew very well, and also when the heath had first been converted into farm-lands. The wilder heath, however, allowed the trees to advance a little; but they soon became stunted, yellowed, and died. In order to be sure of some results, Colonel Dalgas in 1868 tried the experiment of interspersing the spruce with another tree, a small hardy mountain fir from the Alps that will grow almost anywhere. This tree grew and remained green even on the dry heath; and although it was a dwarf species, almost a shrub, and had little economic value, it softened the climate of the surrounding country and covered the melancholy brown waste with green.

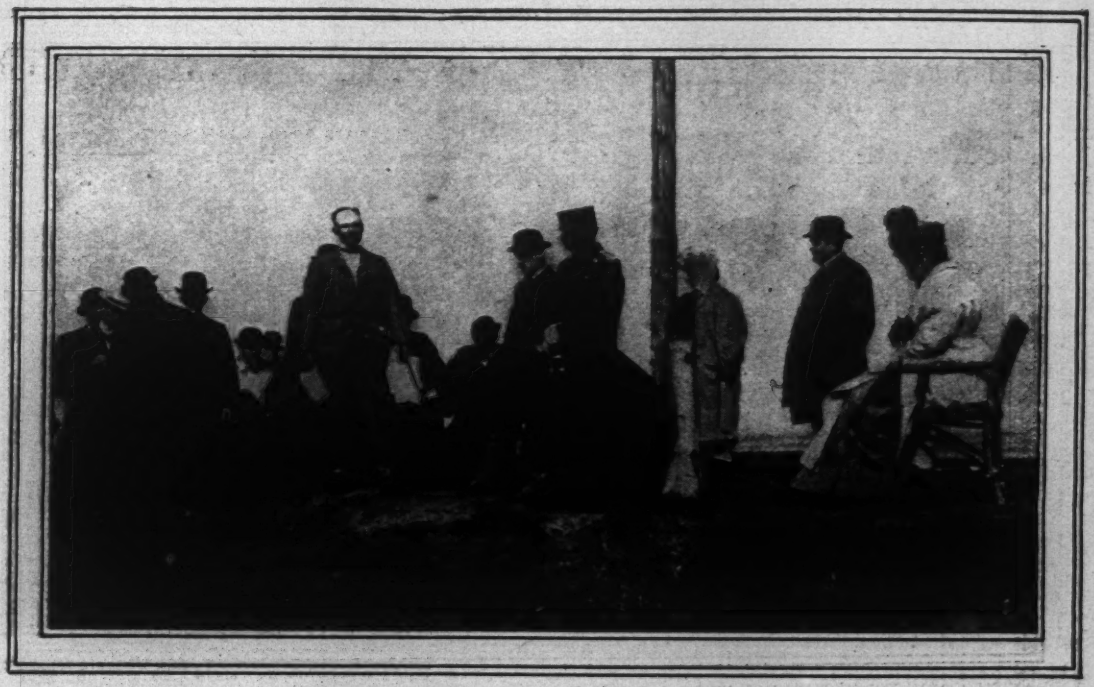
And then came a startling discovery. It was observed that wherever the fir was planted among the spruce, the spruce took heart and raised its head as never before. The roots of the fir quickened the roots of the spruce. Dalgas called the fir the "spruce's nurse," and the two trees grew up side by side. When the farmers of Jutland beheld this sight, they began to lose their confidence in the unconquerableness of the heath, while Dalgas pointed to his miniature forest and said: "See, the heath is clothed again in green!"

Dalgas Becomes the Missionary of the Heath

Then Captain Dalgas put on his high boots and went from one end of the land to the other, preaching and teaching the new gospel of forestry, addressing mass meetings at the country inns, urging the farmers everywhere to plant trees, illustrating by experiments and helping them with his own hands to set out trees. There is an analogy between Enrico Dalgas, the preacher of forestry in Denmark in 1870, and Gifford Pinchot, the preacher of forestry in the United States in 1900. Pinchot went into the West and defended the forests before meetings of lumbermen, cattlemen, and miners; and audiences that had come to jeer turned away convinced by his eloquence and apt illustrations. Dalgas appealed boldly to the skeptical Danish farmers as only a plain man of the people could, and he was full of pithy saws and trite sayings which stuck in their minds. He pointed to the map of Denmark, and compared the area of the lost provinces with the area of the heath. "What has been lost without," he said, "must be won within." Again, he compared Denmark to a lamb that has been shorn smooth of its wool. "You can make the land grow wool again," he said. "Denmark has been clipped by our ancestors until it is flatter and barer than a shorn lamb,"—and Dalgas passed his hand caressingly over the face of the map,—"but *the land shall become woolly!*" And the men went from the lecture laughing and saying one to another: "The land shall become woolly."

Whenever Dalgas came to a high school in the country he stopped to address the pupils. A Danish high school is a kind of agricultural college peculiar to Denmark, where farmers' sons and daughters are taught history and mathematics and chemistry and the science of farming. Among the students of these high schools Dalgas found his most responsive listeners. Mr. Frederick Dalgas, in conversation with the writer, said of Captain Dalgas: "My father often said that nothing contributed so much to the success of his cause as the efforts of the graduates of these high schools, who had faced the question with unprejudiced eyes and taken it up with youthful enthusiasm. When these boys and girls went home they planted trees and hedges, and they are planting them to-day."

What an example for us in the United States!



KING FREDERICK VIII AND QUEEN LOUISE, ON A VISIT TO THE HEATH IN 1908, LISTENING TO A LECTURE ON CONSERVATION. A FORESTER IS ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE FROM THE TOP OF A MOUND WHICH OVERLOOKS A DISTRICT COVERED WITH NEW FOREST. THE KING IS IN UNIFORM, STANDING. THE QUEEN IS SITTING

In what surer way can the principles of conservation become a part of our lives than by teaching them to the children in the schools? It is not enough for us to have a few foresters in the far West to tell us what we ought to do.

"The people loved my father," continued Mr. Dalgas. "They welcomed him everywhere, and remembered everything he told them. We brothers, too, enjoyed unusual privileges, for everybody knew that we were the sons of Captain Dalgas, and every house was open to us."

Making the Land "Woolly"

As time went on, new members joined the Heath Society; rich landowners contributed liberally to the work; and at last even the government came to realize the significance of the movement, and allowed the Society an annual fund, which has been increased from year to year. By these means the Society was enabled to purchase heath; to establish plantations in other parts of Jutland; to publish a journal of heath culture; to print pamphlets and directions, which it distributed widely, endeavoring to reach every farm in Denmark; and to send out foresters and teachers over all the country to instruct the peasants in the science of forestry, until now the Society maintains more than five hundred demonstration stations. When a private individual wishes to reclaim a piece of moor, he sends to the nearest station for a demonstrator, who comes and directs the work free of charge. Not only does the Society provide free instruction, but it delivers young trees to the planter on his farm at one half the market price. And, in addition to creating forests, it teaches the farmer the value of planting hedges about his plow-lands to protect the fields against the wind, a movement that has increased to such proportions that at the present time the Heath Society is distributing between fifteen and twenty million plants annually for hedges alone.

But there came a time when the enthusiasm for forest-growing received a rude check. It was the old question of the spruce and the fir. When Captain Dalgas saw that the fir encouraged the spruce, and called it "the spruce's nurse," he naturally supposed that the spruce would continue to grow until it lifted itself high above the stunted mountain tree and towered into a stately forest. But, strangely enough, the spruce did not grow higher than the fir; it simply kept pace with it. The hardier tree nourished and at the same time suppressed the spruce, and the farmers of Jutland said derisively to Dalgas: "See, your nurse never lets her child get out of the cradle!" Again they said: "What have you accomplished? You say you have improved the fertility of our farms, and you

DANISH CONVICTS RETURNING FROM A DAY'S WORK ON THE HEATH. THE CONVICTS ARE RECLAIMING THEY HAVE TO BREAK THROUGH A LAYER OF HARD PAN A FEW INCHES BENEATH THE SOIL.

have only made a green heath where before we had a brown one. But you have not grown a real forest — a forest that will yield timber."

Only about ten years ago the scientists of the Heath Society found the solution of this difficulty. It was Captain Dalgas' son, Christian Dalgas, who made the discovery that if the fir trees were cut down when still young, the spruce that they had fostered would shoot up, as out of a rich forest floor, to their full height. After this discovery the mountain fir was planted with the spruce, alternately or one to every two or three spruce trees, in order to give the spruce a start, to create a forest soil for it; and after a few years it was cut down and used for fence-palings and for making tar.

Another complaint that the foresters had to meet was the slowness of returns. "We can not afford to plant the moor," said the farmer. "It will take a century for the woods to grow before they can be cut for lumber, and then we will be in our graves. It is all outlay and no return." This argument, indeed, deterred private initiative on the part of poor farmers; but the Heath Society and the wealthy landowners felt that they could afford to plant and wait, for the sake of their country, and regarded the patriotic venture as a sort of insurance for the nation.

Within the last ten years, however, the first forests planted by the Society have begun to yield a financial return. Forests planted thirty years ago have paid for the original outlay by the removal and sale of the mountain fir, and stand now, splendid groves of spruce, which can be scientifically cut from time to time at considerable profit.*

To-day Denmark is obeying Dalgas' behest: "The land shall become woolly."

The experience of the farmers of Denmark should encourage the American farmer to set out hedges to protect his crops against the wind, and to plant wood-lots to take the place of those destroyed in the past. In this country we are still diminishing our forests much faster even than Denmark is increasing hers — by using each year three times the annual growth of our

* The following is a typical instance of the cost and return on forest-planting in Jutland under rather unfavorable conditions. The statement covers thirty years, and applies to a *tonde* of land, an area of about one and a third acres.

DATE		COST	RETURN
1877	Burning the heath, plowing single furrows in the raw heath at a distance of 5 feet 2 inches apart	$7.43	
1878	Planting alternate red spruce and mountain fir in these furrows, 3 feet 1 inch apart, in all 1,850 spruce, 1,850 fir	1.65	
	Purchase of these 3,700 plants, at $1.38 per thousand	5.09	
	A little additional planting	.63	
1890	Removal of four large sods from around 1,800 spruces, at $1.10 per thousand	1.98	
1896	Cutting down the firs that had crowded the spruces	.83	
	Total cost per *tonde*	$17.61	
1900	The branches of the firs were cut and sold for fuel, the sale meeting the cost of the cutting.		
1904	Second cutting of all the fir trunks large enough for fence-pales, which impeded the spruces.		
1907	Third cutting like the preceding, the sale of the two netting, per *tonde*		$18.00

THE OLDEST PART OF THE HEATH, WHICH IS OF GLACIER FORMATION. IN ORDER TO PLANT TREES, THE CONVICTS HAVE PROVED EXCELLENT FORESTERS, AND ALMOST NEVER ABUSE THEIR LIBERTY

timber. We have now sixty-five million acres of skinned and burned-over timber-land which must be planted before it can again yield merchantable lumber. Yet only here and there in the United States have we begun to set out trees on a large scale. The Pennsylvania Railroad, foreseeing the rapid extinction of timber available for railroad-ties, and finding no metal substitute with the necessary elasticity of the wood, in 1902 prudently began to set out black locust and red oak upon farms along its right of way. The railroad's forester planted thirteen thousand trees the first year, and increased the number set out each year until in 1909 one million new trees were planted.

The Danes Bind Themselves to Maintain "Perpetual Forests"

In America we complain that we have no means of preserving our forests, because four fifths of the woodland is privately owned, while the ancient forest reserves of other countries, such as France and Germany, belong to the government, which can afford to protect them. In Denmark, however, the woods are for the most part private property; yet the Danes are able to defend their trees from the ax and the flame. This is, in part, due to the advanced education of the Danish people in forestry, and also to wise laws and regulations.

When a Danish farmer receives aid from the Heath Society or the State in creating a forest on his property, he insures its protection from deforestation by a process, peculiar perhaps to Denmark, known as *fredslystning*, or "proclaiming of security." If a property-holder wishes to set aside a piece of land as a forest, he summons the magistrates, and in their presence proclaims it *fredslystne*, by which act he binds himself and all future owners of the land to maintain a first-class forest upon this piece of earth until the end of time. In the future, when the tract changes hands, the deeds call for so many acres of forest and so many acres of plow-land. In this way, while not actually held by the State, the forests become the perpetual property of the people.

Denmark, like the United States, has old forests to preserve as well as new ones to create. On the island of Sjaelland, on which Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is situated, there are old beech forests, *fredslystne*, which have somehow escaped the waste and neglect that destroyed the woods of Jutland. These ancient groves have been the subject of a care and veneration amounting almost to a religion since the conservation movement began, and are now among the most beautiful woods in the world, attracting, every summer, hundreds of tourists from foreign lands. The smooth white trunks of the beeches are a constant temptation to lovers' knives, and the broad avenues between the trees, stretching away to distant grass-glades where deer are feeding, furnish an open-air art school

for young Danish painters. It is commonly said that the Danish people love their beech woods more than anything else in the world. They sensibly use the natural woods as public parks and playgrounds, an open-air gymnasium that is far more attractive than the mechanical lines of "laid-out" parks. The typical Danish family spends Sundays and holidays, weather permitting, in a neighboring beech wood, sometimes walking or riding many miles to reach it, the entire family setting out with lunch-baskets in the morning to spend the day. On Sundays, in the summer months, the suburban railroads frequently carry one fifth of the entire population of Copenhagen to the forests.

In the United States there is no adequate protection against the forest fires that annually destroy fifty million dollars' worth of our timber. Until recently even the government reserves were locked up and left to burn, and not yet are the rangers in the national forests numerous enough to insure safety, one man sometimes having the responsibility of protecting a hundred thousand acres. Private forests are, as a rule, far worse off; they are practically defenseless. It is estimated that one acre in every ten privately held is burned over annually. In 1907, however, the State of New Jersey, realizing for the first time the folly of letting the woods disappear into smoke, took the initiative by appointing Mr. T. P. Price—a friend of Pinchot, a man who had given many years of his experience and enthusiasm gratuitously to the cause of conservation — to the newly created office of State Fire Warden, allowing him to organize a service, with a warden in each township. The first year of the fire service saved the people of New Jersey a quarter of a million dollars in private forests, at a cost of only thirty-six hundred dollars to the State.

The "Forest-Rider" and His "Forest-Runners"

In Denmark they realize that the way to stop forest fires is to prevent them from starting. So carefully are the woods guarded by forest rangers that fires are virtually unknown. Although the woods are private property, the owners have the privilege only of shooting deer and other game in season, and of cutting a reasonable amount of timber, for which they are bound to maintain the forest and a forester with his staff, and submit to occasional inspection from a government forester who goes the rounds. Indeed, one cannot travel far in a Danish beech forest without meeting a lonely horseman in immaculate linen and neat boots of tan. He is the overseer of the forest, called in Danish the *skov-rider*, literally the "forest-rider." A little later, in an opening, the visitor sees a picturesque dwelling of whitewashed brick interlaced with black beams of oak, with a sloping roof of thatch. It is one of those foresters' lodges about which a cycle of romances has been written in the Danish language. In other parts of the forest the traveler comes upon the humble cottages of the *skov-lobere*, that is, the "forest-runners," the men who are obliged to use their legs in the woods, instead of riding about on horseback, like the overseer. A "rider" has under him a "runner" and his family in every few hundred acres of the forest. In every wood one can hear the sound of the "runner's" ax and the crash of huge trees, denoting scientific cutting of the forest, which benefits more than it harms.

Forest-planting is not the only activity of the Danish Heath Society. The organization also encourages farmers who desire quick returns to convert the heath directly into plow-lands. To do this a large amount of fertilizing is required, and to prepare the soil so that it can support grain and vegetables it is almost necessary to have marl, a yellow clay containing rich deposits of lime, which is found in many parts of Jutland. The heath is first burned, as in preparing to plant trees, but with greater care, in order not to destroy the mold. The moor is then allowed to lie idle for a year or two, after which it is again gone over more carefully with a finer plow. It is then left to lie for two years more, when it is spread with marl, as well as with natural or commercial manure. It is first cheaply sown with oats or clover, then allowed to lie several years with grass, then sown again. In the early years the farmer must be content to plant such hardy seed as potatoes and rye. The marl, that precious clay which spells death to the heather and creates a soil in which the grain can live, is furnished by the Heath Society, whose experts are constantly searching Denmark for deposits. By 1870 they had discovered 52 marl pits; by 1902 there were 1,474 in operation. The Society transports the marl directly to the farmer on his farm by laying temporary rails over the heath from the nearest railroad station, and delivers it at less than cost. In 1890 the Society delivered one million pounds of marl; in 1900 it transported fifty million pounds; in 1910 it expected to deliver one hundred million pounds of marl to the farmers of Jutland. This method of reclaiming the heath is especially popular with the peasant who has a few acres of land from which he derives no profit, the quick returns of agriculture being more alluring to him than the prospect of waiting thirty years for his timber to grow.

Captain Dalgas discovered yet another use

A WOOD AUCTION ON WHAT WAS TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO A DESOLATE HEATH

for the bad lands. He found that he could transform them into pastures. We have already heard how he began to irrigate the dry lands by following the maxim, "Running water is the heather's death." Wherever there was a river or a brook, he dammed its channel and conducted its waters by canals and dikes over the moor. When the heather plant dies the fresh grasses spring into new life, and sometimes good pasture-land can be created in this way without even re-seeding. In other cases new grass is planted.

Turning a Pestilent Bog into Pasture-Land

There are, besides the dry heath, stretches of sour bog and swamp in Jutland, and these, too, the Danish scientists are turning into the finest of grass-plots for grazing and for hay. By a series of experiments it was demonstrated that the marsh should first be drained as deeply as possible, then exposed to repeated purifying by the rains until the humic acid that saturates the soil is all washed away. The following year it is drained again and limed, and the next year covered with that wonderful revivifier, marl, and, if possible, a layer of clay is added to protect the soil from the frost of Northern summer nights. Commercial fertilizers are also applied, the plot is re-seeded, and a year or two later it is harrowed and seeded again.

South of the town of Herning, in the heart of the reclaimed district, was such a bog. The people of Herning looked out upon a wilderness. The stagnant breath of the fen increased the mortality of the town, and on summer nights the clammy frost-mists that were generated in the bog blew over their fragrant gardens and orchards, chilling and killing the buds and the early fruit.

Captain Dalgas, from the church of Herning, had often observed this oozing stagnation, and secretly planned to conquer it. In 1891 the Heath Society bought the bog and set to work. It drained the bog, marled it, and covered it with clay. In three years it yielded hay. After four years it was harrowed, finished, and declared a meadow. A rich green pasturage covers the site of the ancient swamp; a portion of the land has been converted into a recreation park for the city of Herning; and that formerly unhealthful town has become almost a health resort, its population doubled and tripled, meriting its popular designation — the "Star on the Heath." What is more, the bog has proved an investment paying ten per cent.*

Canal-building and irrigation is perhaps the only department of the conservation program in which the United States can compare favorably

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*Amount paid per acre for the land $30
Cost of draining, fertilizing, seeding during five years, per acre 70
Average annual profit from hay and grazing since 1896, per acre 8

In other words, the meadow is yielding the Society eight per cent on the capital invested, or, deducting the amount paid for the totally unproductive soil, more than ten per cent on the improvements.

with Denmark. With our far greater resources, the United States Reclamation Service between 1903 and 1909 turned 424,000 acres of Western wilderness into farms. Ten million acres of sage-brush and other arid lands have already been reclaimed in the United States, while plans are maturing to place fifty million more under the plow. Irrigated districts on the Columbia River have risen in value from $160 an acre in 1903 to $2,200 an acre in 1907.

In draining swamps, the opposite of watering deserts, we are far behind the Danes. On the New Jersey coast, it is true, we have built summer cities on the former site of marshes; but they have not contributed to agriculture. We have not even dug out of our bogs the peat that is used in Denmark as an economical substitute for coal. We have still awaiting drainage such vast propositions as the swamps of Louisiana. It is estimated that by drainage we can readily turn eighty million acres of swamps and submerged lands in the United States into homesteads for thirty million men, women, and children.

Captain Dalgas is dead, but his work lives after him. His son Christian has made his father's cause his own life's work, and the *Hedesagen*, as the heath movement is called in Denmark, is being pressed more earnestly every year, one might safely say every week.

When the last statistics were gathered in 1907, they revealed the following general results of the forest movement:

	1860	1907
Acres of forest in Jutland . .	157,000	476,000
Percentage of Jutland covered by forest	2.4	7.2

That is to say, the forests of Jutland have more than tripled in extent since the Heath Society was organized. It must be remembered, at the same time, that the planting of trees is only one of the several ways in which the heath has been reclaimed. In 1860 the unproductive area of Jutland was 2,860 square miles. In 1907 it was only 1,428 square miles, showing that in the first forty years of the Heath Society's work more than one half the waste soil of Jutland has been reduced to cultivation.

Even the Convicts Become Foresters

One of the greatest wonders achieved by the Heath Society is the reclaiming of the most ancient moor of all, the heath which is not the result of man's folly, but was formed when the glaciers receded from Denmark in the Age of Ice. This heath conceals a layer of hard pan a few inches under the soil, and it is necessary to break through a compact crust of gravel and small stones to get the roots of the trees into the ground. For this work the government has given the Society the labor of convicts who are serving terms of penal servitude. The convicts are turned out in gangs on the moor, along the lines marked for the rows of trees. Each convict is set to work, with a pick-ax and a shovel, to dig a hole for his tree; and it takes him hours to break through the hard pan. In this way the men who formerly infested the heath as beggars and thieves are now working to reclaim it. They appreciate the liberty, and take measures among themselves to prevent any one of their number from attempting to escape. The work in the open air improves their cheerfulness and health, and the fact that they are helping the cause of the people develops in them the spark of patriotism.

These convicts have proved such excellent "foresters" that they are now being given a still harder proposition — the problem of dealing with the shifting sand-dunes along the sea-shore and the fjords. One who has seen the dead trunks of a forest on the Atlantic coast at Cape Henlopen or Avalon, destroyed by moving sand-hills, can form but a slight idea of the havoc created by the gales of the North Sea and the sands along the western shores of Jutland. Bays are formed in a night, bridges swept away, the coast-line changed, while the flight of sand far inland annihilates all attempts at cultivation. It is no easy task, but the convicts are now holding the sands in place with hardy pine, and behind the sheltering tree-wall they are bolting down the uncertain soil with firm pastures.

It is a new Denmark that greets the traveler to-day. These forty years have doubled and tripled the wealth of the Danish nation. Railroads and highways are cutting the heath; new buildings and towns are rising everywhere. Tree-planting gives work for the destitute; the moor is peopled with families; the valuation of certain townships has risen one thousand and five hundred per cent. And it is not the reclaimed land only that has been improved by the planting of forests, for the woods have softened the climate and the fertility of the whole peninsula of Jutland. Forty years ago it was a common saying that when a farmer got rid of a piece of land he "sold it for a glass of port." Acres that once changed hands in this way for a drink are now hard to buy for gold and bonds. An excellent indication of the economic revival in Denmark is the building of churches. It is said that not since the reign of Valdemar the Great in the twelfth century have so many new churches been built in Denmark as during the reign of the late Christian IX. In these

churches they are singing a new patriotic song, which has for its refrain the words:

> The woods are growing on the heath,
> And men are growing too!

The greater work of the Heath Society is passing out of the control of the Society into the hands of the people. The undertakings that were at first confined to the Society and rich landholders have been taken up more and more by the farmers with small estates. It is safe to say that every farmer in Jutland to-day who owns a piece of unproductive land is planting trees or trying in some other way to reclaim it. If he does not own land enough for a wood-lot, he sets out rows of trees as wind-breaks for his crops.

The experience of Denmark comes to the United States both as a warning and as a message of hope. The Danish heath of forty years ago is a suggestion of the desolation that will result in the United States if the reckless waste of our national resources continues in the future as it has in the past. At the same time, the last forty years of Denmark's persistent efforts show us the possibilities of conservation. Denmark had advanced further by centuries on the road to desolation. The movement began with one voice crying in the wilderness. To-day the principles of conservation are inbred in the conscience and patriotism of a united people. In America the issue is in its infancy. While our government is undertaking vast projects in the West, conservation has not yet taken hold of the conscience of private interests and the individual citizen. While scientific forestry is being practised in seventy per cent of our national forests, less than three per cent of woods privately owned are properly cared for. Denmark has shown us what education can accomplish; as in Denmark, our school children can be taught a proper reverence for the tree and the products of the soil. When every American farmer has his wood-lot, every garden its hedge, when every grove is unmolested by the skinner and the incendiary, every sand-plot is being watered, every swamp drained — then we will accomplish on a far larger scale the wonders performed in Denmark to-day.

A DANISH COLLEGE GIRL DRINKING COFFEE IN THE BEECH FOREST OUTSIDE THE LODGE OF A SUB-FORESTER, OR "FOREST-RUNNER." THE WOMAN BRINGING THE COFFEE IS THE "RUNNER'S" WIFE

Denmark a Warning and a Hope for America

The Danish people are much interested in the recent popular awakening in the United States to the cause of our forests. They have sympathetically watched our progress in forestry since the appointment of Mr. Gifford Pinchot as United States Forester in 1898, and were disappointed when he retired from that office. Mr. Pinchot's recent visit to Denmark attracted great attention. Another bond of union between the two lands is a Danish-American plantation in Jutland, for which funds are being raised this year by men of Danish birth in America.

The Measure of Margaret Coppered

by Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Last Carolan," etc.

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.

DUNCAN COPPERED felt that his father's second marriage was a great mistake. He never said so; that would not have been Duncan's way. But he had a little way of discreetly compressing his lips, when the second Mrs. Coppered was mentioned, eyeing his irreproachable boots, and raising his handsome brows, that was felt to be significant. People who knew and admired Duncan — and to know him was to admire him — realized that he would never give more definite indications of filial disapproval than these. His exquisite sense of what was due his father's wife from him would not permit it. But all the more did the silent sympathy of his friends go out to him.

To Harriet Culver he said the one thing that these friends, comparing notes, considered indicative of his real feeling. Harriet, who met him on the Common one cold afternoon, reproached him, during the course of a slow ride, for his non-appearance at various dinners and teas.

"Well, I've been rather bowled over, don't you know? I've been getting my bearings," said Duncan simply.

"Of course you have!" said Harriet, with an expectant thrill.

"I'd gotten to count on monopolizing the governor," pursued Duncan presently, with a rueful smile. "I shall feel no end in the way for a while, I'm afraid. Of course, I didn't think Dad would always keep" — his serious eyes met Harriet's — "always keep my mother's place empty; but this came rather suddenly, just the same."

"Had your father written you?" said Harriet, confused between fear of saying the wrong thing and dread of a long silence.

"Oh, yes!" Duncan attempted an indifferent tone. "He had written me in August about meeting Miss Charteris and her little brother in Rome, you know, and how much he liked her. Her brother was an invalid, and died shortly after; and then Dad met her again in Paris, quite alone, and they were married immediately."

He fell silent. Presently Harriet said daringly: "She's — clever; she's gifted, isn't she?"

"I think you were very bold to say that, dear!" said Mrs. Van Winkle, when Harriet repeated this conversation, some hours later, in the family circle.

"Oh, Aunt Minnie, I *had* to — to see what he'd say."

"And what *did* he say?" asked Harriet's mother.

"He looked at me gravely, you know, until I was ashamed of myself," the girl confessed, "and then he said: 'Why, Hat, you must know that Mrs. Coppered was a professional actress?'"

"And a very obscure little actress, at that," finished Mrs. Culver, nodding.

"Pacific Coast stock companies, or something like that," said Harriet. "Well, and then, after a minute, he said, so sadly, 'That's what hurts, although I hate myself for letting it make a difference.'"

"Duncan said that?" Mrs. Van Winkle was incredulous.

"Poor boy! With one aunt Mrs. Vincent-Hunter and the other an English duchess! The Coppereds have always been among Boston's best families. It's terrible," said Mrs. Culver.

"Well, I think it is," the girl agreed warmly. "Judge Clyde-Potter's grandson, and brought up with the very nicest people, and sensitive as he is — I think it's just too bad it should be Duncan!"

"There's no doubt she was an actress, I suppose, Emily?"

"Well," said Harriet's mother, "it's not denied." She shrugged eloquently.

"Shall you call, mother?"

"Oh, I shall have to once, I suppose. The Coppereds, you know. Every one will call on her for Carey's sake," said Mrs. Culver, sighing.

Every one duly called on Mrs. Carey Coppered, when she returned to Boston; and although she made her mourning an excuse for declining all formal engagements, she sent out cards for an "at home" on a Friday in January. She was a thin, graceful woman, with the blue-black Irish eyes that are set in with a sooty finger, and an unexpectedly rich, deep voice. Her quiet, almost diffident manner was obviously accentuated just now by her recent sorrow; but this did not conceal from her husband's friends the fact that the second Mrs. Coppered was not of their world. Everything charming she might be, but to the manner born she was not. They would not meet her on her own ground, she could not meet them on theirs. In her own home she listened like a puzzled, silenced child to the gay chatter that went on about her.

Duncan stood with his father, at his stepmother's side, on her afternoon at home, prompting her when names or faces confused her, treating her with a little air of gracious intimacy eminently becoming and charming under the circumstances. His tact stood between her and more than one blunder, and it was to be noticed that she relied upon him even more than upon his father. Carey Coppered, indeed, hitherto staid and serious, was quite transformed by his joy and pride in her, and would not have seen a thousand blunders on her part. The consensus of opinion, among his friends, was that Carey was "really a little absurd, don't you know?" and that Mrs. Carey was "quite deliciously odd," and that Duncan was "too wonderful — poor, dear boy!"

Mrs. Coppered would have agreed that her stepson was wonderful, but with quite a literal meaning. She found him a real cause for wonder — this poised, handsome, crippled boy of nineteen, with his tailor, and his tutor, and his groom, and the heavy social responsibilities that bored him so heartily. With the honesty of a naturally brilliant mind cultivated by hard experience and much solitary reading, she was quite ready to admit that her marriage had placed her in a new and confusing environment; she wanted only to adapt herself, to learn the strange laws by which it was controlled. And she would naturally have turned quite simply to Duncan for help.

But Duncan very gently, very coldly, repelled her. He was representative of his generation. Things were not *learned* by the best people; they were instinctively *known*. The girls that Duncan knew — the very children in their nurseries — never hesitated over the wording of a note of thanks, never innocently omitted the tipping of a servant, never asked their maid's advice as to suitable frocks and gloves for certain occasions. All these things, and a thousand more, his stepmother did, to his cold embarrassment and annoyance.

The result was unfortunate in two ways. Mrs. Coppered shrank under the unexpressed disapproval into more than her native timidity, rightly thinking his attitude represented that of all her new world; and Carey, who worshiped his young wife, perceived at last that Duncan was not championing his stepmother, and for the first time in his life showed a genuine displeasure with his son.

This was exquisitely painful to Margaret Coppered. She knew what father and son had been to each other before her coming; she knew, far better than Carey, that the boy's adoration of his father was the one vital passion of his life. Mrs. Ayers, the housekeeper, sometimes made her heartsick with innocent revelations.

"From the day his mother died, Mrs. Coppered my dear, when poor little Master Duncan wasn't but three weeks old, I don't believe he and his father were separated an hour when they could be together! Mr. Coppered would take that little owl-faced baby downstairs with him when he came in before dinner, and 'way into the night they'd be in the library together, the baby laughing and crowing, or asleep on a pillow on the sofa. Why, the boy wasn't four when he let the nurse go, and carried the child off for a month's fishing in Canada! And when we first knew that the hip was bad, Mr. Coppered gave up his business, and for five years in Europe he never let Master Duncan out of his sight. The games and the books — I should say the child had a million lead soldiers! The first thing in the morning it'd be, 'Is Dad awake, Paul?' and he running into the room; and at noon, coming back from his ride, 'Is Dad home?' Wonderful to him his father's always been."

"That's why I'm afraid he'll never like me," Margaret was quite simple enough to say wistfully, in response. "He never laughs out or chatters, as Mr. Coppered says he used to do."

And after such a conversation she would be especially considerate of Duncan — find some excuse for going upstairs when she heard the click of his crutch in the hall, so that he might find his father alone in the library, or excuse herself from a theater trip so that they might be together.

"Oh, I'm so glad the Poindexters want us!" she said one night, over her letters.

"Why?" said Carey, amused by her ardor. "We can't go."

"I know it. But they're such nice people, Carey. Duncan will be so pleased to have them want me!"

Her husband laughed out suddenly, but a frown followed the laugh.

"You're very patient with the boy, Margaret. I — well, I've not been very patient lately, I'm afraid. He manages to exasperate me so, with these grandiose airs, that he doesn't seem the same boy at all!"

Mrs. Coppered came over to take the arm of his chair and put her white fingers on the little furrow between his eyes.

"It breaks my heart when you hurt him, Carey! He broods over it so. And, after all, he's only doing what they all — all the people he knows would do!"

"I thought better things of him," said his father.

"If you go to Yucatan in February, Carey," Margaret said, "he and I'll be here alone, and then we'll get on much smoother, you'll see."

"I don't know," he said. "I hate to go this year; I hate to leave you."

But he went, nevertheless, for the annual visit to his rubber plantation; and Margaret and Duncan were left alone in the big house for six weeks. Duncan took especial pains to be considerate of his stepmother in his father's absence, and showed her that he felt her comfort to be his first care. He came and went like a polite, unresponsive shadow, spending silent evenings with her in the library, or acting as an irreproachable and unapproachable escort when escort was needed. Margaret, watching him, began to despair of ever gaining his friendship.

Late one wintry afternoon the boy came in from a concert, and was passing the open door of his stepmother's room when she called him. He found her standing by one of the big windows, a very girlish figure in her trim walking-suit and long furs. The face she turned to him, under her wide hat, was rosy from contact with the nipping spring air.

"Duncan," she said, "I've had such a nice invitation from Mrs. Gregory."

Duncan's face brightened.

"Mrs. Jim?" said he.

"No, indeed!" exulted Margaret gaily. "Mrs. Clement."

"Oh, I say!" said Duncan, smiling too. For if young Mrs. Jim Gregory's friendship was good, old Mrs. Clement's was much better. For the first time, he sat down informally in Margaret's room and laid aside his crutch.

"She's going to take General and Mrs. Wetherbee up to Snowhill for three or four days," pursued Margaret, "and the Jim Gregorys and Mr. Fred Gregory and me. Won't your father be pleased? Now, Duncan, what clothes do I need?"

"Oh, the best you've got," said Duncan, instantly interested; and, until it was time to dress for dinner, the two were deep in absorbed consultation.

Duncan was whistling as he went upstairs to dress, and his stepmother was apparently in high spirits. But twenty minutes later, when he found her in the library, there was a complete change. Her eyes were worried, her whole manner distressed, and her voice sharp. She looked up from a telegram as he came in.

"I've just had a wire from an old friend in New York," said she, "and I want you to telephone the answer for me, will you, Duncan? I've not a moment to spare. I shall have to leave for New York at the earliest possible minute. After you've telephoned the wire, will you find out about the trains from South Station? And get my ticket and reservation, will you? Or send Paul for them — whatever's quickest."

Duncan hardly recognized her. Her hesitation was gone, her diffidence gone. She did not even look at him as she spoke; his scowl passed entirely unnoticed. He stood coldly disapproving.

"I don't really see how you can go," he began. "Mrs. Gregory ——"

"Yes, I know!" she agreed hastily. "I telephoned. She hadn't come in yet, so I had to make it a message — simply that Mrs. Coppered couldn't manage it to-morrow. She'll be very angry, of course. Duncan, would it save any time to have Paul take this right to the telegraph station ——"

"Surely," Duncan interrupted in turn, "you're not going to rush off ——"

"Oh, surely — surely — surely — I am!" she answered, fretted by his tone. "Don't tease me, dear boy! I've quite enough to worry over! I — I" — she pushed her hair childishly off her face — "I wish devoutly that your father was here. He always knows, in a second, what's to be done! But — but fly with this telegram, won't you?" she broke off suddenly.

Duncan went. The performance of his errand was not reassuring. The telegram was directed to Philip Penrose, at the Colonial Theater, and read:

> Will be with you this evening. Depend on me. Heartsick at news. MARGARET.

When he went upstairs again, he rapped at his stepmother's door. Hatted, and with a fur coat over her arm, she opened it.

"Are you taking Fanny?" said Duncan icily.

"HE FOUND HER STANDING BY ONE OF THE BIG WINDOWS, A VERY GIRLISH FIGURE IN HER WALKING-SUIT AND FURS"

Fanny, the maid, middle-aged, loyal, could be trusted with the honor of the Coppereds.

"Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Coppered vigorously.

"Then I hope you will not object to my escort," said the boy, flushing.

If he meant it for reproach it missed its mark. Mrs. Coppered's surprised look became doubtful, finally changed to relief.

"Why, that's very sweet of you, Duncan," she said graciously, "especially as I can't tell you what I'm going for, my dear, for it may not occur. But I think, of all people in the world, you're the one to go with me!"

Duncan eyed her severely.

"At the same time," he said, "I can't for one moment pretend ——"

"Exactly; so that it's all the nicer of you to volunteer to come along!" she said briskly. "You'll have to hurry, Duncan. And ask Paul to come up for my trunk, will you? We leave the house in half an hour!"

Mrs. Coppered advised her stepson to supply himself with magazines on the train.

"For I shall have to read," she said, "and perhaps you won't be able to sleep."

And read she did, with hardly a look or a word for him. She turned and re-turned the pages of a little paper-covered book, moving her lips and knitting her brows over it as she read.

Duncan, miserably apprehensive that they would meet some acquaintance and have to give an explanation of their mad journey, satisfied himself that there was no such immediate danger, and, assuming a forbidding expression, sat erect in his seat. But he finally fell into an uneasy sleep, not rousing himself until the train drew into the Forty-second Street station late in the evening. His stepmother had made a rough pillow of his overcoat and put it between his shoulder and the window-frame; but he did not comment upon it as he slipped it on and followed her through the roaring, chilly station to a taxicab.

"The Colonial Theater, as fast as you can!" said she, as they jumped in. She was obviously nervous, biting her lips and humming under her breath as she watched the brilliantly lighted streets they threaded so slowly. Almost before it stopped she was out of the cab, at the entrance of a Broadway theater. Duncan, alert and suspicious, read the name "Colonial" in flaming letters, and learned from a larger sign that Miss Eleanor Forsythe and an all-star cast were appearing therein in a revival of Reade's "Masks and Faces."

In the foyer Mrs. Coppered asked authoritatively for the manager. It was after ten o'clock, the curtain had risen on the last act, and a general opinion prevailed that Mr. Wyatt had gone home. But Mrs. Coppered's distinguished air, her magnificent furs, her beauty, all had their effect, and presently Duncan followed her into the hot, untidy little office where the manager was to be found.

He was a pleasant, weary-looking man, who wheeled about from his desk as they came in, and signed the page to place chairs.

"Mr. Wyatt," said Mrs. Coppered, with her pleasantest smile, "can you give us five minutes?"

"I can give you as many as you like, madam," said the manager patiently, but with a most unpromising air.

"Only five!" she reassured him, as they sat down. Then, with an absolutely businesslike air, she continued: "Mr. Wyatt, you have Mr. and Mrs. Penrose in your company, I think, both very old friends of mine. She's playing Mabel Vane,— Mary Archer is the name she uses,— and he's Triplet. Isn't that so?"

The manager nodded, eyeing her curiously.

"Mr. Wyatt, you've heard of their trouble, of course? The accident this morning to their little boy?"

"Ah, yes —yes," said Wyatt. "Of course. Hurt by a fall, poor little fellow. Very serious. Yes, poor things! Did you want to see ——"

"You know that one of your big surgeons here — I've forgotten the name! — is to operate on little Phil to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Coppered.

"So Penrose said," assented the manager slowly, watching her as if a little surprised at her insistence.

"Mr. Wyatt," said Mrs. Coppered,—and Duncan noticed that she had turned a little pale,—"Mrs. Penrose wired me news of all this only a few hours ago. She is half frantic at the idea that she must go on to-morrow afternoon and evening; yet the understudy is ill, and she felt it was too short notice to ask you to make a change now. But it occurred to me to come to see you about it. I want to ask you a favor. I want you to let me play Mrs. Penrose's part to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow night. I've played Mabel Vane a hundred times; it's a part I know very well," she went on quickly. "I — I am not in the least afraid that I can't take it. And then she can be with the little boy through the operation and afterward — he's only five, you know, at the unreasonable age when all children want their mothers! Can't that be arranged, Mr. Wyatt?"

Duncan, holding a horrified breath, fixed his eyes, as she did, on the manager's face. He was relieved at the inflexible smile he saw there.

"My dear lady," said Wyatt kindly, "that is — absolutely — *out* of the question! Any-

"SHE TURNED AND RE-TURNED THE PAGES OF A LITTLE PAPER-COVERED BOOK"

thing in reason I will be delighted to do for Penrose and Miss Archer — but you must surely realize that I can't do that!"

"But wait!" said Mrs. Coppered eagerly, not at all discouraged. "Don't say no yet! I *am* an actress, Mr. Wyatt, or was one. I know the part thoroughly. And the circumstances — the circumstances are unusual, aren't they?"

While she was speaking the manager was steadily shaking his head.

"I have no doubt you could play the part," said he, "but I can't upset my whole company by substituting now. To-morrow is going to be a big night. The house is completely sold out to the Masons — their convention week, you know. As it happens, there couldn't be a more inconvenient time. No, I can't consider it!"

Mrs. Coppered smiled at him. She had a very winning smile.

"It would mean a rehearsal; I suppose *that* would be inconvenient, to begin with," she said.

"Exactly," said Wyatt. "Friday night. I can't ask my people to rehearse to-morrow."

"But suppose you put it to them and they were all willing?" pursued the lady.

"My dear lady, I tell you it's absolutely —" He made a goaded gesture. Then, making fierce little dashes and dots on his blotter with his pencil, and eyeing each one ferociously as he made it, he added irritably, but in a quieter tone: "You're an actress, eh? Where'd you get your experience?"

"With various stock companies on the Pacific Coast," she answered readily. "My name was Margaret Charteris. I don't suppose you ever heard it?"

"As it happens, I *have*," he returned, surprised into interest. "You knew Joe Pitcher, of course. He spoke of you. I remember the name very well."

"Professor Pitcher!" she exclaimed radiantly. "Of course I knew him — dear old man! Where is he — still there?"

"Still there," he assented absently. "You married, I think?"

"I am Mrs. Coppered now — Mrs. Carey Coppered," she said. The man gave her a suddenly awakened glance.

"Surely," he said thoughtfully. They looked steadily at each other, and Duncan saw

the color come into Margaret's face. There was a little silence.

Then the manager flung down his pencil, wheeled about in his chair, and rubbed his hands briskly together.

"Well!" he said. "And you think you can take Miss Archer's place, Mrs. Coppered?"

"If you will let me."

"Why," he said,— and Duncan would not have believed that the somewhat heavy face could wear a look so pleasant,— "you are doing so much, Mrs. Coppered, in stepping into the gap this way, that I'll do my share if I can! Perhaps I can't arrange it, but we can try. I'll call a rehearsal and speak to Miss Forsythe to-night. If you know the part, it's just possible that by going over it now we can get out of a rehearsal to-morrow. She wants to be with the little boy, eh?" he added musingly. "Yes, I suppose it might make a big difference, his not being terrified by strangers." And then, turning toward Margaret, he said warmly and a little awkwardly: "This is a remarkably kind thing for you to do, Mrs. Coppered."

"Oh, I would do more than that for Mary Penrose," said she, with a little difficulty. "She knows it. She wired me as a mad last hope to-day, and we came as fast as we could, Mr. Coppered and I." And she introduced Duncan very simply: "My stepson, Mr. Wyatt."

Duncan, fuming, could be silent no longer.

"I hope my — Mrs. Coppered is not serious in offering to do this," said he, very white, and in a slightly shaking voice. "I assure you that my father — that every one! — would think it a most extraordinary thing to do!"

Mrs. Coppered laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Yes, I know, Duncan!" said she quickly, soothingly. "I know how you feel! But ——"

Duncan slightly repudiated the touch.

"I can't think how you can consider it!" he said passionately, but in a low voice. "A thing like this always gets out! You know — you know how your having been on the stage is regarded by our friends! It is simply insane ——"

He had said a little more than he meant, in his high feeling, and Margaret's face had grown white.

"I asked you *only* for your escort, Duncan," she said gently, but with blazing eyes. There was open hostility in the look they exchanged.

"I can't see what good my escort does," said the boy childishly, "when you won't listen to what you know is true!"

"Nevertheless, I still want it," she answered evenly. And after a moment Duncan, true to his training, and already a little ashamed of his ineffectual outburst,— for to waste a display of emotion was, in his code, a lamentable breach of etiquette,— shrugged his shoulders.

"Still want to stay with it?" said Mr. Wyatt, giving her a shrewd, friendly look.

"Certainly," she said promptly; but she was breathing fast.

"Then we might go and talk things over," he said; and a moment later they were crossing the theater to the stage door. The final curtain had fallen only a moment before, but the lights were up, the orchestra half way through a swift waltz, and the audience, buttoning coats and struggling with gloves, was pouring up the aisles. Duncan, through all his anger and apprehension, felt a little thrill of superiority over these departing playgoers as he and his stepmother were admitted behind the scenes. He was young, and the imagined romance of green-rooms and footlights appealed to him.

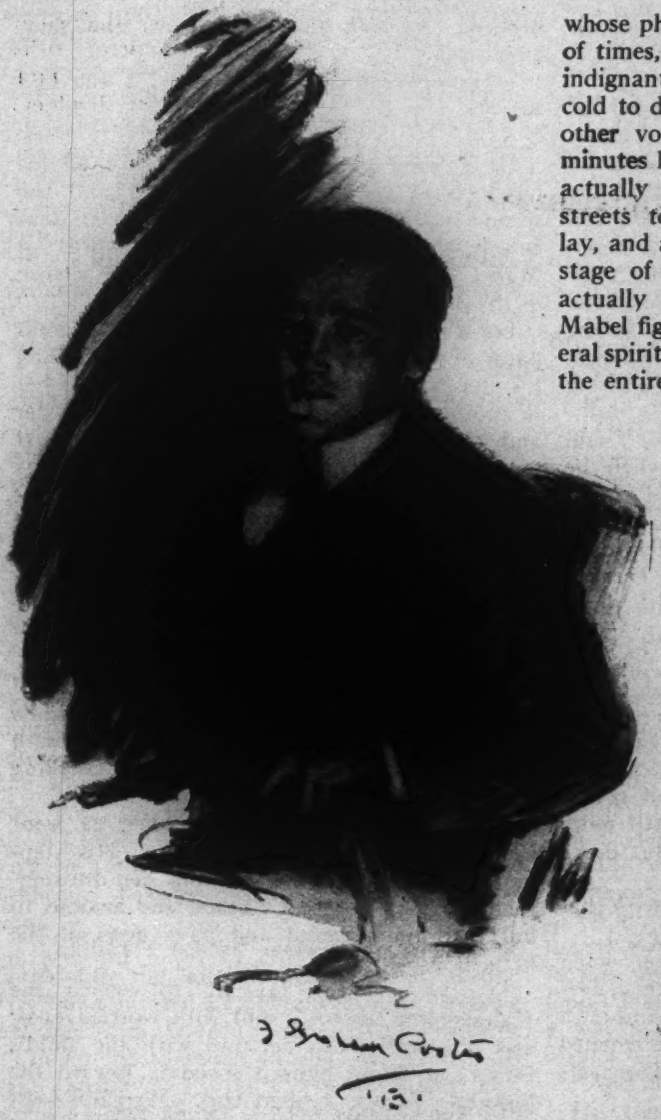
The company, suddenly summoned, appeared in various stages of street and stage attire. Peg, a handsome young woman with brilliant color and golden hair, still wore her brocaded gown and patches, and wore, in addition, a slightly affronted look at this unprecedented proceeding. The other members of the cast, yawning, slightly curious, were grouped about in the great, draughty space between the wings that it cost Duncan some little effort to realize was the stage.

From this group, as Margaret followed the stage manager into the circle of light, a little woman suddenly detached herself, and, running across the stage and breaking into sobs as she ran, she was in Margaret's arms in a second.

"Oh, Meg, Meg, Meg!" she cried, laughing and crying at the same time. "I knew you'd come! I knew you'd manage it somehow! I've been praying so — I've been watching the clock! Oh, Meg," she went on pitifully, fumbling blindly for a handkerchief, "he's been suffering so, and I had to leave him! They thought he was asleep, but when I tried to loosen his little hand he woke up!"

"Mary — Mary!" said Mrs. Coppered soothingly, patting the bowed shoulder. No one else moved; a breathless attention held the group. "Of course I came," she went on, with a little triumphant laugh, "and I think everything's *all* right!"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Penrose, with a convulsive effort at self-control. She caught Margaret's soft big muff, and drew it across her eyes. "I'm ru-ru-ruining your fur, Margaret!" she said, laughing through tears, "but — but seeing you this way, and realizing that I could go — go — go to him now ——"



"FOR A MOMENT DUNCAN THOUGHT THAT SOME ONE ELSE WAS FILLING HIS STEPMOTHER'S PLACE"

"Mary, you must *not* cry this way," said Mrs. Coppered seriously. "You don't want little Phil to see you with red eyes, do you? Mr. Wyatt and I have been talking it over," she went on, "but it remains to be seen, dear, if all the members of the company are willing to go to the trouble." Her apologetic look went around the listening circle. "It inconveniences every one, you know, and it would mean a rehearsal to-night — this minute, in fact, when every one's tired and cold." Her voice was soothing, very low. But the gentle tones carried their message to every one there. The mortal cleverness of such an appeal struck Duncan sharply, as an onlooker.

The warm-hearted star, Eleanor Forsythe, whose photographs Duncan had seen hundreds of times, was the first to respond with a half-indignant protest that *she* wasn't too tired and cold to do that much for the dear kiddy, and other volunteers rapidly followed suit. Ten minutes later the still tearful little mother was actually in a cab whirling through the dark streets toward the hospital where the child lay, and a rehearsal was in full swing upon the stage of the Colonial. Only the few actors actually necessary to the scenes in which Mabel figures need have remained; but a general spirit of sympathetic generosity kept almost the entire cast. Mr. Penrose, as Triplet, had the brunt of the dialogue to carry; and he and Margaret, who had quite unaffectedly laid aside her furs and entered seriously into the work of the evening, remained after all the others had lingered away, one by one.

Duncan watched from one of the stage boxes, his vague, romantic ideas of life behind the footlights rather dashed before the three hours of hard work were over. This was not very thrilling; this had no especial romantic charm. The draughts, the dust, the wide, icy space of the stage, the droning voices, the crisp interruptions, the stupid "business," endlessly repeated, all seemed equally disenchanting. The stage-hands had set the stage for the next day's opening curtain, and had long ago departed. Duncan was cold, tired, headachy. He began to realize the edge of a sharp appetite, too; he and Margaret had barely touched their dinner, back at home those ages ago.

He could have forgiven her, he told himself bitterly, if this plunge into her old life had had some little glory in it. If, for instance, Mrs. Gregory had asked her to play Lady Macbeth or Lady Teazle in amateur theatricals at home, why, one could excuse her for yielding to the old lure. But this, this secondary part, these commonplace, friendly actors, this tiring night experience, this eager deference on her part to every one, this pitiful anxiety to please, where she should, as Mrs. Carey Coppered, have been proudly commanding and dictatorial — it was all exasperating and disappointing to the last degree; it was, he told himself savagely, only what one might have expected!

Presently, when Duncan was numb in every limb, Margaret began to button herself into

her outer wraps, and, escorted by Penrose, they went to supper. Duncan hesitated at the door of the café.

"This is an awful place, isn't it?" he objected. "You can't be going in here!"

"One must eat, Duncan!" Mrs. Coppered said blithely, leading the way. "And all the nice places are closed at this hour!" Duncan sullenly followed; but, in the flood of reminiscences upon which she and Penrose instantly embarked, his voice was not missed. Mollified in spite of himself by delicious food and strong coffee, he watched them, the man's face bright through its fatigue, his stepmother glowing and brilliant.

"I'll see this through for dad's sake," said Duncan grimly to himself; "but, when he finds out about it, she'll have to admit I kicked the whole time!"

At four o'clock they reached the Penroses' hotel, where rooms were secured for Duncan and Margaret. The boy, dropping with sleep, heard her cheerfully ask at the desk to be called at seven o'clock.

"I've a cloak to buy," she explained, in answer to his glance of protest, "and a hairdresser to see, and a hat to find — they may be difficult to get, too! And I must run out and have just a glimpse of little Phil, and get to the theater by noon; there's just a little more going over that second act to do! But don't *you* get up."

"I would prefer to," said Duncan, with dignity, taking his key.

But he did not wake until afternoon, when the thin winter sunlight was falling in a dazzling oblong on the floor of his room; and even then he felt a little tired and stiff. He reached for his watch — almost one o'clock! Duncan's heart stood still. Had *she* overslept?

He sat up a little dazed, and, doing so, saw a note on the little table by his bed. It was from Margaret, and ran:

DEAR DUNCAN:

If you don't wake by one they're to call you, for I want you to see Mabel's entrance. I've managed my hat and cloak, and seen the child — he's quiet and not in pain, thank God. Have your breakfast, and then come to the box-office; I'll leave a seat for you there. Or come behind and see me, if you will, for I am terribly nervous and would like it. So glad you're getting your sleep. MARGARET.

P. S. Don't worry about the nerves; I *always* am nervous.

Duncan looked at the note for three silent minutes, sitting on the edge of his bed.

"I'm sorry. She — she wanted me. I wish I'd waked!" he said slowly, aloud.

And ten minutes later, during a hurried dressing, he read the note again, and said, aloud again:

"'Have breakfast'! I wonder if she had *hers?*"

He entered the theater so late, for all his hurry, that the first act was over and the second well begun, and was barely in his seat before the now familiar opening words of Mabel Vane's part fell clearly on the silence of the darkened house.

For a moment Duncan thought, with a great pang of relief, that some one else was filling his stepmother's place; but he recognized her in another minute, in spite of rouge and powder and the piquant dress she wore. His heart stirred with something like pride. She was beautiful in her flowered hat and the caped coat that showed a foam of lacy frills at the throat; and she was sure of herself, he realized in a moment, and of her audience. She made a fresh and appealing figure of the plucky little country bride, and the old lines fell with delicious naturalness from her lips.

Duncan's heart hardly beat until the fall of the curtain; tears came to his eyes; and when Margaret shared the applause of the house with the gracious Peg, he found himself shaking with a violent nervous reaction.

He was still deeply stirred when he went behind the scenes after the play. His stepmother presently came up from her dressing-room, dressed in street clothes, and anxious to hurry to the hospital and have news of the little boy.

Duncan called a taxicab, for which she thanked him absently and with worried eyes; and presently, with her and with the child's father, he found himself speeding toward the hospital. It was a silent trip. Margaret kept her ungloved fingers upon Penrose's hand, and said only a cheerful word of encouragement now and then.

Duncan waited in the cab, when they went into the big building. She was gone almost half an hour. Darkness came, and a sharp rain began to fall.

He was half drowsy when she suddenly ran down the long steps and jumped in beside him. Her face was radiant, in spite of the signs of tears about her eyes.

"He took the ether like a little soldier!" she said, as the motor-car slowly wheeled up the wet street. "Mary held his hand all the while. Everything went splendidly, and he came out of it at about four. Mary sang him off to sleep, sitting beside him, and she's still there — he hasn't stirred! Dr. Thorpe is *more* than well satisfied; he said the little fellow had

nerves of iron! And the other doctor isn't even going to come in again! And Thorpe says it is *largely* because he could have his mother!"

But the exhilaration did not last. Presently she leaned her head back against the seat, and Duncan saw how marked was the pallor of her face, now that the rouge was gone. There was fatigue in the droop of her mouth, and in the deep lines etched under her eyes.

"It's after six, Duncan," she said, without opening her eyes, "so I can't sleep, as I hoped! We'll have to dine, and then go straight to the theater!"

"You're tired," said the boy abruptly. She opened her eyes at the tone, and forced a smile.

"No — or, yes, I am, a little. My head's been aching. I wish to-night was over." Suddenly she sighed. "It's been a strain, hasn't it?" she said. "I knew it would be, but I didn't realize how hard! I just wanted to do something for them, you know, and this was all I could think of. And I've been wishing your father had been here; I don't know what he will say. I don't stop to think — when it's the people I love — " she said artlessly. "I dread — " she began again, but left the sentence unfinished, after all, and looked out of the window. "I suspect you're tired, too!" she went on brightly, after a moment. "I sha'n't forget what a comfort it's been to have you with me through this queer experience, Duncan. I know what it has cost you, my dear."

"Comfort!" echoed Duncan. He tried to laugh, but the laugh broke itself off gruffly. He found himself catching her hand, putting his free arm boyishly about her shoulders. "I'm not fit to speak to you, Margaret!" he said huskily. "You're — you're the best woman I ever knew! I want you to know I'm sorry — sorry for it all — everything! And as for dad, why, he'll think what I think — that you're the only person in the world who'd do all this for another woman's kid!"

Mrs. Coppered had tried to laugh, too, as she faced him. But the tears came too quickly. She put her wet face against his rough overcoat and for a moment gave herself up to the luxury of tears.

"Carey," said his wife, on a certain brilliant Sunday morning a month later, when he had been at home nearly a month. She put her head in at the library door. "Carey, will you do me a favor?"

He looked up to smile at her, in her gray gown and flowered hat, and she came in to take the seat opposite him at the broad table.

"I will. Where are you going?"

"Duncan and I are going to church, and you're to meet us at the Gregorys' for lunch," she reminded him.

"Yes'm. And what do you two kids want? What's the favor?"

"Oh!" She became serious. "You remember what I told you of our New York trip a month ago, Carey? The Penroses, you know?"

"I do."

"Well, Carey, I've discovered that it has been worrying Duncan ever since you got home, because he thinks I'm keeping it from you."

"Thinks you haven't told me, eh?"

"Yes. Don't laugh that way, Carey! Yes. And he asked me in the sweetest little way, a day or two ago, if I wouldn't tell you all about it."

"What did you do — box his young ears?"

"No." Margaret's eyes laughed, but she shook her head reprovingly. "I thought it was so *dear* of him to feel that way, yet never give you even a hint, that I —— "

"Well?" smiled her husband, as she paused.

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Coppered. And then in a little burst she added: "I said, 'Duncan, if you ask me to I *will* tell him!'"

"And what do you think you gain by *that*, Sapphira?" said Carey, much amused.

"Why, don't you see? Don't you see it means *everything* to him to have stood by me in this, and now to clear it all up between us! Don't you see that it makes him one of us, in a way? He's done his adored father a real service —— "

"And his adored mother, too?"

His tone brought the happy tears to her eyes.

"And the favor?" he said presently.

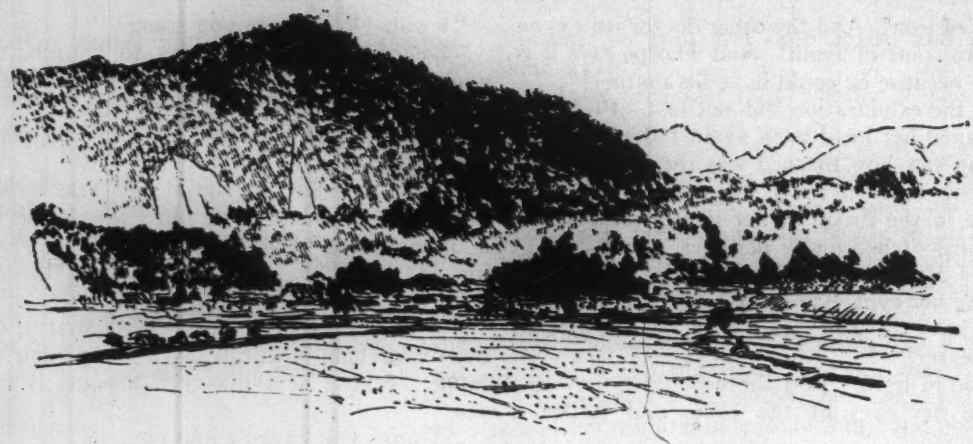
"Oh! Well, you see, I'm supposed to be 'fessing up the whole horrible business, Carey, and in a day or two I want you to thank him, just in some general way,— you'll know how! — for looking out for me so well while you were away. Will you?"

"I will," he promised slowly.

"He's coming downstairs — so good-by!" said she. She came around the table to kiss him, and, suddenly smitten with a sense of youth and well-being and the glory of the spring morning, she added a little wistfully:

"I wonder what I've done to be so happy, Carey — I wonder what I've ever done to be so loved?"

"I wonder!" said Carey, smiling.



WHEN I WAS A CHILD

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[Yoshio Markino is a Japanese artist living in London, who has risen to prominence after a long struggle against loneliness and starvation. Belonging to a very old Samurai family, he came to the United States while yet a boy, and in San Francisco scrubbed floors and cleaned windows to get money for his art-school fees. After he reached London, he lived for years from hand to mouth, undergoing every privation in order to pursue his studies. Although his progress was at first slow, and although his powers were often paralyzed by hunger, he obstinately refused to give up the career he had chosen for himself. He could entertain the thought of suicide, but not of defeat. Markino's first success came at last in 1907, when a collection of his drawings was published in a book, "The Color of London." Three days after the publication of his book he was called upon to pay the price of his long struggle, and was taken to the hospital, where he underwent a severe surgical operation. Since his recovery he has published a second volume, "The Color of Rome," and has exhibited in many London galleries. Since the publication of his last book, "A Japanese Artist in London," Mr. Markino has consented to write a series of articles for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE on his boyhood in Japan. THE EDITOR.]

MY own home village in Japan is Koromo. It is such a small mountainous village in Mikawa, and although the view is so beautiful no pilgrims ever stop their feet at Koromo. Japan is so rich with charming landscapes, and my home village is not counted by the nation. However, if it were in England or in America it would gain a great name by its beauty. I myself am very proud of it, especially because it is my own home.

Koromo is situated on the northwest part of Mikawa County. Mikawa means "three rivers"; hence the county has three rivers. One of the rivers, Yahagi, is running round a valley. Its curb is just like a bow, and my home village is outside of the bow. On the north, some ten miles away, the Mount Sanage spreads its skirt, and the very edge comes right to the village. On the east, beyond the river Yahagi, many mountains near and far are making a well-designed screen. On the south and west the slopes go down to the sea, some twenty miles off.

I was born on the Christmas day of 1874.

My boy name was Heiji. I have one sister and brother. They are thirteen years and nine years older than myself. My father was wandering all over the country during the Civil War, and I was born just when Japan opened the country and was restored to peace.

It is general rule in Japan that youngest child is spoilt by the parents, and I was not an exception from this. Of course my sister and brother loved me so much, too. But as soon as I was grown up enough I realized my position. I began to respect my sister and brother and try to be as nice as possible to them. Surely that gave some sweet euphony in my family, and we were the specimen for the children in our village. Indeed, I often overheard some parents telling their quarrelsome children, "Be as nice as Mr. Markino's children." I myself don't remember about my babyhood, but I cannot forget what my mother and nurse used to tell me later on: that one day, when I began to crawl about, I went over a fly-paper, and my hands and face all together stuck to the paper. It was so seriously dangerous, as I could not breathe. A doctor was sent for to rescue me, and all my hair was cut and shaved.

Since I was four I remember many incidents so vividly even now. For instance, my nurse used to teach me how to make paper animals. I learnt several lessons in a week, and also I used to draw some flowers and birds. All my families were very proud of me.

I think my parents were so careful about my home education. Whenever I was naughty they never smacked me, but they always brought a looking-glass in front of my crying face. I hated to see my own face so ugly with the tear-marks, and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer I used to scream, "Oh, don't show me the glass for a few moments!"

I was never scolded severely. They always told me: "You are a very nice boy, but just at this moment some evil is trying to dwell in you. How pity the evil is making you a bad boy and giving some trouble to your dear parents!" And I began to feel so sorry for them, and I used to cling to their necks and say: "The evil is gone long time ago. I am your favorite boy."

When I was a child I was more like a girl. The servant of the village grammar school had a quarrel with his wife. One said I was a boy and the other said a girl. They asked my nurse which was right.

I entered into the grammar school when I was five years and seven months old. Some months before that I began studying to write and read the Japanese alphabet. I was so anxious to attend to the school. My father wanted me to wait until I became six, but my patience was broken, and I was so spoilt. My brother took me to the school with him. He was a quite advanced student then. I went into his class-room. There I was so spoilt by all his friends and even by all teachers. My father had been very generous to all the villagers, so wherever I went I was treated as "the honorable little Master Heiji." But the time for lessons had come and I was taken to my own class-room. There I began to feel miserable immediately. All my classmates were too young to spoil me, and I did not like to be under school rules.

It was only a few days before I entered into the school I saw a famous Japanese play, "Sendai Hagi," played by some amateurs in the village. There was a little Samurai boy who said, "When one is born as a Samurai he must not say 'hungry,' even when he starves to death." This boy was supposed to be about same age with me, so that impressed into my little heart so deeply.

Now, being in the school for a day, I repented that I entered into it, but, recollecting that Samurai boy at the play, I never uttered a single complaint. My family, nurses, and neighbors asked me if I liked the school. I concealed my tears and said yes. This was the very first lesson of *bushido* in my life.

It was my greatest comfort to confess to my mother before bed everything (good and bad all) what I had done during the day. Without this confession I could not sleep even if I was dead tired. I often stained the school desks and walls with inks, or sometimes I made my classmates cry. When I confessed these things to my mother, she used to take me to the school next day, and she sincerely apologized to the teachers and school-boys.

My father treated me even tenderer than my mother. This is the greatest difference from English or American families. But it is true. It was several years after the feudal system had died out, and Japan had already begun to be democratic, and perhaps my father was one of the most democratic Samurai. Nevertheless his inner heart was a purest chivalry. I think his idea was not to make Samurais into laborers, but surely he expected all laborers to become Samurais.

He always said, "Children ought not to know too much about the money matters." So, when I wanted some books, papers, etc., I used to go to shops with his servants. I picked up all what I wanted in the shops, and after I left the shops the servants used to pay. In

that way I did not know the values of anything until I became fifteen or sixteen.

If I dropped coins or anything on the ground I never tried to pick them up, because my father told me only the beggars would act such shameful manners.

In my village, which is so far away from Tokio, Kioto, or any large town, the villagers used to be very superstitious, and there were many dreadful traditions about ghosts and foxes. I was so frightened of ghosts and foxes. My parents demanded my nurse not to tell me any ghost stories, but she often told me many ghost or fox stories, and these stories went into my childish brain so deeply. When I was taken near by some grave-ground in night, I always so tightly stuck to the other people's hands, and if I heard foxes' voice I used to run to home as quick as possible, and I hated those Buddhist temples because they all have grave-grounds.

The views of those temples from distance in nights was such a melancholy thing to me, and even the tolling of the temple bells in the evening filled me with dread. I did hate death, and I was so extremely sad for those who died. Now I always envy those Christian children. They are taught to have faith in the future life, and if their relatives die they believe the deceased are happy in heaven. To me it was contrary. When I was a child I used to imagine that if we die we have to go through a long, dark passage quite alone. I am sure that imaginative fear injured my poor little childish brain a great deal.

My sister married when I was six years old; but she used to live in my home for more than half of the time, and looked after me, as my mother was so weak. The next year she had a baby, who died after a few weeks. That was a great shock to me. I used to hide myself in a bamboo bush and cry.

In the grammar school my first lesson was a Primer Reader. It had some phrases like these: "The virtue of suppleness is to be bent without being broken"; and "The virtue of strength is to stand straight against any blow." Fancy! such was the lesson for five or six year old children! Of course, none of them could understand that. Only they tried to recite to pass the examination. But I was such a curiocomic child and I wanted to know the real meaning. I asked my father. He tried to explain it by many means every day. I think I caught the real idea at last. Indeed, ever since, it has been the foundation-stone of my moral. If the school children had a quarrel, I always took the part of the weak. I felt it was my duty to wipe the tears of the victim and strike the winner. This was much encouraged by my father. And I always loved the tenderness and dreaded savage roughness.

We had a lantern fête called Tenno Matsuri. My mother and father bought me several beautiful lanterns and lit them and tied them on a bamboo tree. I was so delighted and carried them to a temple ground with all my families. Some rough boys came and struck my lanterns with sticks and tore them into pieces. I was not allowed to cry, so came home quite silent; then I cried so bitterly in my room. I remember my parents were talking about that subject. My father said to my mother: "Such is this savage world. If we bring up our child quite tenderly, he will suffer a great deal sooner or later, because he must meet with the rough world in this life. We have an old proverb: 'When lions get babies, they always throw their babies into a steep valley, and they bring up only those babies which climb the cliff themselves! Perhaps we should better to be lions.'"

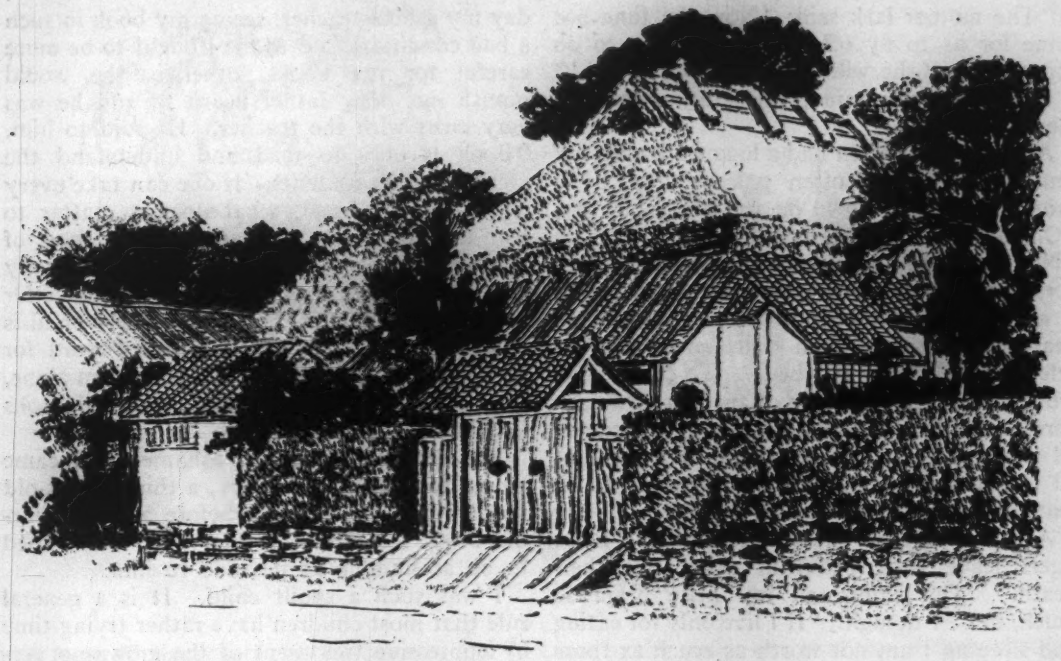
Whereupon my mother begged him to ignore that proverb and make their child's life quite gentle as long as they could protect him from the wild world. I knew they were talking all this, thinking I was too young to understand them. But in fact I remember every word of them, even now. Only I could not understand if the world was really so savage. After some twenty-five years, when I was in a hard time, I recollected that once again as a fresh word.

I don't know exactly from when I began to be fond of cats, but, so far as I remember, I loved cats from very early time. I used to take a cat into bed to sleep together, and I could not live without it. So if the cat was lost while I was in the school or anywhere away from home, it was a great job for the servants to find out another before I came home. Otherwise I would be so miserable. Even now I do love cats so much. The other day a psychological professor told me I must have some special magnetism for cats, for, however unhappy I am, if I touch my hand to cat I immediately feel so comfortable and happy.

When I was a child, people used to say I have no common sense, because I often did most extraordinary things.

My father was so generous to the villagers. They often had a flood from the river Yahagi, and he used to rescue all poor people. This was very well during the feudal system, when he had a revenue, but after the great change of New Japan he still continued in the same way and soon became quite poor.

But evidently he had most honorable life. I being his favorite child, all those flattering



THE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN

villagers called me "our honorable little Master Heiji" and entirely spoilt me. Whatever I wanted to do was done so. That was the reason why I lost my common sense.

Once I overheard my mother complaining that those servants, gardeners, and other workmen were spending too much matches for their smoking and that the matches were always too short. It just happened that a fête day came, and fifty sens were given to me to spend. I said to myself: "Very well, then. I shall spend this money most useful way." I bought matches for fifty sens' worth, and let the shopman carry a large bundle of match-boxes to my home. Matches were very cheap in Japan; I think there were several hundred boxes for fifty sens.

Everybody was so amazed. My mother said: "I wish the shopman had a little sense and did not sell so many matches to a child." Some neighbors whispered: "Hark, what the mother said. She blames the shopman and forgets her own child has no sense!"

At the grammar school I used to believe all what I was taught. But very often I made an awful misunderstanding. For instance, our Reader said: "The human nature is just like the water. If you put the water into a square vessel the water will become square; and if you put it into a round vessel it will have a round shape. Boys and girls, therefore, you must choose your friends."

No sooner than the school hour was over, I ran to my neighbor who had a newly born baby. I told the mother: "Don't put your baby in a hard, flat bed; her figure will become flat."

After that I was the central figure in the village to be laughed at.

However, sometimes my sense was right enough to receive lessons which are so valuable even now. Let me write down a few.

"Once upon a time there was a mother lark who had some baby larks in her nest. The nest was built in an oats field. It was the harvest-time, but the baby larks were not grown up enough to fly. While the mother lark was gone for the day's work to search for food, the farmer came with his son and said: 'Lo, the oats are ready to be reaped; I must ask my neighbors to help us to gather them in.'

"When the mother lark came back, the baby larks told her all what the farmer had said. The mother lark said: 'Nay, do not worry; the farmer shall never be able to reap the oats.'

"The next day the farmer came with his son again and said: 'Our neighbors were too busy to help us, so to-morrow I shall ask my relative to help us.' The baby larks told this to their mother. The mother lark laughed and said: 'The foolish farmer is still relying upon other peoples, so we need not be afraid,' and she went off for her day's work again.

"The next day the baby birds told their mother that this time the farmer said nobody would help him, therefore to-morrow he himself would reap the oats with his son.

"The mother lark said: 'Now the time has come for us to fly off. If one decides to do things himself, he will do so without failure.'"

In my babyish mind, this story impressed me so much.

At that time I often had a long walk with my brother. We both often got so tired. My brother would sit down on the grass and say, "Oh, only if a riksha would come!" I said, "No, no. Don't rely upon the other. Let us persevere our poor weary feet and walk. Even if we step one step each time we are one step nearer to our home each time, and sooner or later we shall enjoy our bed." To confess the truth, I am no cleverer than any ordinary person. Only this valuable lesson carried me all through for last thirty years. I am not at all to the goal yet, but I am intending to be truthful to this lesson for all my life.

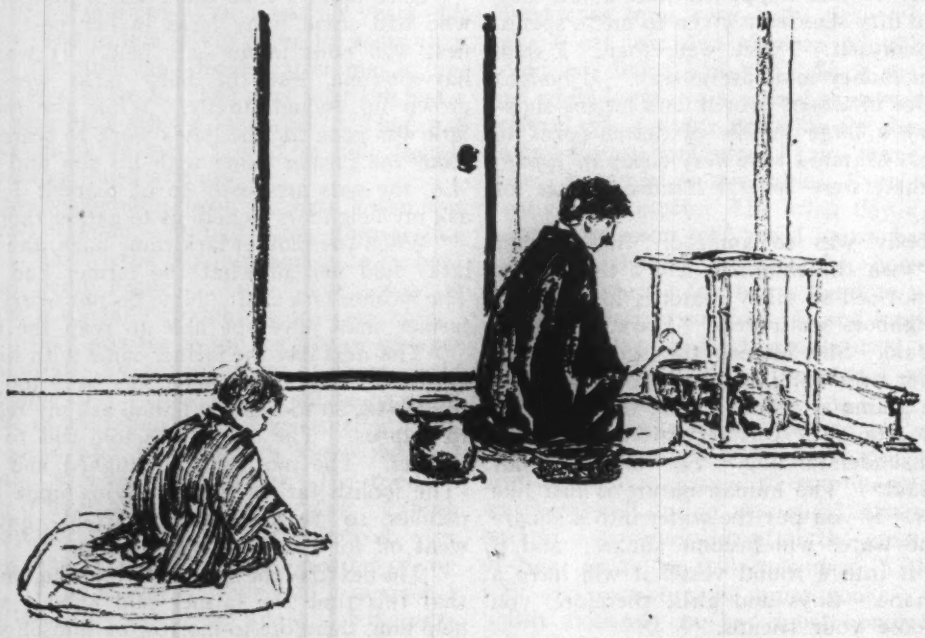
Another page of the Reader said: "Even tigers leave their beautiful skin after their death." This impressed my little brain so much, too. I thought, "If I live only for eating and sleeping I am not worth as much as those beasts; I must show the world I am more superior than tigers." This was the very beginning of my ambition. Here in this short space I regret I could not quote all chapters of my Reader, which encouraged my ambition so much.

I was such an untidy boy and I used to treat my books so badly. One book could not last for six months' term. My father always bought me the same book twice or three times. One day my school-teacher, seeing my book in such a bad condition, said to me I ought to be more careful for my books, otherwise he would punish me. My father heard it, and he was very cross with the teacher. He said to him, "Book is only to read and understand the meaning of its contents. If one can take every word into his heart, what does it matter to tear the books into pieces? Look at most of those children! They keep their books very neat indeed, but they only recite the books for the purpose of their examination. My child is quite different. He practises every word for his daily life. I hope you will leave him alone, for I am quite willing to buy a hundred books for him."

The teacher was much ashamed and came to me to apologize. Fancy, a thirty-years-old teacher was to apologize before a seven-year-old boy! I was so sorry for him, and I tried to be as humble as possible to him.

I was such a spoilt child. It is a general rule that most children have rather trying time by oppressive treatment of the grown-up persons. But in my case it was entirely the other way round. And consequently my daily warrings were on the other way. Even when I was so little, I always tried not to become the center of jealousy and enviousness. When I was about eight years old it happened that the Mikado had an "honorable go-round," and passed Okasaki, the principal town of our country and about ten miles from my village.

The government selected about twenty chil-



I WAS SO PLEASED AND SO PROUD TO HAVE SUCH GROWN-UP PERSON AS A FRIEND

AT THE LANTERN FESTIVAL

dren from all the schools in the county, and I was one of them. I had to recite a page of the Japanese history. I still remember so well the part which I recited. It was my most favorite part, so let me translate it here:

"Some eighteen hundred years ago a cruel Emperor called Yuriyaku killed almost all the royal family. Only two orphan baby princes escaped their death, and were hid in a farmer's cottage in a far-away country. Some seven years passed, and that loyal subject who stole away the baby princes died. So nobody but the princes themselves knew they were the members of the royal family. One evening the Mayor visited that cottage, and the owner of the cottage demanded the young princes to wait on his 'most honorable guest.'

"All the people in the drawing-room were so gay after *sake*. The two princes, Oké and Woké, alone were left in the kitchen. The elder prince, Oké, broke the silence first: 'How long should we pass such a humble life?' They embraced each other and wept for a long while. Finally the younger prince replied: 'That is just what I was thinking now. Let us announce that we are the princes. If the Emperor Yuriyaku is cruel enough to assassinate us, let him do so. I would rather die as a prince than live as a farmer.' So they both ventured into the drawing-room, and had a dance, and by their own dance and song they expressed their personalities. The Mayor, the farmer, and all the others were so surprised, and they bowed down quite flat on the floor and paid their utmost respectness. But they were so frightened of the cruel Emperor. They came to the conclusion that one of them should go to the capital and find out everything. Just that time the cruel Emperor died, and the government was searching if there was a royal person who could inherit the crown," etc., etc.

I recited with my full sympathy. In a big hall, all the ministers and officers were dead silent. I won the book prize then. That day was the greatest fête day of my village temple.

When I came back from Okasaki to my home, I found out a picture book on my desk. I thought a servant bought it for me. So I threw that book into the garden and I said: "I am a child no more; I don't want such a babyish book now!"

My mother came to me and said: "Well said, my dear Heiji. You are quite right, and I was wrong. You see, I am always thinking of you as my dear little baby. Yesterday was the first time I missed you on our fête day. I went to the temple without you, and I was so lonely. I was thinking about you all the time, and when I saw that book in a shop, I thought you might like to have it, so I bought it for you. But you are quite right. You don't need such a book, do you?"

Oh, how rude and how savage I had been to my most worshipful mother! I was almost broken down. I have never felt myself so guilty as this. I picked up the book most carefully and pressed it to my breast, and I sobbed all day.

I always say nothing could be more pleasant than to sacrifice own self for one whom we love most. When I was quite a child I liked to spin the tops, fly the kites, and all those games

more than other children. But just when I was going out to play, I was often called back by my mother to do something for her. How happy and sweet I felt to give up my own pleasure for the sake of my most beloved mother! I felt something so noble in my heart. But I was not always quite safe from some temptation. I was not allowed to go out on the midday of the summer. But some farmers' children often persuaded me to go for fishing. Then I used to imitate as if I was sleeping, and when my mother or nurse really began to sleep I escaped from the house and joined to those farmer boys. However, not a single time I kept it secret, but always confessed that to my mother. She never got angry, only she begged me not to do that, for she feared that her beloved child might get ill some day.

I was so fond of gardening ever since I was five or six years old. In a large garden at my home I had a special ground for my own flowers. I was so proud that all my flowers were growing so well. Once, while I was cultivating my ground with my little rake, my mother called me, and I was so excited and ran up to her immediately; then I fell down at her foot, and the rake stuck into my cheek. It went through into my mouth.

All my family was so sad for me. As I was taught not to cry for anything like that, I tried to be silent, but my big tears flowed down my cheeks.

Then my father was so proud of me and called me a real Samurai. Even now I have three marks on my right cheek, and whenever I look into the glass I recollect that accident so vividly.

My brother had his garden, too. Here I have most regretful story to tell the readers. Once he and I had a walk in some oat field. Just for fun I pulled off several oats. My brother was so indignant to give damage to that poor farmer, and forced me to apologize to the farmer. He said: "You may pull off all my flowers if you like, but not oats which belong to a poor farmer."

I was in a temper and said: "My father would be willing to pay him the damage I have done. Why have you insulted me like that?" And I ran up to his garden and pulled off all his flowers.

My brother sighed and said: "It cannot be helped, for I said you could do so; but, Heiji, why are you so naughty to-day?"

My parents said nothing to me, only said to my brother: "You are nine years older than Heiji; you ought to govern your young brother. Let us see that."

No sooner than I saw my brother's face quite gentle I felt so sad and cried. Whole of the season my poor brother had no flowers. I asked my brother to take all my flowers, but he would not. I could not dare to go to the garden until the next season came.

My nature when child was extremely girlish. Boy friends were rather too rough for me. For instance, if those boys flied kites, they always had a knife on the string and tried to cut the other's string to break the kite. Girls were so gentle, and they only enjoyed themselves to watch the kites fly. They suited my taste better. So I always played with the sisters of my boy friends. As long as those girls were accompanied by their brothers my father did not object; but once I was playing with only three or four girls without one single boy. My father told me I should not play with girls only. I was quite sad. Now I see I was quite English style from my childhood.

But sometimes I was quite masculine. When I was eight or nine years old there was a rumor in my village that some monster was living in a little lake called Kami Shoji. That monster was groaning every minute — I think it was some strange water-fowl. I stole out one of my father's swords and was going to that lake, saying I would kill that monster.

All the village children shouted out, "Here is the brave little Master Heiji!" and I felt as if I was a great hero. But my brother soon found me out, and called me back to home, and told me not to be so foolishly persuaded by those wild children.

I was so spoilt and I myself thought I was the bravest boy. But, in fact, I was a very timid one, and I was frightened by little things so easily. One day I intended to visit my boy friend Sentaro Okurnura in a neighboring village. On the way I saw a big brown dog was sitting on the road and watching me coming. I was so afraid of him. I walked so quietly and timidly along to the dog, and no sooner than I passed the dog I ran away as quick as possible. When I looked back, I saw the dog was chasing after me. I really thought I was going to be eaten by that dog. So I shouted, "Take away that wild animal from me!" Somebody came and got hold of the dog. It was a daughter of Takezo (my father's servant). I was so pleased with her kindness, and when I went home I told that to my father. He said he would give a pair of *tabi* (Japanese stockings) to her. I told my father that could not be enough for her; we must give her a suit of dresses. And my father did so!

I quite remember one summer, when I was nine years old, I was attacked by a severe malaria fever, and I was quite flat in the bed.

My brother used to come to my bed to please me with all he could. One day he brought me a thick volume of the Universal Geography which he had just bought to study. I was ever so interested with all these illustrations of different foreign customs and views. Then I saw the map. I found out my worshipful country was only such a small island. I was so surprised. I decided to visit all over the world some day in my life. Of course it was only a childish idea at the time, but I have never been away from this idea. As I was growing up, my idea has grown up too, and to-day I have really brought out that idea. About this I shall write more later on.

I began my lessons on tea ceremony and flower arrangement when I was seven. One day my father took me with him to his friend Dr. Takejima, the most flourishing physician in my village. He was quite rich, and he had such a nice villa. We all had *cha no ye* (a formal tea ceremony). He praised me very much because I had performed the ceremony in quite right way. He gave me some nice paper on which I wrote my own poetry. He was more amazed. They had some discussion on the ancient Chinese philosophy. I gave several answers which he took into his heart quite deeply. He called me "friend" and asked me to come to see him again. I was so pleased and so proud to have such grown-up person as a friend. Next day I told to all my schoolmates that I was a friend of Dr. Takejima.

After a few days I went to his door, and a maid came out and asked me, "Do you want doctor?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Is anybody in your family ill?"

I was so indignant, and said quite severely: "No; nobody is ill. I have come to see my dear friend Dr. Takejima to have a chat." She could not believe me. Fancy! Doctor was about thirty years and I was eight or nine. The maid rather hesitated. So I shouted, "Go to your master and say his friend Mr. Markino wants to see him!"

Doctor came out and said: "Oh, my dear young Mr. Markino, will you come into my tea-room?"

I was so contented, and spent couple hours with him. But before I wanted to leave my brother came and found me out there, to his surprise, and he apologized to the doctor and took me away home. It was such a great disappointment to me.

THE FERRY WHERE I FORDED THE RIVER

Next day some elder schoolmates who knew the incident asked me, "Are you still a dear friend of doctor?" I was so sad, and cried. My mother soothed me, saying: "You need not feel sorry at all about that. It's only about the different ages that you could not be the doctor's friend. By the time you reach to his age you shall have far wiser and nobler friends." Strange to say, my mother's prophecy has come true. Indeed, now I have "far wiser and nobler friends" in London. How happy I would be if my mother was still alive to see all my worshipful friends! When I think of it, it gives my heart much pain.

At this time my father was invited to a daimyo of Terabe, about three miles from my

home, to lecture the ancient Chinese classics, and he used to come home on every Saturday afternoon. I was counting all the week-days until the Saturdays came. Soon after the luncheon on Saturday I used to meet him on his way back. That daimyo's village was on the other side of the river Yahagi. So I had to run along the very sandy bank. I could not run fast enough on the sand with my *getas* (Japanese wooden shoes), so I always carried my *getas* in my hand and ran quite barefoot. One winter Saturday I ran to the ferry of Yahagi; but my father was not yet there. I had no patience to wait on this side. I wanted to cross the river, but had no money to pay to the boatman. The water seemed quite shallow — not above my waist. So I decided to ford the river. I took off my kimono and carried it on my head, and jumped into the water. It was quite ice-cold. I thought my feet were cut off. While I was struggling amid the river, one of my father's pupils appeared on the bank of the other side. He was so astonished with my pluck, and shouted: "My dear honorable little master! Whatever are you doing there?" I said I wanted to meet my father as soon as possible. He was kind enough to order the boatman to pick me up.

When the boatman took me ashore, he was so angry with the boatman and reproached him because he had done nothing but watch the helpless "little master" crossing the river, especially on such a cold day. While they were in such a trouble, my father came at last. I was so happy. My father begged his pupil not to be too hard on the boatman, because my father thought it was his own fault that he had not given me the money for the public ferry.

THE CALL

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE unforgotten voices call at twilight,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours:
Voices of mountains and of waters falling,
Voices of wood-doves in the tender valleys,
Voices of flowery meadows, golden corn-fields —
Yea, all the lonely bog-lands have their voices.

Voices of church-bells over the green country,
Memories of home, of youth. O unforgotten!
When all the world's asleep the voices call me,
Come home, acushla, home! Why did you leave us?
The little voices hurt my heart to weeping;
There are small fingers plucking at my heart-strings.

Let me alone, be still, I will not hear you!
Why would I come to find the old places lonely?
They are all gone, the loving, the true-hearted;
Beautiful country of the dead, I come not.
Why would I meet the cold eyes of the stranger?
All the nests of my heart are cold and empty.

I will not come for all your soft compelling,
Little fingers plucking me by the heart-strings,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours.
Because the dead, the darling dead, return not,
And all the nests of my heart are cold and lonely.
They will not give me peace at dawn and twilight.

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XV

"THE Rector will be back, sir, direckly. I was to tell you so, pertickler. They had 'im out to a man in the row who's been drinkin' days, and was goin' on shockin'— his wife was afraid to stop in the house. But he won't be long, sir."

And Ann, very stiff and on her dignity, relieved one of the two arm-chairs of its habitual burden of books, gave it a dusting with her apron, and offered it to the visitor. It was evident that she regarded his presence with entire disfavour, but was prepared to treat him with prudence, for the master's sake. Her devotion to Meynell had made her shrewd; she perfectly understood who were his enemies and who his friends.

Barron, with a sharp sense of annoyance that he should be kept waiting merely because a drunken miner happened to be beating his wife, coldly accepted her civilities, and took up a copy of the *Times* that was lying on the table. But, when Ann had retired, he dropped the newspaper and began with a rather ugly curiosity to examine the room. He walked round the walls, looking at the books, raising his eyebrows at the rows of paper-bound German volumes and peering closely into the titles of the English ones. Then his attention was caught by a wall-map in which a number of small flags attached to pins were sticking. It was an outline map of England, apparently sketched by Meynell himself, as the notes and letterings were in his handwriting. It was labelled "Branches of the Reform League." All over England the little flags bristled, thicker here and thinner there, but on the whole making a goodly show. Barron's face lengthened as he pondered the map.

Then he passed by the laden writing-table. On it lay an open copy of the *Modernist*, with a half-written "leader" of Meynell's between the sheets. Beside it was a copy of Thomas à Kempis, and Father Tyrrell's posthumous book, in which a great soul, like a breaking wave, had foamed itself away; a volume of Sanday, another of Harnack, into the open cover of which the Rector had apparently just pinned an extract from a Church paper. Barron involuntarily stooped to read it. It ran:

"This is no time for giving up the Athanasian Creed. The moment when the sewage of Continental unbelief is pouring into England is not the moment for banishing to a museum a screen that was erected to guard the sanctuary."

Beneath it, in Meynell's writing:

"A gem not to be lost! The muddle of the metaphor, the corruption of the style, everything is symbolic. In a preceding paragraph the writer makes an attack on Harnack, who is described as 'notorious for opposing' the doctrines of the virgin birth and the resurrection. That history has a right to its say on so-called historical events never seems to have occurred to this gentleman; still less that there is a mystical and sacred element in all truth, all the advancing knowledge of mankind, including historical knowledge, and that therefore his responsibility, his moral and spiritual risk even, in disbelieving Harnack, is probably infinitely greater than Harnack's in dealing historically with the birth stories."

Barron raised himself with a flushed cheek

and a stiffened mouth. Meynell's note had removed his last scruples. It was necessary to deal drastically with a clergyman who could write such things.

A step outside. The sleeping dogs on the doorstep sprang up and noisily greeted their master. Meynell shut them out, to their great disgust, and came hurriedly towards the study.

Barron, as he saw him in the doorway, drew back with an exclamation. The Rector's dress and hair were dishevelled and awry, and his face — pale, drawn, and damp with perspiration — showed that he had just come through a personal struggle.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Barron. But that fellow Pinches — you remember? the new blacksmith — has been drinking for nearly a week, and went quite mad this morning. We just prevented him from killing his wife, but it was a tough business. I'll go and wash, and change my coat, if you will allow me."

So he went away, and Barron had a few more minutes in which to meditate on the room and its owner. When at last Meynell came back, and settled himself in the chair opposite to his visitor, with a quiet "Now I am quite at your service," Barron found himself overtaken with a curious and unwelcome hesitation. The signs — a slightly strained look, a quickened breathing — that Meynell still bore upon him of a physical wrestle, combined perhaps with a moral victory, suddenly seemed, even in Barron's own eyes, to dwarf what he had to say — to make a poor, mean thing out of his story. And Meynell's shining eyes, divided between close attention to the man before him and some recent and disturbing recollections in which Barron had no share, reinforced the impression.

But he recaptured himself quickly. After all, it was at once a charitable and a high-judicial part that he had come to play. He gathered his dignity about him, resenting the momentary disturbance of it.

"I am come to-day, Mr. Meynell, on a very unpleasant errand."

The formal "Mr." marked the complete breach in their once friendly relations. Meynell made a slight inclination.

"Then I hope you will tell it me as quickly as may be. Does it concern yourself or me? Maurice, I hope, is doing well?"

Barron winced. It seemed to him an offence on the Rector's part that Meynell's tone should subtly though quite innocently remind him of days when he had been thankful to accept a strong man's help in dealing with the escapades of a vicious lad.

"He is doing excellently, thank you — except that his health is not all I could wish. My business to-day," he continued slowly, "concerns a woman, formerly of this village, whom I happened by a strange accident to see just after her return to it ——"

"You are speaking of Judith Sabin?" interrupted Meynell.

"I am. You were, of course, aware that I had seen her?"

"Naturally — from the inquest. Well?"

The quiet interrogative tone seemed to Barron an impertinence. With a suddenly heightened colour, he struck straight — violently — for the heart of the thing.

"She told me a lamentable story — and she was led to tell it me by seeing, and identifying, yourself — as you were standing with a lady in the road outside the cottage."

"Identifying me?" repeated Meynell, with a slight accent of astonishment. "That, I think, is hardly possible; for Judith Sabin had never seen me."

"You were not perhaps aware of it — but she had seen you."

Meynell shook his head.

"She was mistaken — or you are. However, that doesn't matter. I gather you wish to consult me about something that Judith Sabin communicated to you?"

"I do; but the story she told me turns very closely on her identification of yourself — and therefore it does matter," said Barron, with emphasis.

A puzzled look passed again over Meynell's face; but he said nothing. His expectant attitude demanded the story.

Barron told it — once more. He repeated Judith Sabin's narrative in the straightened, rearranged form he had now given to it — postponing, however, any further mention of Meynell's relation to it till a last dramatic moment.

He did not find his task so easy on this occasion. There was something in the personality of the man sitting opposite to him that seemed to make a narrative that had passed muster elsewhere sound here a mere vulgar impertinence, the wanton intrusion of a common man on things sacredly and justly covered from sight.

He laboured through it, however, while Meynell sat with bent head, looking at the floor, making no sign whatever. And at last the speaker arrived at the incident of the Grenoble visitor.

"I naturally find this a very disagreeable task," he said, pausing a moment. However, he got no help from Meynell, who was dumb;

and he presently resumed: "Judith Sabin saw the gentleman who came distinctly. She felt perfectly certain in her own mind as to his relation to Miss Puttenham and the child — and she was certain also, when she saw you and Miss Puttenham standing in the road, while I was with her, that ——"

Meynell looked up, slightly frowning, awaiting the conclusion of the sentence:

"—— that she saw — the same man again!"

Barron's naturally ruddy colour had faded a little; his eyes blinked. He drew his coat forward over his knee, and put it back again nervously.

Meynell's face was at first blank, or bewildered. Then a light of understanding shot through it. He fell back in his chair, with an odd smile.

"So *that* — is what you have in your mind?"

Barron coughed a little. He was angrily conscious of an anxiety and misgiving he had not expected. He made all the greater effort to recover what seemed to him the proper tone.

"It is all most sad — most lamentable. But I had, you perceive, the positive statement of a woman who should have known the facts first hand, if any one did. Owing to her physical state, it was impossible to cross-examine her, and her sudden death made it impossible to refer her to you. I had to consider what I should do ——"

"Why should you have done anything," said Meynell drily, raising his eyes, "but forget as quickly as possible a story you had no means of verifying and which bore its absurdity on the face of it?"

Barron allowed himself a slight and melancholy smile.

"I admit, of course, at once, that I could not verify it. As to its *prima facie* absurdity, I desire to say nothing offensive to you, but there have been many curious circumstances connected with your relation to the Fox-Wilson family that have given rise before now to gossip in this neighbourhood. I could not but perceive that the story told me threw light upon them — the remarkable language of Sir Ralph's will, the position of Miss Hester in the Fox-Wilson family, your relation to her and to — to Miss Puttenham."

Meynell's composure became a matter of some difficulty, but he maintained it.

"What was there abnormal or suspicious — in any of these circumstances?" he asked, his eyes fixed intently on his visitor.

"I see no purpose to be gained by going into them on this occasion," said Barron, with all the dignity he could bring to bear. "For the unfortunate thing is — the thing which obliged me, whether I would or no,— and you will see from the dates that I have hesitated a long time,— to bring Judith Sabin's statement to your notice, is that she seems to have talked to some one else in the neighbourhood, before she died, besides myself. Her son declares that she saw no one; I have questioned him — of course, without revealing my object. But she must have done so. And whoever it was has begun to write anonymous letters — repeating the story, in full detail, *with* the identification — that I have just given you."

"Anonymous letters?" repeated Meynell, raising himself sharply. "To whom?"

"Dawes the colliery manager received the first."

"To whom did he communicate it?"

"To myself; and, by his wish, and in the spirit of entire friendliness to you, I consulted your friend and supporter Mr. Flaxman."

Meynell raised his eyebrows.

"Flaxman? You thought yourself justified?"

"It was surely better to take so difficult a matter to a friend of yours rather than to an enemy."

Meynell smiled — but not agreeably.

"Any one else?"

"I have heard this morning, on my way here, that Miss Nairn has received a copy."

"Miss Nairn? That means the village."

"She is a gossipping woman," said Barron.

Meynell pondered. He got up and began to pace the room — coming presently to an abrupt pause in front of his visitor.

"This story, then, is now all over the village — will soon be all over the diocese. Now — what was your object in yourself bringing it to me?"

"I thought it right to inform you — to give you warning — perhaps also to suggest to you that a retreat from your present position ——"

"I see; you thought it a means of bringing pressure to bear upon me? You propose, in short, that I should throw up the sponge and resign my living?"

"Unless, of course, you can vindicate yourself publicly."

Barron, to his annoyance, could not keep his hand which held a glove from shaking a little. The wrestle between their personalities was rapidly growing in intensity.

"Unless I bring an action, you mean — against any one spreading the story? No, I shall not bring an action — I shall *not* bring an action!" Meynell repeated, with emphasis.

"In that case — I suggest — it might be better to meet the wishes of your Bishop, and so avoid further publicity."

"By resigning my living?"

"Precisely. The scandal would then drop

of itself. For Miss Puttenham's sake alone, you must, I think, desire to stop its development."

Meynell flushed hotly. He took another turn up the room — while Barron sat silent, looking straight before him, his hands resting on the knob of his stick.

"I shall not take action," Meynell resumed, "and I shall not dream of retreating from my position here. Judith Sabin's story is untrue. She did not see me at Grenoble, and I am not the father of Hester Fox-Wilson. As to anything else, I am not at liberty to discuss other people's affairs, and I shall not answer any questions whatever on the subject."

The two men surveyed each other.

"Your Bishop could surely demand your confidence," said Barron coldly.

"If he does, it will be for me to consider."

A silence. Barron looked round for his stick. Meynell stood motionless, his hands in his baggy pockets, his eyes on Barron. Lightings of thought and will seemed to pass through the face. As Barron rose, he began to speak:

"I have no doubt you think yourself justified in taking the line you clearly do take in this matter. I can hardly imagine that you really believe the story you say you got from Judith Sabin — which you took to Flaxman, and have, I suppose, discussed with Dawes. I am convinced — forgive me if I speak plainly — that you can not and do not believe anything so preposterous — or, at any rate, you would not believe it in other circumstances. As it is, you take it up as a weapon. You think, no doubt, that everything is fair in controversy as in war. Of course, the thing has been done again and again. If you cannot defeat a man in fair fight, the next best thing is to blacken his character. We see that everywhere — in politics, in the Church, in private life. This story *may* serve you; I don't think it will ultimately, but it may serve you for a time. All I can say is, I would rather be the man to suffer from it than the man to gain from it!"

Barron took up his hat. "I can not be surprised that you receive me in this manner," he said, with all the steadiness he could muster. "But as you can not deal with this very serious report in the ordinary way, either by process of law or by frank explanation to your friends ——"

"My 'friends'!" interjected Meynell.

"—— let me urge you at least to explain matters to your diocesan. You cannot distrust either the Bishop's discretion or his good will. If he were satisfied, we, no doubt, should be the same."

Meynell shook his head.

"Not if I know anything of the *odium theologicum!* Besides, the Miss Nairns of this world pay small attention to bishops. By the way — I forgot to ask. You can tell me nothing on the subject of the writer of the anonymous letters? You have not identified him?"

"Not in the least. We are all at sea ——"

"You don't happen to have one about you?"

Barron hesitated and fumbled, and at last produced from his breast pocket the letter to Dawes, which he had again borrowed from its owner that morning. Meynell put it into a drawer of his writing-table without looking at it.

The two men moved towards the door.

"As to any appeal to you on behalf of a delicate and helpless lady," said Meynell, betraying emotion for the first time, "that, I suppose, is useless. But when one remembers her deeds of kindness in this village, her quiet and irreproachable life amongst us all these years, one would have thought that any one bearing the Christian name would have come to me, as the Rector of this village, on one errand only — to consult how best to protect her from the spread of a cruel and preposterous story! You, I gather, propose to make use of it in the interests of your own Church party."

Barron straightened himself, resenting at once what seemed to him the intrusion of the pastoral note.

"I am heartily sorry for her," he said coldly. "Naturally, it is the women who suffer in these things. But of course you are right — though you put the matter from your own point of view — in assuming that I regard this as no ordinary scandal. I am not at liberty to treat it as such. The honour concerned is the honour of the Church. To show the intimate connection of creed and life may be a painful — it is also an imperative — duty!"

He threw back his head with a passion that, as Meynell clearly recognised, was not without its touch of dignity.

Meynell stepped back.

"We have talked enough, I think. You will, of course, take the course that seems to you best, and I shall take mine. I bid you good day."

From the study window Meynell watched the disappearing figure of his adversary. The day was wet, and the funereal garden outside was dank with rain. The half-dead trees had shed such leaves as they had been able to put forth, and behind them was a ragged sky of scudding cloud.

In Meynell's soul there was a dull sense of catastrophe. In Barron's presence he had borne

himself as a wronged man should; but he knew very well that a sinister thing had happened, and that for him, perhaps, to-morrow might never be as yesterday.

What was passing in the village at that moment? His quick visualising power showed him the groups in the various bar parlours, discussing the Scandal, dividing it up into succulent morsels, serving it up with every variety of personal comment, idle or malicious — amplifying, exaggerating, completing. He saw the neat and plausible spinster from whose cruel hands he had rescued a little dumb, wild-eyed child, reduced by ill-treatment to skin and bone — he saw her gloating over the anonymous letter, putting two and two maliciously together, whispering here, denouncing there. He seemed to be actually present in the most disreputable public house of the village, a house he had all but succeeded in closing at the preceding licensing sessions. How natural, human, inevitable, would be the coarse, venomous talk — the inferences, the gibes!

There would be good men and true, of course, — his personal friends in the village, the members of his Parish Council,— who would suffer and stand firm. The postponed meeting of the Council, for the acceptance of the new liturgy, was to be held the day after his return from Paris. To them he would speak — so far as he could; yes, to them he would speak! Then he thought of the diocese — the Movement. Charges of this kind spread with extraordinary rapidity. Whoever was writing the anonymous letters had probably not confined himself to two or three. Meynell prepared himself for the discovery of a much wider diffusion.

He moved back to his writing-table, and took the letter from the drawer. Its ingenuity, its knowledge of local circumstance, astonished him as he read. He had expected something of a vulgarer and rougher type. The handwriting was clearly disguised, and there was a certain amount of intermittent bad spelling which might very easily be a disguise also. But whoever wrote it was acquainted with the Fox-Wilson family, with their habits and his own, as well as with the terms of Sir Ralph's will, so far as — mainly, he believed, through the careless talk of the elder Fox-Wilson girls — it had become a source of gossip in the village. The writer of it could not be far away. Was it a man or a woman? Meynell examined the handwriting carefully. He had a vague impression that he had seen something like it before, but could not remember where or in what connection.

He put it back in his drawer, and as he did so his eyes fell upon his half-written article for the *Modernist*, and on the piles of correspondence beside it. A sense of bitter helplessness overcame him, a pang not for himself so much as for his cause. He realised the inevitable effect of the story in the diocese, weighted as it would be with all the colourable and suspicious circumstances that could undoubtedly be adduced in support of it; its effect, also, beyond the diocese, through the Movement of which he was the life and guiding spirit — through England, where his name was rapidly becoming a battle-cry.

And what could he do to meet it? Almost nothing! The story, indeed, as a whole could be sharply and categorically denied, because it involved a fundamental falsehood. He was not the father of Hester Fox-Wilson.

But simple denial was all that was open to him. He could neither explain, nor could he challenge enquiry. His mouth was shut. He had made no formal vow of secrecy to any one. He was free to confide in whom he would. But all that was tender, pitiful, chivalrous in his soul stood up and promised for him now, as he stood looking out into the October rain, that for no personal — yes, and for no public — advantage would he trifle with what he had regarded for eighteen years as a trust laid upon him by the dying words of a man he had loved, and enforced more and more sharply with time by the constant appeal of a woman's life — its dumb pain, the paradox of its frail strength, its shrinking courage. That life had depended upon him during the worst crisis of its fate as its spiritual guide. He had towards Alice Puttenham the feeling of the "director," as the saints have understood it; and towards her story something of the responsibility of a priest towards a confession. To reveal it in his own interests was simply impossible. If the Movement rejected him, it must reject him.

"Not so will I fight for thee, my God! — not so!" he said to himself, in great anguish of mind.

It was true, indeed, that at some future time Alice Puttenham's poor secret must be told — to a specified person, with her consent, and by the express direction of the honest, blundering man, her brother-in-law, whose life, sorely against his will, had been burdened with it. But the indiscriminate admission of the truth after the lapse of years would, he believed, simply bring back the old despair and paralyse what had always been a frail vitality. And as to Hester, the sudden divulgence of it might easily upset the unstable balance of mind and nerve and drive her at once into some madness. He *must* protect them, if he could.

Could he? He pondered it.

At any moment one of these letters might

reach Alice. What if this had already happened? Supposing it had, he might not be able to prevent her from doing what would place the part played towards her by himself in its true light. She would probably insist upon his taking legal action and allowing her to make her statement in court.

The thought of this was so painful to him — not only for her sake — that he promptly put it from him. He should assume that she knew nothing; though as a practical man he was well aware that she could not long remain ignorant — certainly not if she continued to live in Upcote. It was a question probably of days or hours. Her presence in the cottage, when once the village was in full possession of the slander, would be a perpetual provocation. One way or another, the truth must penetrate to her.

An idea occurred to him. Paris! So far he had insisted on himself going with Hester to Paris, because of his haunting feeling of responsibility towards the girl, and his resolve to see with his own eyes the household in which he was placing her. But suppose he made excuses? The burden of work upon him was excuse enough for any man. Suppose he sent Alice in his stead, and so contrived as to keep her in or near Paris for a while? Then Edith Fox-Wilson would, of course, have the forwarding of her sister's correspondence, and might, it seemed to him, take the responsibility of intercepting whatever might inform or alarm her.

Not much prospect of doing so indefinitely! That he plainly saw. But to gain time was an immense thing — to prevent her from at once taking quixotic steps. He knew that in health and nerve she had never been the same since the episode of Judith's return and death. She seemed suddenly to have faded and drooped, as if poisoned by some constant terror.

He stood lost in thought a little longer by his writing-table. Then his hand felt slowly for a parcel in brown paper that lay there.

He drew it towards him and undid the wrappings. Inside it was a little volume of recent poems of which he had spoken to Mary Elsmere on their moonlit walk through the park. He had promised to lend her his copy, and he meant to have left it at the cottage that afternoon. Now he lingeringly removed the brown paper and, walking to the book-case, he replaced the volume.

He sat down to write to Alice Puttenham, and to scribble a note to Lady Fox-Wilson asking her to see him as soon as possible. He had scarcely finished the two letters when a step outside made itself heard. He looked up and saw Hugh Flaxman.

"Come in!" said the Rector, opening the front door himself. "You are very welcome."

Flaxman grasped — and pressed — the proffered hand, looking at Meynell the while with hesitating interrogation. He guessed from the Rector's face that the errand on which he came had been anticipated.

Meynell led him into the study and shut the door.

"I have just had Barron here," he said, turning abruptly, after he had pushed a chair towards his guest. "He told me he had shown one of these precious documents to you." He held up the anonymous letter.

Flaxman took it, glanced it over in silence, and returned it.

"I can only forgive him for doing it when I reflect that I may thereby — perhaps — be enabled to be of some little use to you. Barron knows what I think of him, and of the business."

"Oh! for him it is a weapon — like any other. Though, to do him justice, he might not have used it but for the other mysterious person in the case — the writer of these letters. You know" — he straightened himself vehemently — "that I can say nothing — except that the story is untrue?"

"And of course I shall ask you nothing. I have spent twenty-four hours in arguing with myself as to whether I should come to you at all. Finally I decided you might blame me if I did not. You may not be aware of the letter to my sister-in-law?"

Meynell's start was evident.

"To Mrs. Elsmere?"

"She brought it to us on Friday, before the party. It was, I think, identical with this letter" — he pointed to the Dawes envelope — "except for a few references to the part Mrs. Elsmere had played in helping the families of those poor fellows who were killed in the cage accident."

"And Miss Elsmere?" said Meynell, in a tone that wavered in spite of himself. He sat with his head bent and his eyes on the floor.

"Knows, of course, nothing whatever about it," said Flaxman hastily. "Now will you give us your orders? A strong denial of the truth of the story and a refusal to discuss it at all — with any one. That, I think, is what you wish?"

Meynell assented.

"In the village I shall deal with it at the Reform meeting on Thursday night." Then he rose. "Are you going to Forked Pond?"

"I was on my way there."

"I will go with you. If Mrs. Elsmere is free, I should like to have some conversation with her."

They started together through a dripping world on which the skies had but just ceased to

rain. On his way through the park, Meynell took off his hat and walked bare-headed through the mist, evidently feeling it a physical relief to let the chill, moist air beat freely on brow and temples. Flaxman could not help watching him occasionally — the forehead with its deep vertical furrow, the rugged face, stamped and lined everywhere by travail of mind and body, and the nobility of the large grizzled head. In the voluminous cloak — of antiquity against which Ann protested in vain — which was his favourite garb on wet days, he might have been a friar of the early time, bound on a preaching tour. The spiritual, evangelic note in the personality became — so Flaxman thought — ever more conspicuous. And yet he walked to-day in very evident trouble — without, however, allowing to this trouble any spoken expression whatever.

As they neared the Forkèd Pond enclosure, Meynell suddenly paused.

"I had forgotten; I must go first to Sandford — where, indeed, I am expected."

"Sandford? I trust there is no fresh anxiety?"

"There *is* anxiety," said Meynell briefly.

Flaxman expressed an unfeigned sympathy.

"What is Miss Hester doing to-day?"

"Packing, I hope. She goes to-morrow."

"And you — are going to interview this fellow?" asked Flaxman reluctantly.

"I have done it already — and must now do it again. This time I am going to threaten."

"With anything to go upon?"

"Yes; I hope at last to be able to get some grip on him, though no doubt my chances are not improved since yesterday," said Meynell, with a grim shadow of a smile, "supposing that anybody from Upcote has been gossipping at Sandford. It does not exactly add to one's moral influence to be regarded as a Pharisaical humbug."

"I wish I could take the business off your shoulders!" said Flaxman heartily.

Meynell gave him a slight, grateful look. They walked on briskly to the highroad, Flaxman accompanying his friend so far. There they parted, and Hugh returned slowly to the cottage by the water, Meynell promising to join him there within an hour.

XVI

In the little drawing-room at Forkèd Pond Catherine and Mary Elsmere were sitting at work. Mary was embroidering a curtain in a flowing Venetian pattern — with a handful of withered leaves lying beside her to which she occasionally matched her silks. Catherine was knitting. Outside the rain was howling through the trees; the windows streamed with it. But within the bright wood fire threw a pleasant glow over the simple room and the figures of the two ladies. Mary's trim jacket and skirt of prune-coloured serge, with its white blouse fitting daintily to throat and wrist, seemed by its neatness to emphasise the rebellious masses and the rare colour of her hair. She knew that her hair was beautiful, and it gave her a pleasure she could not help; though she belonged to that type of Englishwoman, not yet nearly so uncommon as modern newspapers and books would have us believe, who think as little as they can of personal adornment and their own appearance, in the interests of some hidden ideal that "haunts them like a passion" — of which even the most innocent vanity seems to make them unworthy.

In these feelings and instincts she was, of course, her mother's daughter. Catherine Elsmere's black dress of some plain woollen stuff could not have been plainer, and she wore the straight collar and cuffs and — on her nearly white hair — the simple cap of her widowhood. But the spiritual beauty that had always been hers was hers still. One might guess that she, too, knew it; that in her efforts to save persons in sin or suffering she must have known what it was worth to her — what the gift of lovely line and presence is worth to any human being. But, if she had been made to feel this,— passingly, involuntarily,— she had certainly shrunk from feeling it.

Mary put her embroidery away, made up the fire, and sat down on a stool at her mother's feet.

"Darling, how many socks have you knitted since we came here? Enough to stock a shop?"

"On the contrary, I have been very idle," laughed Catherine, putting her knitting away. "How long is it? Four months?" she sighed.

"It *has* done you good? Yes, it has!" Mary looked at her closely.

"Then why don't you let me go back to my work? — tyrant!" said Catherine, stroking the red-gold hair.

"Because the doctor said 'March'— and you sha'n't be allowed to put your feet in London a day earlier," said Mary, laying her head on Catherine's knee. "You needn't grumble. Next week you'll have your fells and your becks — as much Westmoreland as ever you want. Only ten days more here." And this time it was Mary who sighed, deeply, unconsciously.

The face above her changed — unseen by Mary.

"You've liked being here?"

"Yes — very much."

"It's a dear little house — and the woods are beautiful."

"Yes. And — I've made a new friend."

"You like Miss Puttenham so much?"

"More than anybody I have seen for years," said Mary, raising herself and speaking with energy. "But — oh, dear! I wish I could do something for her!"

Catherine moved uneasily.

"Do what?"

"Comfort her — help her — make her tell me what's the matter."

"You think she's unhappy?"

Mary propped her chin on her hand and looked into the fire.

"I wonder whether she's ever had any real joy! A week's — a day's — happiness — in her life?"

She said it musingly but intensely. Catherine did not know how to answer her. All the day long and a good part of the night she had been debating with herself what to do — towards Mary. Mary was no longer a child; she was a woman of nearly six-and-twenty, strong in character, and accustomed of late to go with her mother into many of the dark places of London life. The betrayal — which could not be hidden from her — of a young servant-girl in their employ the year before, and the fierce tenderness with which Mary had thrown herself into the saving of the girl and her child, had brought about — Catherine knew it — a great deepening and overshadowing of her youth. Catherine had in some ways regretted it bitterly; for she belonged to that older generation which believed — and were amply justified in believing — that it is well for the young to be ignorant, so long as they can be ignorant, of the ugly and tragic things of sex. It was not that her Mary seemed to her in the smallest degree besmirched by the experience she had passed through, that any bloom had been shaken from the flower. Far from it. It was rather that some touch of careless joy was gone for ever from her child's life; and how that may hurt a mother only those know who have wept in secret hours over the first ebbing of youth in a young face.

So that she received Mary's outburst in silence. It touched and shook her. But she said to herself that she could have no right to reveal Alice Puttenham's secret, even to Mary. That cruel tongues should at that moment be making free with it burnt like a constant smart in Catherine's mind. Was the poor thing herself aware of it? Could it be kept from her? If not, Mary must know — would know — sooner or later. "But for me to tell her," thought Catherine firmly, "would not be right — or just. Besides, I know nothing — directly."

As to the other and profounder difficulty involved, Catherine wavered perpetually between two poles of feeling. Owing to a mysterious experience of her own of which she had not yet spoken to Mary, her resistance to Meynell's influence with Mary had strangely broken down. Her inner will had given way. She saw with painful clearness what was coming; she was blind to none of the signs of advancing love; and she felt herself powerless. An intimation had been given her — so it seemed to her — to which she submitted. Her submission cost her tears often, at night when there was no one to see. And yet it had brought her also a strange happiness — like all such yieldings of soul.

But if she had yielded, if there was in her a reluctant practical certainty that Mary would some day be Meynell's wife, then her conscience — which was that of a woman who had passionately loved her husband — began to ask, "Ought she not to be standing by him in this trouble? If we keep it all from her, and he suffers and perhaps breaks down, when she might have sustained him, will she not reproach us? Should I not have bitterly reproached any one who had kept me from helping Robert in such a case?"

A state of mind, it will be seen, into which there entered not a trace of ordinary calculations. It did not occur to her that Mary might be injured in the world's eyes by publicly linking herself with a man under a cloud. Catherine, whose temptation to "scruple" in the religious sense was constant and tormenting, who recoiled in horror from what to others were the merest venial offences, in this connection asked one thing only. Where Barron had argued that an unbeliever must necessarily have a carnal mind, Catherine had simply assured herself at once by an unfailing instinct that the mind was noble and the temper pure. In those matters she was not to be deceived; she knew.

That being so, and if her own passionate objections to the marriage were to be put aside, then she could only judge for Mary as she would judge for herself. *Not* to love, *not* to comfort — could there be, for love, any greater wound, any greater privation? She shrank, in a kind of terror, from inflicting it on Mary — Mary, unconscious and unknowing. . . .

The soft chatter of the fire, the plashing of the rain, filled the room with the atmosphere of reverie. Catherine's thoughts passed from her obligations towards Mary to grapple anxiously with those she might be under towards Meynell himself. The mere possession of the anonymous letter — and Flaxman had not given her leave to destroy it — weighed upon her conscience. It seemed to her that she ought not to

possess it; and she had been only half convinced by Flaxman's arguments for delay. She was rapidly coming to the belief that it should have been handed instantly to the Rector.

A step outside.

"Uncle Hugh!" said Mary, springing up. "He must stay to lunch. But — is there anything to eat?" And she vanished into the kitchen, while Catherine admitted her brother-in-law.

"Meynell is to join me here in an hour or so," he said, as he followed her into the little sitting-room. Catherine closed the door, and looked at him anxiously. He lowered his voice.

"Barron called on him this morning — had only just gone when I arrived. Meynell has seen the letter to Dawes. I informed him of the letter to you, and I think he would like to have some talk with you."

Catherine's face showed her relief.

"Oh, I am glad — I am *glad* he knows!" she said, with emphasis. "We were wrong to delay."

"He told me nothing — and I asked nothing. But, of course, what the situation implies is unfortunately clear enough! No need to talk of it. He won't and he can't vindicate himself, except by a simple denial. At any ordinary time that would be enough. But now, with all the hot feeling there is on the other subject, and the natural desire to discredit him —" Flaxman shrugged his shoulders despondently. "Rose's maid — you know the dear old thing she is — came to her last night in utter distress about the talk in the village. There was a journalist here, a reporter from one of the papers that have been opposing Meynell most actively ——"

"They are quite right to oppose him," interrupted Catherine quickly. Her face had stiffened.

"Perfectly! But you see the temptation?"

Catherine admitted it. She stood by the window, looking out into the rain. And as she did so she became aware of a figure, the slight figure of a woman, walking fast towards the cottage along the narrow grass causeway that ran between the two ponds. On either side of the woman the autumn trees swayed and bent under the rising storm, and every now and then a mist of scudding leaves almost effaced her. She seemed to be breathlessly struggling with the wind as she sped onwards, and in her whole aspect there was an indescribable forlornness and terror.

Catherine peered into the rain.

"Hugh!" She turned swiftly to her brother-in-law. "There is some one coming to see me. Will you go?"— she pointed to the garden door on the farther side of the drawing-room —"and will you take Mary? Go round to the back. You know the old summer house at the end of the wood walk. We have often sheltered there from rain. Or there's the keeper's cottage a little farther on. I know Mary wanted to go there this afternoon. Please, dear Hugh!"

He looked at her in astonishment. Then through the large French window he too saw the advancing form. In an instant he had disappeared by the garden door. Catherine went into the hall, opened the door of the kitchen, and beckoned to Mary, who was standing there with their little maid. "Don't come back just yet, darling!" she said in her ear. "Get your things on and go with Uncle Hugh. I want to be alone."

Mary stepped back bewildered, and Catherine shut her in. Then she went back to the hall just as a bell rang faintly.

"Is Mrs. Elsmere ——"

Then, as the visitor saw Catherine herself standing in the open doorway, she said with broken breath:

"Can I come in? Can I see you?"

Catherine drew her in.

"Dear Miss Puttenham, how tired you are — and how wet! Let me take the cloak off."

And as she drew off the soaked waterproof Catherine felt the trembling of the slight frame beneath.

"Come and sit by the fire," she said tenderly.

Alice sank into the chair that was offered her — her eyes fixed on Catherine. Every feature in the delicate oval face was pinched and drawn. The struggle with wild weather had drained the lips and the cheeks of colour, and her brown hair under the serge cap fell limply about her small ears and neck. She was an image not so much of grief as of some unendurable distress.

Catherine began to chafe her hands; but Alice stopped her.

"I am not cold — oh, no, I'm not cold. Dear Mrs. Elsmere! — you must think it so strange of me to come to you in this way. But I am in trouble — such great trouble — and I don't know what to do. Then I thought I'd come to you. You — you always seem to me so kind. You won't despise — or repulse me — I know you won't!"

Her voice sank to a whisper. Catherine took the two icy hands in her warm grasp.

"Tell me if there is anything I can do to help you."

"I — I want to tell you. You may be angry — because I've been Mary's friend — when I'd no right. I'm not what you think. I — I have a secret — or — I had. And now it's

discovered — and I don't know what I shall do — it's so awful — so awful!"

Her head dropped on the chair behind her, and her eyes closed. Catherine, kneeling beside her, bent forward and kissed her.

"Won't you tell me?" she said gently.

Alice was silent a moment. Then she suddenly opened her eyes — and spoke in a whisper:

"I — I was never married. But Hester Fox-Wilson's — my child!"

The tears came streaming from her eyes. They stood in Catherine's.

"You poor thing!" said Catherine brokenly; and, raising one of the cold hands, she pressed it to her lips.

But Alice raised herself.

"You knew!" she said. "You knew!" And her eyes, full of fear, stared into Catherine's. Then, as Catherine did not speak immediately, she went on, with growing agitation: "You've heard — what everybody's saying? Oh, I don't know how I can face it! I often thought it would come — sometime. And ever since that woman — since Judith — came home — it's been a nightmare. For I felt certain she'd come home because she was angry with us — and that she'd said something — before she died. Then nothing happened — and I've tried to think — lately — it was all right. But last night ——"

She paused for self-control. Catherine was alarmed by her state — by its anguish, its excitement. It required an effort of her whole being before the sufferer could recover voice and breath, before she hurried on, holding Catherine's hands and looking piteously into her face:

"Last night a woman came to see me — an old servant of mine who's nursed me sometimes, when I've been ill. She loves me — she's good to me. And she came to tell me what people were saying in the village — how there were letters going round about me — and Hester; how everybody knew — and they were talking in the public houses. She thought I ought to know. She cried — and wanted me to deny it. And of course I denied it,— I was fierce to her, — but it's true."

She paused a moment, her pale lips moving soundlessly, unconsciously.

"I — I'll tell you about that presently. But the awful thing was — she said people were saying — that the Rector — that Mr. Meynell — was Hester's father — and Judith Sabin had told Mr. Barron so before her death. And they declared the Bishop would make him resign — and give up his living. It would be such a scandal, she said — it might even break up the League. And it would ruin Mr. Meynell, so people thought. Of course there were many people who were angry — who didn't believe a word. But this woman who told me was astonished that so many *did* believe. . . . So then I thought all night — what I should do. And this morning I went to Edith, my sister, and told her. And she went into hysterics and said she always knew I should bring disgrace on them in the end — and her life had been a burden to her for eighteen years — oh, that she says to me so often! But the strange thing was, she wanted to make me promise I would say nothing — not a word. We were to go abroad, and the thing would die away; and then ——"

She withdrew her hands from Catherine's, and, rising to her feet, she pressed the damp hair back from her face and began to pace the room — unconsciously, still talking:

"I asked her what was to happen about Richard — about the Rector. I said he must bring an action and I would give evidence — it must all come out. And then she fell upon me, and said I was an ungrateful wretch. My sin had spoilt her life — and Ralph's. They had done all they could — and now the publicity — if I insisted — would disgrace them all, and ruin the girls' chances of marrying, and I don't know what besides. But if I held my tongue it would be forgotten — and nobody out of Upcote need ever hear of it. People would never believe such a thing of Richard Meynell. Of course he would deny it — and of course his word would be taken. But to bring out the whole story in a law-court ——"

She paused beside Catherine, wringing her hands, gathering up, as it were, her whole strength to pour it — slowly, deliberately — into the words that followed:

"But I — will run no risk of ruining Richard Meynell! As for me — what does it matter what happens to me? And darling Hester! We could keep it from her — we would! She and I could live abroad. And I don't see how it could disgrace Edith and the girls — people would only say she and Ralph had been very good to me. But Richard Meynell! With these trials coming on — and all the excitement about him — people will be wild to believe it! They won't care how absurd it is, they'll want to *crush* him! And he — he'll *never* say a word for himself — to explain — never! Because he couldn't without telling all my story. And that — do you suppose Richard Meynell would ever do *that?* — to any poor human soul that had trusted him?"

The colour had rushed back into her cheeks. She held herself erect, transfigured by the emotion that possessed her. Catherine looked at her in doubt — trouble — amazement. And then her pure sense divined something — dimly

— of what the full history of this soul had been — and her heart melted. She put out her hands and drew the speaker down again into the seat beside her.

"I think you'll have to let him decide that for you. He's a strong man — and a wise man. He'll judge what's right. And I ought to warn you that he'll be here probably — very soon. He wanted to see me."

Alice opened her startled eyes.

"About this? To see you? I don't understand."

"I had one of these letters — these wicked letters —" said Catherine reluctantly.

Alice shrank and trembled. "It's terrible!" Her voice was scarcely to be heard. "Who is it hates me so? — or Richard?"

There was silence a moment. And, in the pause, the stress and tumult of nature without, the beating of the wind and the plashing of the rain, seemed to be rushing headlong through the little room. But neither Catherine nor Alice was aware of it, except in so far as it played obscurely on Alice's tortured nerves, fevering and goading them the more. Catherine's gaze was bent on her companion; her mind was full of projects of help, which were also prayers — a moment in that ceaseless dialogue with a Greater than itself which makes the life of the Christian. And it was as if by some secret influence that her prayers made themselves felt by Alice; for presently she turned, in order that she might look straight into the face beside her.

"I'd like to tell you —" she said faintly — "oh, I'd like to tell you!"

"Tell me anything you will."

"It was when I was so young — just eighteen — like Hester. Oh, but you don't know about Neville — no one does now. People seem all to have forgotten him. But he came into his property here, the Abbey,— the old Abbey,— just when I was growing up. I saw him here first — but only once or twice. Then we met in Scotland. I was staying at a house near his shooting. And we fell in love. Oh, I knew he was married! — I can never say that I didn't know even at the beginning. But his wife was so cruel to him — he was very unhappy. She couldn't understand him — or make allowances for him. She despised him, and wouldn't live with him. He was miserable — and so was I. My father and mother were dead; I had to live with Ralph and Edith — and they always made me feel that I was in their way. It wasn't their fault! — I *was* in the way. And then Neville came. He was so handsome, and so clever — so winning and dear — he could do everything. I was staying with some old cousins in Ross-shire, who used to ask me now and then. There were no young people in the house. My cousins were quite kind to me, but I spent a great deal of time alone; and Neville and I got into a way of meeting — in lonely places — on the moors. No one found out. He taught me everything I ever knew, almost. He gave me books — and read to me. He was sorry for me. And at last — he loved me! And we never looked ahead. Then — in one week — everything happened together. I had to go home. He talked of going to Sandford, and implored me still to meet him. And I thought how Ralph and Edith would watch us, and spy upon us, and I implored him never to go to Sandford when I was at Upcote. We must meet at other places. And he agreed. Then the day came for me to go south. I traveled by myself — and he drove twenty miles to a junction station and joined me. Then we traveled all day together."

Her voice failed her. She pressed her thin hands together under the onset of memory and that old conquered anguish which, in spite of all the life that had been lived since, still smouldered amid the roots of being.

"I may tell you?" she said at last, with a piteous look.

Catherine bent over her.

"Anything that will help you. Only remember I don't ask or expect you to say anything."

"I ought," said Alice miserably —"I ought — because of Mary."

Catherine was silent. She only pressed the hand she held. Alice resumed:

"It was a day that decided all my life. We were so wretched. We thought we could never meet again — it seemed as though we were both — with every station we passed — coming nearer to something like death — something worse than death. Then, before we got to Euston, I couldn't bear it. I — I gave way. We sent a telegram from Euston to Edith that I was going to stay with a school friend in Cornwall — and that night we crossed to Paris."

She covered her face with her hands a moment; then went on more calmly:

"You'll guess all the rest. I was a fortnight with him in Paris. Then I went home. In a few weeks Edith guessed — and so did Judith Sabin, who was Edith's maid. Edith made me tell her everything. She and Ralph were nearly beside themselves. They were very strict in those days; Ralph was a great Evangelical and used to speak at the May meetings. All his party looked up to him so — and consulted him. It was a fearful blow to him. But Edith thought of what to do — and she made him agree. We went abroad, she and I — with Judith. It was given out that Edith was delicate and must

have a year away. We stopped about in little mountain places — and Hester was born at Grenoble. And then, for the last and only time, they let Neville come to see me."

Her voice sank. She could go on only in a whisper:

"Three weeks later he was drowned on the Donegal coast. It was called an accident — but it wasn't. He had hoped and hoped to get a divorce — and make amends. And when Lady Flood's — his wife's — final letter came, he just took his boat out in a storm, and never came back ——"

The story lost itself in a long, sobbing sigh that came from the depths of life. When she spoke again it was with more strength:

"But he had written the night before to Richard — Richard Meynell. You know he was the Rector's uncle, though he was only seven years older? I had never seen Richard then. But I had often heard of him from Neville. Neville had taken a great fancy to him a year or two before, when Richard was still at college and Neville was in the Guards. They used to talk of religion and philosophy. Neville was a great reader always — and they became great friends. So on his last night he wrote to Richard, telling him everything, and asking him to be kind to me — and Hester. And Richard — who had just been appointed to the living here — came out to the Riviera, and brought me the letter — and the little book that was in his pocket — when they found him. So you see ——"

She spoke with fluttering colour and voice, as if to find words at all were a matter of infinite difficulty.

"—— you see, that was how Richard came to take an interest in us — in Hester and me; how he came to be the friend, too, of Ralph and Edith. Poor Ralph! Ralph was often hard to me, but he meant kindly — he would never have got through at all but for Richard. If Richard was away for a week he used to fret. That was eighteen years ago. And I, too, should never have had any peace — any comfort in life again — but for Richard. He found somebody to live with me abroad for those first years, and then, when I came back to Upcote, he made Ralph and Edith consent to my living in that little house by myself — with my chaperon. He would have preferred — indeed, he urged it — that I should go on living abroad. But there was Hester! And I knew by that time that none of them had the least bit of love for her. She was a burden to them all. I couldn't leave her to them — I *couldn't!* Oh, they were terrible, those years!" And again she caught Catherine's hands and held them tight. "You see, I was so young — still in the twenties — and nobody suspected anything. Nobody in the world knew anything — except Judith Sabin, who was in America, and *she* never knew who Hester's father was — and my own people — and Richard! Richard taught me how to bear it — oh, not in words — for he never preached to me — but by his life. I couldn't have lived at all — but for him. And now you see — you see — how I am paying him back!"

And again, as the rush of emotion came upon her, she threw herself into a wild pleading, as if the grey-haired woman beside her were thwarting and opposing her.

"How can I let my story — my wretched story — ruin his life — and all his work? I can't — I can't! I came to you because you won't look at it as Edith does. You'll think of what's right — right to others. Last night I thought one must die of — misery. I suppose people would call it shame. It seemed to me I heard what they were all saying in the village — how they were gloating over it — after all these years. It seemed to strip one of all self-respect — all decency. And to-day I don't care about that! I care only that Richard shouldn't suffer because of what he did for me — and because of me. Oh, do help me, do advise me! Your look — your manner — have often made me want to come and tell you"— her voice was broken now with stifled sobs —"like a child — a child. Dear Mrs. Elsmere! — what ought I to do?"

And she raised imploring eyes to the face beside her, so finely worn with living and with human service.

"You must think first of Hester," said Catherine, with gentle steadiness, putting her arm round the bent shoulders. "I am sure the Rector would tell you that. She is your first, your most sacred duty."

Alice Puttenham shivered as if something in Catherine's tender voice reproached her.

"Oh, I know — my poor Hester! My life has set hers all wrong. Wouldn't it have been better to face it all from the beginning — to tell the truth — wouldn't it?" She asked it piteously.

"It might have been. But the other way was chosen — and now to undo it — publicly — affects not you only — but Hester. It mayn't be possible — it mayn't be right."

"I must! — I must!" said Alice impetuously; and, rising to her feet, she began to pace the room again with wild steps, her hands behind her, her slender form drawn tensely to its height.

At that moment Catherine became aware of some one standing in the porch just beyond the drawing-room of the tiny cottage.

"This may be Mr. Meynell." She rose to admit him.

Alice stood expectant. Her outward agitation disappeared. Some murmured conversation passed between the two persons in the little hall. Then Catherine came in again, followed by Meynell, who closed the door and stood looking sadly at the pale woman confronting him.

"So they haven't spared even you?" he said at last, in a voice bitterly subdued. "But don't be too unhappy. It wants courage and wisdom on our part; but it will all pass away."

He quietly pushed a chair towards Alice, and then took off his dripping cloak, carried it into the passage outside, and returned.

"Don't go, Mrs. Elsmere," he said, as he perceived Catherine's uncertainty. "Stay and help us, if you will."

Catherine submitted. She took her accustomed seat by the fire; Alice, or the ghost of Alice, sat opposite to her in Mary's chair, surrounded by Mary's embroidery things; and Meynell was between them.

He looked from one to the other, and there was something in his aspect that restrained Alice's agitation and answered at once to some high expectation in Catherine.

"I know, Mrs. Elsmere, that you have received one of the anonymous letters that are being circulated in this neighbourhood, and I presume also — from what I see — that Miss Puttenham has given you her confidence. We must think calmly what is best to do. Now — the first person who must be in all our minds — is Hester."

He bent forward, looking into Alice's face — without visible emotion — rather, with the air of peremptory common sense that had so often helped her through the difficulties of her life.

She sat drooping, her head on her hand, making no sign.

"Let us remember these facts," he resumed. "Hester is in a critical state of life and mind. She imagines herself to be in love with my cousin Philip Meryon, a worthless man without an ounce of conscience where women are concerned, who, in my strong belief, is already married under the ambiguities of Scotch law; though his wife — if she is his wife — left him some years ago, detests him, and has never been acknowledged. I have convinced him at last — this morning — that I mean to bring this home to him. But that does not dispose of the thing — finally. Hester is in danger — in danger from herself. She is at war with her family — with the world. She believes nobody loves her,— that she is and always has been a pariah at home,— and, with her temperament, she is in a mood for desperate things. Tell her now that she is illegitimate — let your sister Edith go talking to her about 'disgrace'— and there is no saying what will happen. She will say, and think, that she has no responsibilities — and may do what she pleases. This man — this villain — has been lending her some of these modern books that preach 'freedom' in sex matters. There is no saying what she might do. We might have a tragedy that none of us could prevent."

Alice lifted her head.

"I could go away with her," she said imploringly. "I could watch over her day and night. But let me put this thing straight now publicly. Indeed — indeed, it is time!"

"You mean, you want me to bring an action. In that case, you would have to return to give evidence."

"Yes — for a short time. But that could be managed. She should never see the English papers — I could promise that."

"And what is to prevent Philip Meryon telling her? At present he is entirely ignorant of her parentage. I have convinced myself of that this morning. He has no dealings with the people here, nor they with him. What has been happening here has not reached him. And he is off to-night. We must, of course, always take the risk of his knowing, and of his telling her. A libel action would convert that risk into a certainty. Would it not simply forward whatever designs he may have on her — for I do not believe for a moment he will abandon them; it will be a duel, rather, between him and us — would it not actually forward his designs — to tell her?"

Alice did not reply. She sat wringing her delicate hands in a silent desperation; while Catherine opposite was lost in the bewilderment of the situation — the insistence of the woman, the refusal of the man.

"My advice is this," continued Meynell, still addressing Alice; "that you should take her to Paris to-morrow in my stead, and should stay near her for some months. Lady Fox-Wilson, whom I have just seen — she overtook me driving on the Markborough road half an hour ago, and we had some conversation — talks of taking a house at Tours for a year — an excellent thing for them all. We don't want her on the spot any longer — we don't want any of them!" said the Rector, dismissing the Fox-Wilson family with an emphatic gesture that probably represented what he had gone through in the interview with Edith.

"In that way the thing will soon die down. There will be nobody here — nobody within reach — for the scoundrel who is writing these letters to attack — except, of course, myself — and I shall know how to deal with it. He will probably tire of the amusement. Other people will be ashamed of having read the letters and

believed them. I even dare to hope that Mr. Barron — in time — may be ashamed."

Alice looked at him in tremulous despair.

"Nobody to attack!" she said. "Nobody to attack! And you, Richard — *you?*"

A dry smile flickered on his face.

"Leave that to me; I assure you, you may leave it to me."

"Richard!" said Alice imploringly. "Just think! I know what you say is very important — very true. But for me personally —" she looked round the room with wandering eyes; then found a sudden passionate gesture, pressing back the hair from her brow with both hands — "for me personally — to tell the truth, to face the truth, would be relief — infinite relief! It would kill the fear in which I have lived all these years — kill it for ever. It would be better for all of us if we had told the truth — from the beginning. And as for Hester — she must know — you say yourself she must know before long — when she is of age — when she marries ——"

Meynell's face took an unconscious hardness.

"Forgive me! The matter must be left to me. The only person who could reasonably take legal action would be myself — and I shall not take it. I beg you, be advised by me." He bent forward again. "My dear friend!"— and now he spoke with emotion —"in your generous consideration for me, you do not know what you are proposing — what an action in the courts would mean, especially at this moment. Think of the party spirit that would be brought into it — the venom, the prejudice, the base insinuations. No!— believe me, that is out of the question — for your sake — and Hester's."

"And your work! — your influence!"

"If they suffer — they must suffer. But do not imagine that I shall not defend myself — and you — you above all — from calumny and lies. Of course I shall — in my own way."

There was silence—a dismal silence. At the end of it Meynell stretched out his hand to Alice, with a smile. She placed her own in it, slowly, with a look that filled Catherine's eyes once more with tears.

"Trust me!" said Meynell, as he pressed the hand. "Indeed, you may." Then he turned to Catherine Elsmere.

"I think Mrs. Elsmere is with me — that she approves?"

"With one reservation." The words came gravely, after a moment's doubt.

His eyes asked her to be frank.

"I think it would be possible — I think it would be just — if Miss Puttenham were to empower you to go to your Bishop. He, too, has rights!" said Catherine, her clear skin reddening.

Meynell paused; then spoke with hesitation.

"Yes, that I possibly might do — if you permit me?" He turned again to Alice.

"Go to him — go to him at once!" she said, with a sob she could not repress.

Another silence. Then Meynell walked to the window and looked at the weather.

"It is not raining so fast," he said in his cheerful voice. "Oughtn't you to be going home — getting ready and arranging with Hester? It's an awful business, going abroad."

Alice rose silently. Catherine went into the kitchen to fetch the waterproof that had been drying.

Alice and Meynell were left alone.

She looked up.

"It is so hard to be hated!" she said passionately —"to see you hated. It seems to burn one's heart — the coarse and horrible things that are being said ——"

He frowned and fidgetted — till the thought within forced its way:

"Christ was hated. Yet directly the least touch of it comes to us we rebel — we cry out against God."

"It is because we are so weak — we are not Christ!" She covered her face with her hands.

"No; but we are his followers — if the Life that was in him is in us too —'*Life that in me has rest — as I — undying Life — have power in Thee!*'" He fell, murmuring, into lines that had evidently been in his thoughts, smiling upon her.

Then Catherine returned. Alice was warmly wrapped up, and Catherine took her to the door, leaving Meynell in the sitting-room.

"We will come and help you this evening — Mary and I," she said tenderly, as they stood together in the little passage.

"Mary?" Alice looked at her in a trembling uncertainty.

"Mary — of course."

Alice thought a moment, and then said with a low intensity, a force to which Catherine had no clue: "I want you — to tell her. Will you?"

Catherine kissed her cheek in silence, and they parted.

Catherine went slowly back to the little sitting-room. Meynell was standing abstracted before the fire, his hands clasped in front of him, his head bent. Catherine approached him — drawing quick breath.

"Mr. Meynell — what shall I do — what do you wish me to do or say — with regard to my daughter?"

He turned — pale with amazement.

And so began what one may call — perhaps — the most romantic action of a noble life!

TO BE CONTINUED

The Wolf

by M. Gauss

Author of "Before the Railroad," etc.

Illustrations by Howard Giles

"THE wolf," said the preacher, "is a lover of lonely places; whether he be the brute of our prairies and cañons, or that other which trails the poor of the big towns in the loneliness of the crowd." He had finished the first part of his Thanksgiving sermon, and was preparing for his appeal in behalf of the poor.

In one of the pews a rich man sat up and began to listen intently. He was a good man, and so old that he had no business except benevolence. On his silky white head were dancing red, blue, and golden lights, for the sunshine of the outer world filtered through a priceless window that was sacred to the memory of his only daughter; so it was, no doubt, with all the light of this world for him and for the plain old woman at his side.

Old women, unlike old men, cannot be occupied solely with benevolence. This woman looked at the window, which showed Jesus raising the daughter of Jairus; put her large plain handkerchief to her eyes; and finally turned, to see a young girl at the other end of the pew. The benevolent old man had given orders to the ushers that there should always be strangers in his pew.

This was a slender girl with a great many puffs and curls; for it was a season or two ago, when false hair was so much worn — before the newspapers said that it was made of the queues of dead Chinese criminals. At this coiffure she poked now and then with a small hand that was pretty in spite of its thinness and its load of cheap rings. She wore a natty black skirt, a smart shirtwaist of black cotton-back satin, and very small Oxford ties that showed embroidered stockings. When the ushers let in a breath of the fresh autumn air, she shivered and her lips became bluish; then a sudden draught flattened her shirtwaist sleeves against her arms, revealing that she wore no winter underclothing beneath. A glance at her then might have caused a shrewd person to reflect.

But, as it chanced, nobody was looking. The old woman had decided that, after all, the stranger did not greatly resemble her daughter, and her eyes were straying over the neighboring pews, dwelling on the faces of the young girls. The old gentleman was absorbed in what the preacher had to say about organized charity.

The strange young girl heard none of this sermon. She had come here to keep warm, to see and smell the costly chrysanthemums, to hear the soprano, and especially to look at the hats and gowns. For this was usually called "Millionaires' Church," though its name, on the books of the denomination, was "Trinity."

By and by the service was finished. The girl cowered a minute or two over some heat-pipes in the vestibule, and then went out.

By this time it was one o'clock. In this seaside town evening began when the salt wind rose. The sun was pleasant now, but in a couple of hours the weather would be raw and chilly. The girl went down the prosperous avenue and

through the park, keeping to the sunny side; then she turned into a somewhat grimy street and approached her lodging-house. She had lived here for several weeks, ever since she had stopped boarding at the Christian Home for Working-Girls.

It was an old house, once the home of a well-known citizen. Step by step it had come down in the world until it now displayed frankly the yellow sign: "Furnished Rooms for Light Housekeeping." Inside it was rather dark, and it had a peculiar odor compounded of gasolene, perfume, fried meat and cabbage, disinfectants and tobacco. It swarmed with clairvoyants, lady peddlers, and people who were out of work; and there was a landlady with blondined hair, who moved about its halls in a very dirty red kimono.

The girl climbed two flights of stairs, let herself into her own room, and began to pack her worldly all into a suit-case. There was nothing of value. The clothes that she wore were by far her best — bought four months before, when she left her home in Kansas City, Missouri, to come West. She had made the hat herself out of a worn-out satin skirt, a piece of plaid silk, and a "wing." She could have made pretty hats for other people, for she knew her trade well; but it chanced that none of the millinery houses in this Western city stood in need of another trimmer.

She ate what she could of the food that remained in her cupboard, put a few soda crackers and macaroons into a corner of her suit-case, and sat down to count the silver that was left in her black leather purse.

It was a pretty, stylish purse, with the initial *M* on it in silver. She and her father had united their resources to present it to her mother on the last birthday that she had spent on earth. There was still a card inside on which was written: "*With love from Daddy and Lucile.*" And in one pocket was a little foreign-missionary envelop with twenty cents inside and a name penciled on it in a familiar hand. Lucile cried over the writing a little, washing the powder away in a circle about her eyes.

It was almost exactly a year since her mother had died, and about four months since her father had married again. He had married a widow who kept boarders. Lucile disliked her exceedingly, and so she had come away by herself.

She had been a working-girl since she was fifteen, but she had always lived at home. When she returned from the store on a winter's evening, she had been sure of finding some favorite dish for supper. "When a girl works all day," her mother would remark, as she dished out the oyster stew, "she needs comfort in her home." Her mother would tuck her into bed at night, and before Lucile was up in the morning would tiptoe in and turn on the heat, letting her lie still until there was just time to get to the store in comfort. Her stockings had always been mended, her shirtwaists kept crisp and fresh, ironed by willing hands. And she had taken all these things for granted, and had never known how much they meant, and never guessed that she was perhaps very selfish and spoiled!

Being weak and sad, she cried a little now over the past. Then she had to wait in her room until the redness left her eyes.

She could hear the sea wind now. She put her hand inside her satin waist, forgetting that she had sold her watch long before. But she knew that it must be late in the afternoon. Picking up her suit-case, she carried the key of her room to the landlady — then went out into the street.

She thought that she would walk about for a while to keep warm, and would try to think of something that she could do. If there was no other way, she would go out to the Christian Home and ask them to shelter her again until she could find some kind of work.

The business part of the city was in holiday quiet — no carriages, no shoppers. Only the wax ladies in the shop windows smiled agreeably into the street. Some Salvation Army people, singing on a street corner, held out the hat to her beseechingly. She clutched her purse and hurried on.

By and by she got into a crooked street where there were Chinese chop-houses and evil-looking people of both races. She became frightened and retraced her steps to a public building of some sort, where there was a bit of lawn. Here she set down her heavy suit-case and shook the numbness from the arm that had carried it. The sun was setting, and the city was growing gray with ocean fog. People were beginning to go home from family reunions. Motor-cars flew about, filled with little children and ladies wearing beautiful furs and chrysanthemums.

She walked four or five blocks, and came out near the Christian Home for Working-Girls. She did not like to go in there, and went around the block before she felt convinced that she must.

Inside the building, she passed a large, draughty parlor in which some girls she knew were entertaining callers. She avoided their eyes and hurried down the familiar hall to the office.

There — with a faint smile at the lady superintendent — she took a chair to wait. Her limbs trembled; her hands — which were very unsteady — were clasped firmly in her lap.

The superintendent was engaged with the old gentleman of Trinity Church. It was very important business; for the old gentleman had ten thousand dollars to give away. It was a sacred fund, for it had been his daughter's in her own right, and he could think of no better place to bestow it than on a home for working-girls.

He did not recognize Lucile. Trinity Church — being commonly called "Millionaires' Church"— was always crowded with milliners and shop-girls; and Lucile looked, no doubt, like many another stranger who had sat in his pew.

By and by he went out with the superintendent; and Lucile rose and strolled into the little room where she used to pay her board every Monday morning when she stayed here. Her eyes were met by a placard that she had forgotten: "Prompt Weekly Settlements Expected." They had a charitable fund at the Home, but they were very careful not to make it easy and pleasant for a girl to depend upon this. They felt that if they were not, some girls would "take advantage." A girl who was receiving charity must be made to realize her position, so that she would make every effort to support herself.

Lucile walked to the window and looked out. She remembered now a placard she had read in one of the "free" rooms. "This room is furnished by the Excelsior Woman's Club," it read. "You are a recipient of the kindness of these ladies. Show that you appreciate what is done for you by taking proper care of the furniture. Do not stick pins in the walls. Do not strike matches except on the sandpaper." There were more rules, which Lucile did not recall.

Of course the people who gave the money to the Home were not responsible for the placards. It had merely chanced that the salaried woman they had put in charge had a vicious temper which tainted her every action. But Lucile did not reflect; to her, the spirit of that superintendent was the spirit of the Home.

Evidently the old gentleman had gone, for the superintendent was in the hall, talking to one of the girls who lived at the Home and waited on the table in part payment for board.

"I am surprised that *you* should disregard the rules and make such trouble!" The superintendent's voice reached Lucile, shrill and distinct. "It would astonish me less if you were a *boarder*. I should think *you* would appreciate what we are doing for you."

Now the woman passed the open door and went into the library. She was thin-faced and sharp-featured, with blue eyes that looked as if they had been washed out by angry tears.

All at once Lucile knew that she would far rather sleep in the street than here. She picked up her suit-case and went out — down the hall, past the parlor, where they were now turning on the lights, through the large front entry — into the avenue.

She walked toward the heart of the town, a number of blocks, through the thick gray evening. At last the Union Railway Station loomed before her. The sight was an inspiration. No one would notice, she hoped, that she was a vagrant using the place to get free shelter for a night; she would go in there and wait until morning. Perhaps then she could find something to do.

Putting her suit-case down as a rest for her feet, she made herself as comfortable as she could on one of the benches perforated with the name of the railway company.

There was a constant influx of people, a constant bawling of trains. Finally the caller stopped near her seat and shouted, in his loud, measured voice: "All a-board the At-chison, To-peka, and San-ta Fe, for Los Ang'les — Noo Mexico points — To-peka — and *Kan*sas Cit-y!"

Lucile was suddenly very homesick. She could almost see the place where the familiar yellow car ran down the incline to Ninth and Walnut; and the corner itself; and the department-stores beyond; and then the millinery house for which she used to work. She imagined that all would be right for her if only she had the money to return to Kansas City. She felt, even, as if time and death could be annulled, and she could somehow return to live in the old way, in the same old flat, with the same faces around the supper-table in the evenings.

It was now entirely dark. Every little while she walked over to look at a clock — until it was half past eight. She consumed a little time in eating the crackers left from her dinner. Then a woman near her vacated one of the free rocking-chairs, and Lucile took possession.

A train had just arrived from a town down the coast, and a girl entered the station and sat on a bench very near the rocking-chair. The small, sharpened features of this other girl had once been rather pretty; but she was now twenty-five, which is middle age for a factory girl. She had on a pink chambray dress, soiled around the hem, and over it a coat of plaid stuff, which had grown limp and dirty-looking, after the fashion of cheap cotton-and-wool fabrics. Her slippers were run down at the heels, and in one stocking was a large hole. She wore puffs, like Lucile's except that they were of a cheaper quality and in a poorer state of preservation, and a huge black moire hat decorated with a draggled bunch of baby blue, once a two-dollar

"A TRAIN HAD JUST ARRIVED, AND A GIRL IN A PINK CHAMBRAY DRESS AND PLAID COAT ENTERED THE STATION"

"willow" plume. There was a look of want about her, a sort of wolfishness that frightened Lucile. Before curling up in her rocker to get a little sleep, the milliner put her purse out of the factory girl's sight, inside her black satin shirtwaist.

Lucile dreamed presently that she was at home again, riding down the incline to Ninth and Walnut. But she felt, in her sleep, that the morning was bitterly cold, and after a while she awoke to find herself cramped and chilly.

She got up and looked at the clock; it was ten minutes of two. Then she went out where the gates lead to the railroad tracks and walked up and down to restore her circulation.

When she returned, a stout and well-clad woman was in the act of sailing across the floor toward the empty rocker. Seeing Lucile, she quickened her pace, and plumped into the chair before Lucile could reach it. Lucile sat down beside the factory girl with the blue plume.

"*My!*" exclaimed the factory girl. "Wouldn't that jar-r-r you?" The stout lady turned and stared deliberately. "It jars the day-*po*, anyhow!" proceeded the girl. Her eyes were large and black, and they seemed to make the fat woman very uncomfortable.

Receiving no reply from the enemy, the girl resorted to really plain English. "Say!" she remarked, addressing Lucile, "I seen a fat hawg, one time, settin' in a rockin'-chair."

Another stare from the stout lady was answered by a loud, shrill laugh. "She kep' her eye on that rocker," the factory girl informed Lucile; "and the minute you got up to see the clock, she made a break for it."

These tactics did not regain the rocking-chair; but it warmed Lucile a little that the other girl should take her part. "The poor," a wise man once said, "is separated from his neighbor." Lucile had long been separated from all human beings. She felt a sudden need for companionship, and took away the suit-case, which she had placed between herself and the other girl.

"Say!" resumed the factory girl, "do you know any jobs a person could get in this town? It's awful tough getting work this year; more girls is out of a job than I ever see before. I wasted my money to-day goin' down the coast after a place I was told of — it turned out to be nothing for a decent girl. I bummed around that town all day, but didn't find anything. I was only out my fare, though; I had the luck to fall in with a gen'leman friend, and got treated to Thanksgivin' dinner in a cah-*fay*." Her glance suddenly took in the stylish figure of the milliner — with both sympathy and respect. "You look as if you was awful tired. Are you?

"Broke?" she resumed, as Lucile nodded.

"Not quite," answered Lucile, feeling for her purse.

"Neyther am I. I had a good job — chocolate-dipper in a candy fact'ry — and I saved up some money. I lost that place because the forelady was jealous of me — we had the same gen'leman friend.

"Say! Why don't ye put up yer suit-case? You can sort of lay on it."

"So can you!" said Lucile gladly. And after a little she fell asleep.

In her sleep the black leather purse in her shirtwaist was dislodged. It slid into her lap, — a pretty thing with the silver initial uppermost,— then fell to the floor. She was half aroused; but, being quite heavy with sleep, she

thought that it was only a railroad folder on which she had pillowed her cheek. She saw — drowsily — the black-eyed girl pick it up and thrust it behind her.

It was a couple of hours later that Lucile started and woke. The other girl was sleeping still, her small, sharp face resting on her arm. Lucile could see the fine hair-lines — of weariness, of laughter and defiance, and kindly lines, too — around the mouth. She left the factory girl's side, softly, and went to look at the clock.

Quite suddenly she remembered her purse, and clutched the front of her waist. Then, thrusting in her hand, she felt across her breast and in the space at the belt where the gathers came.

Loosening the belt a very little, she explored that, and thrust her hands up into her sleeves. In vain. Now she tried the inside of the shirtwaist once more — and was so rough, in her distress, that she tore a little slit near the under arm-seam.

There was a shuffling step behind her.

"Here's yer purse," said the factory girl. "You dropped it. If I hadn't ha' picked it up you'd never saw it again."

They went together over to the door leading from the women's waiting-room into the city. The air of the waiting-room was close and foul. Children were crying. A black-eyed family jabbered in Italian. The smell of coffee drifted across the place from the depot lunch-counter.

The door was opened and a whiff of morning air came in. Lucile shrank a little, her lips blue.

"I suppose you'll buy a paper and go off hunting a job — like me," said the factory girl. "I know a place to get breakfast, not more than a block away."

"I don't want any!" protested Lucile; for her head ached, and instead of the keen appetite of the day before she felt only a slight nausea.

"That's all the more reason you should have some coffee!" insisted the other girl. They stood out in the chill now, and she laid her hand on Lucile's arm. "Say!" she said, "I ain't as near broke as you are. I'm just going to lend you a dollar — I *am!*"

Lucile drew back. "Oh, I couldn't, I wouldn't take it!" she protested; but the tears came into her eyes. She was not used to the impulsive generosity of the poor.

The factory girl had looked into the little purse with the silver initial. "I'm going to treat you to coffee, anyhow!" she insisted. "You just gotta come."

And Lucile went with her.

"There!" the black-eyed girl exclaimed in triumph, as they finished the hot — if bitter — concoction, and the roll with a bit of very bad butter. "There! I see you needed coffee.

"BEFORE CURLING UP IN HER ROCKER TO GET A LITTLE SLEEP, LUCILE PUT HER PURSE INSIDE HER BLACK SATIN SHIRTWAIST"

"Oh, *that's* all right! I'm mighty glad I could have yer company at my breakfast."

They stood in the street at a junction of trolley lines. Newsboys were crying the morning papers with the "want ads."

"One can always apply to one of the Christian Homes," said Lucile meditatively.

The other girl's face hardened. The black eyes flashed.

"Not for mine!" she snapped. "Before I'd take their charity I'd just rent a room and turn on the gas — and lay down. I had a friend done that; her husband was mean to her." She broke off suddenly, and squeezed Lucile's hands. "I hope to God we both get a job to-day!

"Psho'! I ain't done nothing for you, to speak of! The minute I see you, I says to myself, 'There's a girl I wish I had for a friend.'

"Now you let me hear from you. I'll write you to general delivery, when I get settled in a job. I ain't got no room now — I may stop with a friend to-night. If I had a room you'd be welcome to stay in it. You could write to 'Miss Annie Post ——'

"No, I may be out of town; I'll write to you.

"If I get me a job to-day — unless I have to go right at it — I'm going out to Gloriosa Beach on the trolley. I love that beach — just to sit and look at the sea! Some Sunday afternoon you and me'll take a ride out there together. Sha'n't we?

"Well, I sure wish you luck. A gen'leman friend told me he noticed he had luck every time he put his socks on wrong side out, so I done that yesterday morning. I've tried it before, and it always works — it was what got me my job at the candy fact'ry. Want to go back to the day-*po* and turn yours?

"No? Well, some folks don't take no stock in signs, but I do. Anyhow, God knows I wish you luck!" Her eyes shone.

So they parted. And Lucile, looking back, thought what beautiful eyes they were. She turned into a street of warehouses, bought a morning paper, and saw her new friend no more.

The want ads gave but two possible openings: a saleswoman was wanted at a little uptown notion store; and a place away out on one of the beaches advertised for "hotel help."

The sun was piercing the city smoke as Lucile walked uptown, and rolling it off the world in bluish waves. Working-people were stepping along briskly. There were clerks and mechanics. There were imposing and authoritative old gentlemen who chose to walk downtown, these brisk mornings, for their health — men of position and family, who had not yet shaken off the atmosphere of the holiday, with its grand dinner, and all the children and grandchildren at home.

In the street, also, were stenographers, milliners, and the ill-paid sales-girls with their modish shirtwaists and cheap, shabby skirts. Lucile had nothing in common with these busy people; she felt herself alone in the city street.

A few blocks farther on, she began to pass pretty young high-school girls who had never known care, and the school-teachers, with their neat, serviceable clothes, and their little air of authority, as if the whole city were under their supervision.

It was a long way to the notion store. After an hour or so Lucile came into plain streets where everything was very quiet. Laborers' wives were out sweeping the pavements; babies were toddling around; from the school buildings came a hum of voices and the sound of singing.

Lucile lost her way. Then she was so tired that she went into the trodden yard in front of a school building, set her suit-case down, and rested on a bench, laying her head — which ached again — against the trunk of a little tree. She sat there till the first primary class was dismissed. When the children came marching down the brick walk, she knew that it was half past eleven.

She rose — for she had got her bearings again — and toiled on. When she could no longer carry her suit-case, she rested a few moments on the steps of one of the queer little houses. They were all alike out here, for it was in the neighborhood of a factory. And when Lucile read the name on the factory building, she saw that it was the candy and cracker house in which Annie Post had served as a chocolate-dipper and had quarreled with the forewoman over a gentleman friend.

After a long while she came to a place where a gang of city prisoners were fixing the street; and just beyond that was the notion store.

The proprietor — a Jew — was busy with a customer; but Lucile was glad to rest a while. By and by she saw, behind a counter, a girl who looked nervous and new. She guessed then the place was filled; but she did not pick up her suit-case and go on until the Jew came and told her so.

She took a car downtown; and at the station where the beach cars came in she had twenty minutes to wait. The place where hotel help was wanted was a long way out. She was sorry, when she had boarded the train and paid her fare, that she had ventured on this quest, for there was nothing in her purse now except the return ticket.

The big car passed through a pleasant residence district; then skirted a finer one, so that she had glimpses of really palatial houses, some of them the homes of people who attended Millionaires' Church.

"THE PROPRIETOR WAS BUSY WITH A CUSTOMER; BUT LUCILE WAS GLAD TO REST A WHILE"

It was a very pleasant ride — you could see why Annie Post loved to spend a holiday out on the beach. They flew through open prairies, with cactus and gopher-holes, and with glimpses of fruit ranches in the distance.

At last the atmosphere grew intensely blue, and there was a sound of surf. A big gull fell heavily through the blueness and floated seaward. The car stopped, and Lucile again took up her suit-case.

She walked along a narrow board walk, hunting the hotel where servants were wanted, until the walk came to an end, and the sand through which she floundered forward came up over her Oxford ties and covered the embroidered stockings with a fine dust.

The hotel was a square wooden house, painted green. The laborers on the government works half a mile below were fed there. Lucile crossed the porch and entered — through a door open to flies and callers — a dirty, uncarpeted hall.

Tacked up in plain view was a card. "*Girls All hierd,*" Lucile read. "*No more Nead apply. Mrs. O'Connel proprieter.*"

Once more she took up her suit-case and went on. On a restaurant stall that she passed there was a clock — it was half past three. But there was a sign, also, reading "*Gloriosa Beach.*" That warmed Lucile a little. She thought that she would go off somewhere alone,— away from these people with whom she had nothing in common,— and would rest a while. Then, perhaps Annie Post would have got work in the city and would be out here for a holiday.

She hid her suit-case in some weeds. Then she walked to the end of an old pier that was built far out over the sea. She could think of nothing to do but wait here for Annie Post.

She was quite alone, except for a gray bird that sat on a railing, watching for fish in the surf below, which looked as soft as duck feathers. For a long while he did not move, and neither did she. She could see, from her seat at the top of a short flight of steps, into a black hole of sea as still as a lake. But at a short distance the ocean was unusually restless and noisy, throwing up its dead — the fish, the broken shells, and the seaweed.

Suddenly there were footsteps, and the gray bird flew upward. Two old people were coming out along the pier.

Lucile wished to be alone; so she left her comfortable seat and walked away from the intruders to a place where there was nothing on which she could sit down and rest.

The old gentleman and his wife came nearer. If they were going to stay, she thought, she would rest better back on the beach in the sand; but, when she turned to go, they were directly in her path.

As she tried to pass them, they looked

at her, and the old woman prompted her husband, in a whisper. He bared his silky white head.

"How do you do?" he inquired. "We are Trinity Church people. Did you not — my wife thinks you did — occupy a part of our pew yesterday morning?"

Lucile lifted her eyes to the old woman's face. I do not think that the little milliner was really like the lost daughter — though there might have been something in the curve of her light eyelashes, or in the way the blue veins showed in her forehead, to remind one of that other girl.

"We were glad indeed to have you!" eagerly cried the old woman. "You went out too quickly after service; we wanted to ask your name."

Kindness so unexpected was too much for Lucile. She bit her lip, struggled with herself, smiled faintly, and finally managed to give her name. She had a great fear lest she let these queer old people discover her shame — that she was out of work and money, and homeless.

"And your address?" asked the old gentleman.

Lucile shook her head. They looked at her in surprise, and their minds, no doubt, were crossed by a fear that Lucile's address was not a respectable one.

Suddenly she sank at the head of the steps leading down to the black and quiet sea, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed.

"Why — why!" exclaimed the old Trinity Church man. And he was greatly surprised — as charitable people usually are when they find that the wolf has again outwitted them and escaped their cunning and costly devices.

"SUDDENLY SHE SANK AT THE HEAD OF THE STEPS AND SOBBED"

It was the afternoon of Christmas day, and Lucile had come for an outing — with a young man who clerked at the millinery house where she was employed — to Gloriosa Beach.

It was a fortunate chance into which she had stepped the week after Thanksgiving: winter work, with a promise of being employed as trimmer for the spring trade. She had repaid the little loan made by the old gentleman — who had also found her the place. And as she never took thought for the morrow, but spent all her wages, she had new clothes to wear, plenty of "change" in the initialed black purse, and a nice boarding-place with a parlor in which to receive callers. She had given two Christmas gifts, and had received a photograph, a handkerchief, and a box of candy from the young man who clerked at the millinery house. It was very pleasant.

The winter rains still held off, the sand was sunny, the sea bright blue in the afternoon warmth. As they stood on a warm rock to watch the surf, Lucile asked, abruptly, about letters one sent to the general delivery.

"I wanted to know," she explained, "because I sent a present and a letter to a

girl I know. I'd like to be sure she'd get it — she was awfully good to me once."

She stopped. Her brief friendship with Annie Post began to seem a long while ago — and how could she explain the feeling she had?

"I know she's working somewhere in the city," was her conclusion. "Some Sunday I mean to start out and hunt till I find her."

Then the young man proposed that they have photographs taken. And it was quite late in the afternoon when they left the studio tent and started toward the trolley.

Down near the pier a number of people had gathered to stare at something on the sand, and as Lucile and her companion had the city-bred instinct for crowds, they strolled that way.

Across the shoulders of the people they could see wet beach, long, stringy seaweeds, and a dead dog-shark, then the restlessly tossing surf.

"What have they found?" Lucile's young man addressed the representative of a newspaper.

"A woman," the reporter replied. "She threw herself in last night; she just came ashore."

Then, as a county officer appeared, the crowd parted — and Lucile saw.

The woman lay just as the sea had left her, her small face half concealed on her arm. It was better that one should not see the eyes. The mouth was very quiet and peaceful, as if she were asleep; and the water had not changed even the hair-lines of weariness around it.

She had on the same clothes that she had worn when Lucile parted from her — a pink chambray dress and a cheap plaid coat, heavy with salt water now. One shoe had been torn off by the waves. Still clinging to her head was a piece of a large black moire hat; and on this a draggled wisp of blue — the remnant of a two-dollar "willow" plume.

A DIRGE

BY

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Mortal child, lay thee where
Rest is thine forever.
Midnight owl, witch or bear,
Shall disturb thee never.

Softly, softly take thy place;
Turn from man thy griefless face;
Fear not thou must lie alone,
Sleep-mates thou shall have anon.

(Clock of time none commands,
Driveth not the winter floods,
Where the silent, tireless sands
Run the ages of the gods.)

Thine is not a jealous bed,
Pillow here hath every head;
All that are, and all to be,
Shall ask a little room of thee.

(Feet of flame, haste nor creep
Where the stars are of your pace;
Heart of fire, in shadows sleep
With the sun in thy embrace.)

Babe of Time, old in care,
Rest thee here forever.
Midnight owl, witch or bear,
Shall disturb thee never.

CANADA'S SYSTEM OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

BY

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
EX-SENATOR FROM INDIANA

"ANNEXATION? Oh, yes, it might be a good thing for both of us from the material point of view," said a profound Canadian student of relations between the Republic and the Dominion — a man as friendly to us as he is well informed.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "in spite of this, a union of Canada and the United States is as impossible as a union of France and Germany. One consideration alone is dearer to us than all the material advantages that annexation might bring to us — a matter so vital to us that we would fight before we would surrender it. That is our system of government. No one need ever talk annexation until the United States adopts the Canadian Constitution, and, above all, until you Americans are willing to substitute for your present rigid and illogical political machinery Canada's system of responsible government."

The Canadian Constitution was written in the light of our experience under our Constitution, and was designed to save Canada from the serious troubles we Americans have been forced to meet and overcome. Its contrast to ours furnishes a most instructive example of one people learning its lesson from the successes and mistakes of another.

But, in this paper, we are dealing with the Canadian political party practice and method. What, then, of Canada's responsible government, which our Northern neighbors believe so much better than our "clumsy method," as they call it, that not all our wealth could induce them to exchange it for ours?

No Government by Political Parties in the United States

We Americans have a habit of declaring that "ours is a government by political parties." But, from the Canadian viewpoint, not only do we seldom have government by political parties in the United States, but such a thing, in the Canadian sense of that term, at any time would be difficult, and in ordinary times impossible.

"Why," said a Canadian publicist, "if you Americans have a government by parties, tell me what party is running your government now."

And, indeed, what party is running our government now? The present situation at Washington affords a perfect example of the contrast between the Canadian political system and our own.

For do not we read that the Democrats are in "control" of the House, the Republicans in "control" of the Senate, and that a Republican President sits in the chair of Washington and Lincoln? Our Senate and House must come to an agreement on all bills before Congress passes them; and even then our President may veto these bills.

Even if those in the House who are termed Democrats were in full accord on policies and laws, and if the same were true of those in the Senate who are termed Republicans, still there could be no *party* agreement that would pass any law through Congress or adopt any program as a *party* policy. For, even supposing party solidarity in House and Senate, yet a different party is in "control" of each house.

But our situation is worse than this. Are we not told by the daily press that the Democrats in the House are divided on this measure and that — that their "leaders" were overthrown by their followers on the question of free wool and the like?

Have we not received a formal announcement that among the Republicans of the Senate there is a definite split on fundamental questions of legislation and economic policy?

Also do we not find this and that action or proposal of the President supported by some members of his "party" and bitterly opposed by others — this and that failure of the President to act assailed equally within his own party, now by one group and now by another?

Not long ago our Republican President, in a notable public speech, praised the Democrats in the House for their action on reciprocity, by strikingly plain inference rebuked the majority of the House Republicans who voted against that measure, and lectured in advance those Senate Republicans who should oppose it.

So when the keen Canadian observer asks us, "What party is running your government at present?" can any American tell him?

Present Conditions Not Exceptional

The American politician who is fond of saying that "ours is a government by political parties" will say that the present is an exceptional time. But is this true? Is not the existing situation rather an uncommonly vivid illustration of what may be true of us at any time, except in case of an unusual emergency, such as war, and the succeeding party impulse which that great occasion causes; or the appearance of some fundamental question such as the free coinage of silver, and the like but lesser after-impulse flowing from that?

Indeed, the Canadian goes further and declares that, under our Constitution, *party* government, in the true sense of that term, can not exist. Our Constitution provides that the legislative and executive branches of our government shall be separate and independent — completely so except in the President's right to make recommendations by messages to Congress and in his veto power.

Also our legislative branch, thus separated from the executive, is divided into two Houses, each with practically equal powers over domestic legislation, and each in theory independent of the other.

Under our Constitution and political system, too, nobody is made the *official* leader of a political party. There is no legal machinery by which a party, *as such*, definitely can be made responsible to the people.

American Constitution Based on Non-Partizanship

The idealistic theory of the fathers who drew our Constitution was that our Congress would legislate for the real and permanent welfare of a whole people and not for the supposed and temporary advantage of some political party. *Party* government was not in their minds — it did not exist at that time. England had scarcely begun to develop the theory of a responsible ministry, which is the very soul of government by party.

For example, the idea of the fathers was that the President should be selected from the wisest, purest, and ablest men in the Republic, regardless of every other consideration. Such was the sole reason for and purpose of our electoral college.

The same thought runs throughout our Constitution. Our fundamental law is based on the non-party concept. The careful division of responsibility; the painstaking arrangement of "checks and balances"; the fixed and unchangeable tenures of office; the veto power of the chief magistrate — these and other cardinal features of our Constitution are inconsistent with and antagonistic to party government.

Running Around the Corners of Our Constitution

So that, says the Canadian student, under our system, party government, in the Canadian meaning, simply cannot exist. Yet it appears to be necessary. We have tried to bring it about by running around the corners of our Constitution, pretending not to notice that instrument.

Although the legislative and executive branches of our government are decreed to be separate and independent, thus preventing any united *party* government, yet we have tried to overcome this by personal communication between the White House and the Capitol.

Do not we read every day about this and that senator being "sent for" by the President — this and that chairman of House committees being "summoned to the White House"; or, conversely, that senators or representatives "called on the President" to urge this or that measure or to protest against this or that policy?

More and more, the American executive is attempting to become a legislative force — a thing forbidden by our Constitution. We even have the spectacle of bills drawn by a Cabinet officer and formally transmitted to Congress for enactment — a circumstance that would have horrified the framers of the Constitution.

Years ago the difficulty of executive and legislative harmony evolved that absolutely unique instrument in government, an unofficial person popularly known as the "Administration mouthpiece." Of late another unofficial and extra-Constitutional creature, entirely strange to every other system of government on earth, has appeared in Washington, known as the "Administration go-between." And this executive agent in our legislative branch seems likely to throw the "Administration mouthpiece" into the junk-room of discarded political "properties."

This curious development is not peculiar to any particular administration. Perhaps it is unavoidable in our attempt at *party* government under our system.

If there is any fault in all this, it is not so much in men as it is in our political system. Of course, it is possible that a man might arise, even in ordinary times, of sufficient power to command a united party action, notwithstanding our constitutional impediments. But, in the absence of mighty events, such a man rarely develops in the political life of any people.

Information as broad as the country, and, indeed, comprehending foreign lands; a wisdom equal to his knowledge; clear-headedness and the true leader's quality of prompt and accurate decision — all these such a man must have. Even more important, the rare gift of vision must be his. And, with all these, he must be armed with utter fearlessness and that vigilant and intelligent honesty, ripened by experience, which the most practised guile cannot deceive. Even these uncommon powers must be exercised with the skilled strength and precision of the really great politician. And he must radiate from the very being of him that most mysterious but most real of all human powers — the power of personality.

But, of course, such an endowment of the gods seldom is bestowed, and therefore, under our system, this master leader rarely appears. "And without him," says the Canadian, "where is your government by parties? Where can responsibility be focused? Suppose you had such a man — he could last, under your political custom, not longer than four or at best eight years."

"On the other hand," say our Northern critics, "suppose you get a weak or capricious man for President. In a year you may want to get rid of him, but you can not. He is there for four years. Even if he loses the confidence of the political party to which he belongs as represented in your Congress, still there in the White House he stays, and all is chaos until he goes out."

In Canada the Legislature and the Executive Are One

Contrast all this with the Canadian political method. To begin with, *speaking exclusively from the practical point of view,* the Canadian legislative and executive branches are inextricably mingled.*

In practical effect, Canada has but one legislative body, the House of Commons; and the real Canadian executive, the Premier, is a part — a member — of that one legislative assembly. He need not be as a matter of theory; but he is as a matter of fact. For the Premier must be a man who can command a majority in the House of Commons; and this can be done only by the Premier being a member of the House.

"The government," as it — loosely but popularly — is called in Canada, consists of the Premier and his Cabinet. This Cabinet, as with us, consists of the heads of the various departments of the executive government — the Ministers of Finance, Customs, Agriculture, Labor, Railways, Justice, and the like.

This Canadian Premier ostensibly is appointed by the Governor-General; but as a matter of fact he usually, if, indeed, not always, is the chosen leader of the political party that happens to come into power. For, in Canada, the leader of a political party holds the *office* of "leader." It is a leadership recognized by law. He is selected as party leader by his party caucus in the House when his party is in the minority and, of course, before he comes to the premiership — usually long before. He becomes Premier automatically when his party overthrows "the government." And this Premier names his Cabinet.

And, in practice, the Canadian Premier and members of his Cabinet almost invariably are also members of the Canadian House of Commons, elected to their seats precisely as all other members of the House are elected. This is a necessity of responsible party government. Otherwise the responsible ministry could not explain and defend its measures, its policies, or its conduct of the government, and, therefore, could not maintain its majority in the House, which is essential almost to its very existence.

The Premier and his Cabinet sit in the House on the front row of benches, directly facing the chiefs of the "opposition" party, who sit on

*For the purpose of getting clearly before the American reader the practical workings of Canada's government by political parties, I must omit comment on the Canadian Senate and the Governor-General.

While they must be considered in any critical examination of the theory of Canada's governmental system, yet it would only confuse to describe their legal theoretical powers and functions in studying the real "responsible party government" of the Dominion.

The Governor-General is the personal representative of the Crown. He appoints the Premier in theory and in form; but, in practice, he appoints the man whom the party and parliamentary situation requires. In theory and form he is the Canadian executive—all executive acts are in the name of "the Governor in Council"; but in practice the real executive is the Premier. The Governor-General approves whatever the Premier and his Cabinet—the ministry—decide upon. Thus "the Governor-General is a rubber stamp of the ministry," said a learned Canadian writer.

The Senate, too, is a negligible quantity in the practical operations of Canada's responsible party government. Senators are appointed for life. In theory and form the Senate passes all bills just as the House does; but in practice it seldom interferes with the House. The people expect it to do what the House tells it to do —and usually it does just that. Its innocuous character is shown by the utter indifference of the press and public to its debates or proceedings.

So to explain the theoretical Governor or the theoretical Senate would only confuse the reader. Both may be dismissed from mind in thinking of the practical workings of Canadian party government —in describing the real political power of the Dominion.—THE AUTHOR.

the other side of the aisle dividing them. In the front row of the opposition side is the *official* leader of the opposition party, with his oldest and closest advisers sitting near him. I speak of him as "official" leader because he is so recognized; and, *as* leader and *because* he is such by law, draws a higher salary than the other members.

We see, then, that "the government"* in Canada consists of a group of men who exercise both executive and legislative powers in the fullest possible measure. Back of these men is a compact and disciplined party majority sitting in a single House. And at the supreme head of all is the Premier.

The Government Defends Its Own Measures in Open Parliament

Practically speaking, this Premier not only is the commanding executive of the Dominion, not only the ablest legislator and most resourceful debater of his party, but also he is the *authoritative* head and leader of his *party*.

Imagine, now, the Canadian system in operation. The governing party has determined on some important measure, such as reciprocity. Waiving technicalities, the bill is introduced by some member of the Cabinet or, if it is deemed wise, by the Premier himself. In the case of fiscal measures, it probably would be introduced by the Minister of Finance, Mr. Fielding; the new Canadian Anti-Trust Law was introduced by Mr. Mackenzie King, the Minister of Labor; and so on.

Then the debate begins. First, the Premier and his Cabinet, in their combined capacity of the executive ministry, second, members of the Legislature, and, third, formally designated and real *party* leaders, must answer any question that the opposition asks them.

In the case of reciprocity, for example, the so-called "pact" was negotiated by Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, and Mr. Paterson, the Minister of Customs. These ministers must explain the whole matter orally on the floor of the House, in open debate. So must the Premier himself. What about this item and what about that; and is the whole policy wise or unsound?

And the answers to this hail-storm of questions, together with the whole discussion, must satisfy, first, the members of the House belonging to the party in power, and, second, the people of the entire country.

If the ministry "loses the confidence," as the Canadian term is, of a majority of the House, it is beaten and ordinarily goes out of office. In any event, it goes to the country; and if it is beaten before the country, that is the end of government by that party.

For example, the party now dominant in Canada lost one powerful member of the House, Mr. Clifford Sifton, on the reciprocity issue. Suppose it should lose enough others to destroy its majority. Ordinarily Parliament would be dissolved at once and a new election called. In this election reciprocity would be the issue upon which the Canadian people pass at the polls.

Ministry Always Responsible to the People

If at this election the people chose a majority of members favorable to reciprocity, the present executive ministry would continue — provided the Premier himself succeeded in being reëlected as a member of the House of Commons.

If the Canadian Premier should himself fail of election, and yet a majority be elected favorable to his policies, he might be continued as Premier for a brief season, until he could get himself elected from another constituency. If he failed in this the next strongest man, commanding the greatest confidence of his party followers in the House, would, practically speaking, be chosen the party leader and therefore appointed the new Premier. For the Premier must secure and maintain the support of a majority of the House.

But it is extremely unlikely that the Premier or any other strong member of the House in either party would fail of reëlection in Canada. For he can run for a seat in the House from two or even more constituencies at the same time. And, of course, such a man chooses this second or third constituency in a locality where he is sure to receive a majority.

The purpose of this is to make certain that a man of such ability, character, and experience as to make him a national figure shall not be lost to the service of the people. This device is not often employed by persons of merely local standing.

If the people at such an election choose a majority opposed to a measure on which the governing party headed by this responsible ministry has been compelled to go to the country, then, of course, the opposition becomes the governing party; and the leader of this opposition is appointed Premier and names his Cabinet.

This opposition, thus placed in power by the people at the polls, in its turn becomes responsi-

*The term "the government" is a popular expression, theoretically inaccurate, which I apply to the ministry—that is, the Premier and his Cabinet. The expression is generally so employed in loosely talking of the ministry. As a matter of fact, under the Canadian system of responsible party government, the Premier and his Cabinet (the ministry) are "the government" for most practical purposes. The Premier is the real executive; and he is the dominant legislative force as well. So I adopt the loose and technically inaccurate term "the government," as applied to the ministry, for purposes of brevity and to emphasize to American readers the supremacy of these party chieftains in the Canadian system.—THE AUTHOR.

ble for every measure of legislation and every act of government.

Party Leaders Must Answer Questions

I say every act of government, because the leaders of the party in power — the Premier and his Cabinet — must answer orally on the floor of the House in open debate, not only as to matters of legislation, but just as much as to the conduct of the government itself. No matter appears small enough to escape the vigilant inquiry or aggressive attack of the opposition.

I have listened to more than an hour's debate over a question of the building of a boat. Why was it not built a foot longer or a foot shorter, a foot wider or a foot narrower? What about the specifications? Was there graft somewhere? What was the true inwardness of a certain individual's connection with it? Above all, why was it not built in Canada instead of in the mother country? and so forth and so on. To all of which, of course, the responsible Minister had to make satisfactory answers.

Another illustration is the management of the two thousand miles of railroad which the Canadian government owns and operates. Why the expenditure for this or that? Why were freight cars not furnished promptly and properly? — as a shipper who happened to be a member of the House belonging to the opposition wanted to know. How much was charged for the government's cars that, in the course of business, went into the United States? Why was not more charged?

It appeared that the government had permitted some little American vessel, armed in a puny way, to pass down the Welland Canal into the Lakes for exercises connected with our naval militia. Some member of the opposition read in a newspaper a Chicago despatch that there was to be a mock bombardment of Chicago.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded the opposition of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Cabinet. Of course, nobody in the United States knows anything about our having an armed vessel on the Lakes, and cares less. Of course, too, the so-called mock bombardment of Chicago, if ever it occurs, will attract less attention even in Chicago itself than a baseball game.

Nevertheless, the Canadian Prime Minister and his Cabinet had to explain the matter at least sufficiently to satisfy their own party.

Thus it is evident that Canada has a government by political parties, which is responsive and *responsible* to the people. This responsiveness and responsibility are assured because the members of the real executive government, who also are members of the House, are compelled to explain to and to convince their party majority in open debate, as well as the whole Canadian people,— and this, too, day in and day out,— concerning every measure past, present, and proposed.

If Taft Were a Member of the House

To make it even clearer to us Americans: If we had the Canadian system, President Taft and all the members of his Cabinet would also be members of our House of Representatives. The reciprocity bill would be introduced either by Secretary Knox or by Mr. Taft himself, and these two men, and perhaps Secretary MacVeagh, would have to answer absolutely any question that anybody in the House saw fit to ask them.

They would have so to convince their own party that they would be able to maintain their majority in the House on that question, up to and through the final vote.

Or take the Mexican situation: If we had the Canadian system, the President and the Secretary of War would have to explain the entire affair — would be compelled to withstand any bombardment of questions that the whole House might put to them.

Why were twenty thousand troops suddenly mobilized? If for manoeuvers, why at this particular point? And why was no notice of manoeuvers given, as in other countries? Or, How long were the manoeuvers to last? Or, If not mobilized for manoeuvers, what were our soldiers to do? In short, every question one can imagine.

It would be the duty of Mr. Taft and Mr. Stimson to answer orally all these questions, and even to overwhelm inquiry and criticism, unless, indeed, Mr. Taft himself were able to convince the House that the grave interests of the nation required secrecy.

Still another very striking illustration is given in the famous railroad bill passed last year. This bill was prepared by Attorney-General Wickersham. The country remembers the tremendous and successful assaults made upon certain critically important provisions of that measure.

If we had the Canadian system this bill would have been introduced by Mr. Wickersham himself; and he and the President, sitting as members of Congress, would have borne the brunt of the legislative battle. They would have been forced personally to answer every question that was asked, refute every criticism that was made as to every feature of that bill in that historic debate.

So it is that Canada has a government by

parties — a distinct, legally recognized *party* government as such — which for its every act, executive or legislative, its every proposal either as to law or policy, is directly responsible to the House of Commons and to the whole Canadian people. Instead of responsibility being scattered, as it is under our system, it is concentrated and fixed under the Canadian system.

If anything it does, any law it passes, any measure it proposes, fails to meet the approval of either the House or the people, that party loses the control of the government and the opposition party takes control — and takes control *as a party*.

The Premier Must Always Have the Country's Confidence

The Premier, who, in a practical way, corresponds to our President, is in fatal case if his party majority in the House is shattered; and he does not remain in office after he loses the confidence of the country.

But, with us, no matter if the President loses the support of the majority of his own party in Congress, he still remains President for a rigid four years. No matter if he loses the confidence of the whole country, still he holds fast to the arms of his presidential chair. No matter even if the people make up their minds that he is a person whose unwisdom endangers the interests of the nation — yet even such a President can be ousted only by impeachment.

The same is true of his Cabinet, so long as this irremovable President wants to keep it about him. He is not responsible to anybody, in the Canadian meaning of "responsibility," and his Cabinet is responsible to nobody but him.

"I find I can not please everybody, so I have made up my mind to please myself," said one of our American Presidents, many years ago; and he happened to be a man of the highest order of ability, unquestioned honesty, and great courage. If we had the Canadian system, no President would dare say that. It would be a challenge, first to his own party and then to the people at large, for a combat which would overthrow him speedily.

More than this, no matter what occurs, no matter how completely the people repudiate one of our so-called party majorities in the Senate or the House, yet the members of the House remain for their two years and senators remain for their six years.

But, in Canada, in such a case the party in power goes out of control; the former Premier and his Cabinet, if they succeed personally in being reëlected, become nothing more than members of the House.

Canada Already Has a System of Recall

Thus we see that not only have we no party government in the Canadian sense, but we have no machinery which, without great delay, registers the people's will. In Canada, not only do they have party government in the strictest sense of that word, but their system produces an automatic recall of the party in power. The people do not have to wait for petitions; they need none of the machinery of our American "recall." When Canada's responsible ministry loses the confidence of the House, it goes to the country at a new election, or else goes out of office.

So, when a party is in power in Canada, it literally can do what it likes, but, also literally, at its peril. The attitude of the opposition, and of the country, toward the party in power is, "It is up to you; run the government in your own way. But remember that whatever you do is at your own hazard. We, the opposition, will hold you strictly accountable for every law and every deed. And we, the people, hold you *responsible* to us whose servants you are."

Here is an example of how absolutely the party in power can do what it likes in Canada: When our American panic of 1907 affected Canadian bankers, they began to increase their reserve and draw in their loans. They suggested that they did not have enough money. Of course, this was neither true nor reasonable; for, under the Canadian banking and currency system, plenty of currency is available, at all times, for the conduct of legitimate business. At least, the government so looked at it. "And so," said Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, "we just set our printing-presses going and struck off $25,000,000 of Dominion notes. Of course, there was no authority of written law for doing this. Of course, too, we exceeded the gold reserve which the law requires the government to keep. But something had to be done, and we took the responsibility. We went to such bankers as were showing nervousness and said, 'Here is money.' This made most of them ashamed of themselves, and hardly any of them took this money."

Out of $25,000,000 thus printed only $6,000,000, I believe, really was issued. Of course, this was taking what we Americans would think a desperate chance. Had this act of "the government" — the responsible ministry — been repudiated by Parliament, which met some months after the event, the party in charge of the government would have gone out of power. But, when this Parliament met, it promptly ratified this extraordinary action as being justified by the conditions.

From all this, it follows that, in Canada, most if not all party policies are determined in the first instance by the Premier and his Cabinet, and, if important enough, laid before the party caucus. And the will of this caucus is the absolute law of the party. For a Canadian party caucus is a caucus indeed.

A Real Party Caucus

The members of Canada's Congress are present; the members of the Cabinet are present as such, and as accepted party leaders; the Premier himself is there, as Premier and as the supreme party chieftain. This caucus, thus constituted, threshes the whole matter out. It determines the party's policy and course of action. The executive and legislative act together. They are one, practically speaking.

No such caucus is possible with us. Our two houses of Congress are separate and independent, and of almost equal legislative power; the executive is separate from and independent of both: and so there can be no singleness of party action and responsibility.

So, in Canada, there is a party solidarity such as we know nothing of, and can know nothing of, under our system; for in Canada it is the *party* which governs all the time. Canada's legislative and executive welded into a single governing unit; the Premier and his Cabinet also members of the House, and both of them merely the manifestations and instruments of the party in power — a unity of party thought and purpose results, as impossible under our system as it is foreign to our notions.

At the supreme head of this strictly party government stands the Canadian Premier. Not only is he in reality the executive head of the nation, not only is he also the legislative leader on the floor of the House, but also he is, in a literal sense, the political head of his party.

It is as if our American President, the Speaker of our House under the old rules, the leader of the Senate under the ancient régime, and also the leading debater on the floor — all were combined into one composite official, this official the field marshal of a militant political party engaged, *as* a party, in governing the country.

Imagine this, and also that this composite official appointed our Cabinet, each of whom, as well as the President himself, was elected to the House as a member of that body. Add still the further fact that he is the leader of his party as much as a Scottish chief was the head of his clan in the old days; and, taking all these elements together, you have a rough outline of the Canadian Premier.

In Canada there is no such thing as the "titular head of a party." The head of a party there must be a genuine head, not only in name and by official sanction, but by the commission of nature itself. He must be a real leader of men, made such by his inherent qualities of ability, wisdom, courage, decision, and experience.

The Dominion of Canada is little more than forty years old; yet two premiers, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, have been at its head more than thirty years of that time, although either of them might have been ousted at any moment. And either of them would have lost power but for their rare qualities of leadership, which made each of them the first of his country's statesmen of his time and the head of the Canadian nation.

During the same period we have had eight Presidents. Of these, only four were elected for a second term. Of these four, Grant was reëlected because of his military achievements in our great war, whose smoldering fires still heated the blood of men. Cleveland was elected the second time as a reaction against Harrison; McKinley chiefly because of the wave of patriotic enthusiasm following the Spanish War, the determination to keep and administer the new possessions which that war had given us, and the profound antagonism to the free coinage of silver, which was the primal cause of his first election. Roosevelt was reëlected as the exponent and personification of that historic and epochal movement for fundamental reform which distinguishes the opening period of the twentieth century.

Laurier in Control for Fifteen Years

But, in Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party have been in continuous and supreme power for fifteen years. It is as if an American President should be elected to the presidency four times in succession. Yet, at any moment during those fifteen years, Sir Wilfrid Laurier could have been put out of office by the Canadian people.

This makes it clear to the American reader that the Canadian Premier must be a man of commanding and extraordinary powers. And such a man is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Let us consider this dominant mind and character of Canada, not only in order to describe the man, but also in order to understand the personal qualities that a Canadian Premier must possess to hold the mastery of his party and the confidence of the people for so long a time.

First of all, then, even in his early manhood Laurier was a captivating public speaker. For almost forty years he has been by far the great-

est of Canada's popular orators. Long before he came to the premiership, friend and foe conceded that, on the stump, he was the most effective man in the Dominion.

Almost from the moment he entered the House of Commons, he was his party's most skilful debater. He has the gift of clear and simple statement, persuading even his opponents by his sheer reasonableness.

Said a seasoned and reliable newspaper man: "I have seen a debate which spread and ramified until the main thing was lost sight of. Then I have seen Laurier rise and state the matter with such clear reasonableness that even the members of the opposition, perfectly unconscious of what they were doing, would nod their heads in approval."

Then, of course, Laurier has solid ability of the first order. "One of your Americans has been described as 'a man who thinks in terms of continents'; well, that describes Laurier's mental operations," said one most careful student of this notable Canadian.

Laurier a Master Politician

In the big sense of the term, Laurier is a politician, but not in our ordinary American understanding of that word. For example, from his ambitious youth clear down to the present moment, Laurier has never been a "mixer," as our phrase has it. He never has gone to clubs, for instance, in order to meet men whom a politician "ought to know."

Again, in going out to speak to the people from the stump in political campaigns, he always has gone as carefully appareled as if he were to speak in Parliament or address some eminent body of men.

But, in the large meaning of the word, Laurier may be called a master politician. He has vision. He discerns the coming issue, and plans for it as a general might for a great military engagement. And then, when that issue comes, he throws himself into it with his whole heart and soul.

"But," said an informant, "Laurier never makes an issue for himself. He lets events and the elements of the situation create the issue, and then he becomes the personification of that issue."

The most impressive thing about Laurier is that mingled dominance and charm of personality which makes people think of and talk about him, whether they are for or against him — and without any visible effort of his own. The personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier absolutely saturates the Canadian people.

"Why," said an admiring opponent, "with us Laurier is a tradition, a legend, an institution."

Indeed, so great is the power of this curious personality that it has captivated the English people only in a lesser degree than the Canadian people. All of us will recall the newspaper accounts of the amazing demonstration the Canadian Premier received at the coronation of King Edward some years ago.

A Man of Great Courage and Honesty

And Laurier has courage, as one might expect, also. His personal honesty never has been questioned by his bitterest antagonist. With the opportunities that Canada affords and the high position he has occupied, he might to-day be a millionaire, and that quite legitimately according to certain standards of American public life. Yet to-day, at seventy years of age, having had absolute power in his hands for fifteen years, Laurier is without any kind of wealth, owning, I believe, only the house in which he lives; and that was presented to him by his adoring party followers.

This is all too brief a character sketch of this first of Canadians and commanding general of Canada's dominant political party. I reproduce these outlines to show the American reader the only type of public man that, under the Canadian system, can succeed in holding power for any considerable period. Only a man of Laurier's stature and strength can prevail. Only such should prevail in any party.

A Change of Beat

by Edward B. Waterworth

Illustrations by Jay Hambidge

JAMES MAGUIRE, a party boss, leaned back in his chair and looked with some amusement at the reporter who was calling on him.

"I know how you feel, O'Grady," he said, "but you must know how things are. Every policeman who has charges brought against him runs to his friends with the claim that he's being abused. McCarty will have to stand his chance."

"But Mac's been on the force for years," protested O'Grady, "and those charges were brought by saloonkeepers. You know what dives both of them run. If Mac is fired now, he loses his benefit from the police fund. It's a cinch those charges were trumped up."

"That will be for the Board to decide to-morrow," responded Maguire dryly.

"Both complainants happen to sell Tony Schmidt's beer," retorted O'Grady, "and Mac will have no chance, with Schmidt on the Board."

McCARTY

"The Board has got to act on the evidence," answered Maguire coldly. "These men you refer to say he was always hanging around their places, interfering with their business. He pinched four of their bartenders, and lost every case in the police-courts."

"Of course he lost, with that gang ready to swear to anything," replied O'Grady.

"Now, see here, Steve," said Maguire, suddenly changing his tone and placing his hand on the other's knee, "there's no use you being sore about this. If I could help Mac, I'd do it — but you know how things are."

O'Grady nodded silently, leaning back and gazing abstractedly at the politician. Accustomed as he was to the methods employed by the political ring in control of the police and other city departments, he had realized from the first that his plea for the old patrolman would probably be futile.

Maguire, trim, masterful, and collected, sat coolly gazing at him in return. Clever scheming had put him in control of a party organization that had carried the city in the previous election. This body was now going about the enrichment of itself in the most approved way. That any scruple or any man's fate would affect Maguire was a suggestion at which any one who knew him would have smiled.

O'Grady knew all this. Long experience in the newspaper field had taught him that the sacrifice of faithful public servants by the agents of corruption was sure to follow political victory of the sort just scored. And, while he no longer boiled into indignation at the news of some man's career being wrecked to satisfy the greed of a party boss, he felt deep regret at the sacrifice of the policeman for whom he was making his appeal. That the old man's discharge was imminent, he well knew. McCarty had not "fallen in line." At the previous election, with sturdy independence, he had voted against the party that seemed certain of coming into power. This might have been forgiven had he promptly made submission and turned his hand to aid the ruling element. But, at the first signs of their despoiling campaign, he had set himself to follow what he believed to be his duty.

When the saloons in his district had prepared for a "wide-open" time and a season of debauchery, he had made arrests without respect to person. But he found that the new police-court justices looked askance at these moves.

Women he arrested in wine-rooms swore on the stand that they had never entered those places. His unsupported statements had been

met with the flat denials of a dozen henchmen of each proprietor, who asserted that the policeman was intoxicated when he entered the establishment. And in each case the verdict had gone against him.

Twice, however, his arrests had been such that it had required all the efforts of the ward leader to have the prisoners released. And as Schmidt, the brewer who sold much beer to the saloons in the district, was a member of the Board, an informal caucus was held, and it was decided to summon McCarty for trial.

That this would seal his fate was the accepted opinion. McCarty was to be dismissed for doing his duty. Policemen must be shown that they must "stick with the bunch" or lose their places.

The reporter, his brows wrinkled and his expression thoughtful, debated whether it would be worth while to make another plea.

"Mac's an old man," he slowly ventured, at length. "Two years more on the force — just enough to let him draw his benefit — would fix him all right. He thought he was acting for the best when he raided those places. Couldn't you remove him from this district and fix him up with a beat in the West End?

"I tell you," he continued, with a sudden gleam of hope, "they're sending some men to the western precincts just now. Mac has a little home in the suburbs, and would like to have a beat there. He's a civil old fellow, and would make a fine policeman for the residence districts. Can't you give him a shift out there?"

THE BOSS

"McCarty's either guilty or not guilty," said Maguire curtly, "and the manual is going to be followed in his case. Well,"—as the reporter, recognizing the finality of the answer, arose to go,—"drop in any time you're passing, Steve. If I know any news, I'll let you have it."

O'Grady walked slowly from the room, and boarded a car for the district station. His mission had been useless.

Desk Sergeant MacFarlane, an old friend of McCarty's, looked up as O'Grady entered, raising his eyebrows with a glance of inquiry, then shrugging his shoulders pityingly as the reporter shook his head.

Walking behind the desk, O'Grady placed his hand on the shoulder of McCarty, who, seated at the telephone, was awaiting calls from the men as they reported on their rounds.

"I did my best, Mac," he said softly, "but I couldn't get that change of beat for you."

The officer twisted his gray mustache and nodded slowly.

"I didn't think it would do much good, Steve," he answered listlessly. "It ain't for myself that I mind; it's for the wife. She's been countin' on my benefit to pay off the cost of the home; an' it's sore her heart'll be to know I've lost out.

"And yet," he continued proudly, straightening himself and lifting his weather-beaten face, "she'd not want me to fail in my duty, even to get her that home. I done what was right, Steve. If you could see them little girls — girls that ought to be at school and at home learnin' to be good women — sittin' in those places, drinkin' beer with a fellow like that Stein, who says he's agent for Maguire, you'd want to burn the house down. The law says women and minors sha'n't enter them places; and yet every saloonkeeper in that district is drivi ı' his devil's trade in souls, in spite of the law — and we're helpless. I've pinched those places once, and I'd do it again." And he brought his heavy hand down with a thump on the desk.

"Not so loud," cautioned O'Grady diplomatically. "The trial may come out all right, and there's no use talking until it's over."

"It won't come out all right," responded McCarty, his voice taking on its dull note again. "Well, I'm goin' out for supper, Sergeant."

"All right, Mac. Take the river beat to-night," answered his superior, with a gruffness that did not disguise the note of sympathy in his voice.

"And to think," exclaimed O'Grady, turning suddenly to the Sergeant, as the policeman left the office, "that that man's to be rolled just for doing his sworn duty!"

And the Sergeant, biting his pencil thoughtfully, nodded, but did not commit himself in words.

Seven hours later, Policeman McCarty walked slowly down the lower end of his precinct, swinging his night-stick and gazing reminiscently about. On this night, which he was convinced would be his last on the force, he found memories thronging upon him from every side.

It was in that house, he reflected, that he had

captured a quartet of drunken negroes, knocking them into submission with his club, beating the knives and slung-shots from their hands, and standing off with threats a crowd of angry blacks surging around the doors, who wished to aid their fellows.

It was on this spot near by that, one day in his first week on the force, he had stopped the runaway team of a banker's wife — a banker who had influence with the Board. He had received a bravery medal for his work on that occasion. But bravery medals and his old record would not help him now.

Reaching the river-front, he turned and walked slowly up the dark street, silent with the quiet of midnight, until he reached the corner of his former beat — the first on which he had been placed after he joined the force. He recalled that some doubt had been expressed about the wisdom of putting a probationary patrolman in this neighborhood, so turbulent in those days; and he smiled, this time proudly, as he reflected on the record he had made.

Suddenly, shaking off his reverie, he leaned forward slightly, sniffing anxiously at the light breeze that had risen. An odor of smoke had come to his nostrils — not the heavy smell of the coal fumes that floated up from the railroad tracks, but the pungent reek of burning wood. Quickly he darted to the middle of the street, scanned the buildings on each side of the block, then turned and ran rapidly around the corner, gazing alertly on all sides.

From the roof of an old tenement a spark or two rose lazily, fell on the shingled roof, and slowly died. Then a little spurt of pink-tinged smoke curled above the cornice. As soon as he caught sight of the tiny gleam, McCarty leaped across the deserted street to an alarm-box, tore open the door and pulled the hook, and then dashed into the empty hall of the tenement.

Old and rickety, the building stood as a relic of a period when frame upper stories over brick lower floors were a favored style of architecture and unforbidden by city ordinances. In the rear of the hall was a winding flight of stairs leading to the floors above; and, as the policeman dashed in, a spark floated lightly down and fell through an open hatchway to the cellar, in which, in a heap of rubbish, he caught a gleam of smoldering fire.

"Get up, here!" roared McCarty, striking his heavy club against the doors on either side, as he rushed down the hall. "This place's on fire!"

Not pausing to answer the startled questions from the dark interiors, he leaped up the stairs three at a time, bellowing his warnings, and slamming the iron-shod head of his night-stick against each door, until the crazy portals creaked on their hinges and shrieks arose from within.

As McCarty plunged up to the third floor, he threw one glance above his head, and perceived, through a hole in the ceiling, the bright glare of a flame suddenly throw out a thin red tentacle, which gently released a particle of the ceiling and let it fall down the well of the stairs. Once let that hole in the roof furnish a draft for the ignited rubbish below, once let the flames eat the orifice large enough, and the shaft would become a veritable flue up which the fire would rush with a speed and force that nothing could stay. As McCarty jumped to the landing, he listened eagerly, in the hope of hearing outside the gong of the engine from the near-by fire-house.

At the head of the flight stood a half-clad man, holding a lamp, and backed by a scantily attired woman and some children, who peered from behind a door.

"What doin'?" he inquired. Then, with a sudden change of tone, as a shower of sparks fell, "Hell! Let's get out of this!"

"See that all them people are waked up down below!" roared McCarty, as he ran the length of the hall, beating at door after door until the frightened inmates appeared.

"Here, you! Get out o' this! Run down them steps, quick! . . . Never mind them clothes! Throw them blankets over you, ma'am."

This last to a startled woman in night attire, who ran to the hall with a baby in her arms.

Up the last flight of stairs he rushed, breathing hard. As he reached the top step, what he most dreaded happened. With a ripping and crashing, a huge section of the plastering above gave way and fell thunderously down the shaft to the basement, revealing a roaring mass of flames under the roof. As if stirred to life in sympathy, the fire below, sucked into activity by the draft through the aperture in the blazing roof, sprang upward quickly and fixed itself upon the dry and shaky staircase and the railings. In that one instant the sudden blast from below told the policeman that escape by way of the stairs was impossible.

Down the hallway he ran, stumbling over buckets and furniture, and smashing at the doors in a frenzy. Answering cries told him that the inmates were awakened, and he ran to the window at the end of the hall, jerked up the sash, wrenched at it until he tore it inward, and threw it into the open door of a vacant room, with a crash of breaking glass. Then he leaned far over the sill and looked out.

Fifty feet below, the welcome clangor of the fire apparatus could already be heard on the

corner opposite, where the firemen were hastily coupling an engine to the plug. Beneath, a hook-and-ladder truck had been rushed into position, and from it the men were already jerking the shorter ladders. Up and down the empty street, he could see the swaying lights and hear the distant sound of gongs heralding the approach of other engines.

Behind him, the shrieks of frightened women and children and the oaths of a terrified man rent the murky atmosphere, and, by leaning out, he could see a fringe of heads at the lower windows, to which the firemen were lifting the ladders. Into the hallway on the first floor, from

Mechanically the women obeyed, as the heavy cloud of burning wood smoke swept toward them, accompanied by the ever-increasing roar of the fire. Besides the groaning man on the floor, there were five women and children, and McCarty again craned out of the window and gazed anxiously below.

The fire chief, his white rubber coat and helmet showing in the glare, waved a peremptory hand at McCarty, and the policeman waved back in sign of understanding. With the firemen toiling desperately at the windlass, the heavy extension ladder of the truck slowly began to rise until the top was opposite the window. It

"'THE WALLS ARE GOING TO FALL SOON, BUT EVERYBODY'S SAVED'"

which a stream of panic-stricken people were pouring, a line of hose had already been run.

"Let me out!" cried the man behind, making a wild dash for the window. "It's better to jump than be burned!"

"Ah, would ye?" cried McCarty, his tense nerves glad of the opportunity for action. "Take that!"

And a heavy blow in the stomach sent the man, gurgling and helpless, to the floor.

"Kape cool, now," ordered the policeman, standing over the prostrate man and addressing the frightened women. "Wait till the firemen run the ladder up here. Wet them sheets under that hydrant; hold them against your face and lie down on the floor."

was distant by the width of the sidewalk, and obstructed by the wires of a tall telegraph pole which reared its head just below McCarty's station.

Up the rungs ran a helmeted fireman, armed with a pair of heavy shears to clip these impediments. But, just as he severed the first wire strand, and even as the last person from the second floor was bundled like a sack down the ladders, with a rush like an explosion, the fire leaped through all the lower stories and burst through the front windows, with a jangle of broken glass. The street, only partly illumined before, now shone light as day. And McCarty snapped his teeth tightly together in dismay; for, even if the truck could be brought nearer,

no human being could descend through that surge of flames, now beyond control.

Down his own hall came a burst of heat and flames, eliciting smothered wails from the women and a moan from the man at his feet. Dazed, for a moment, by the sudden rush of scorching gas, the policeman yet managed to snatch one of the water-sodden quilts, to open two doors, that faced each other across the hall, in such a way as nearly to block the passage, and to fling the wet covering across the space between as a temporary shield. Then he turned to the window again, outwardly calm, but with inward despair.

Into every window below now poured a stream of water from the engines, but without curbing the jets of fire. On the opposite sidewalk stood a fireman holding a spray-hose; and McCarty could see the black figures of firemen once more ascending the ladder. Up to the top, with his head bent against the blast, and with the rope wrapped around him, came the first gasping fireman, while at intervals on the rungs, pelted with the spray of the hose and licked at by the flames, stood others.

Reaching the top of the ladder, the fireman twisted his feet around the rungs and tore the rope from his waist. Whirling it around his head, he hurled one end, to which was attached a leather life-belt, at McCarty. The other he fastened to the uppermost rung of the ladder.

"Snap that under the arms!" shouted the man, and McCarty nodded comprehendingly.

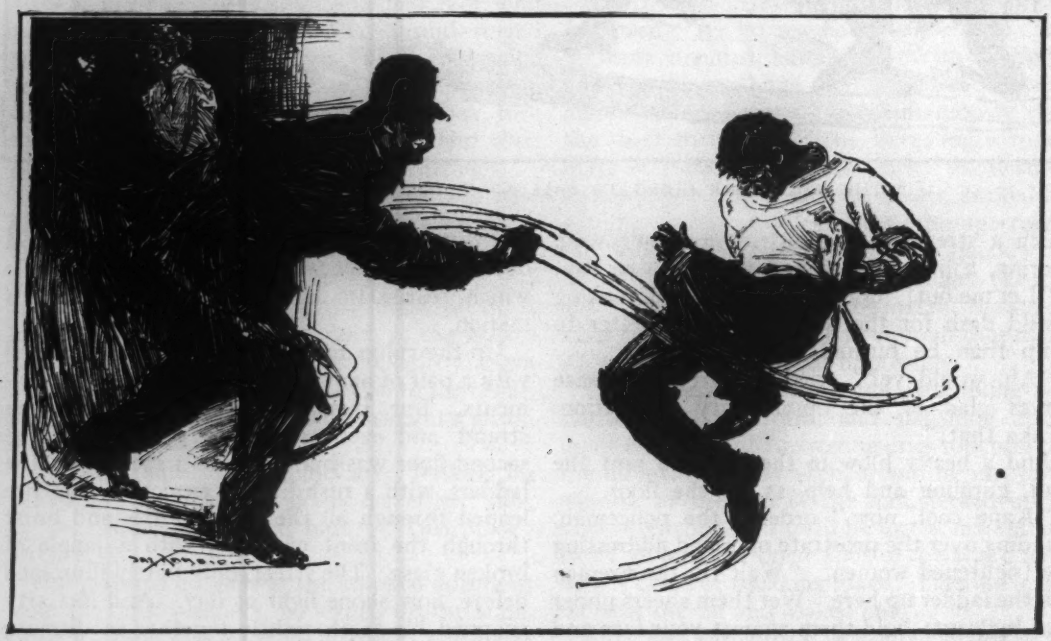
The first woman was senseless as he stooped over her. Quickly he snapped the heavy band beneath her arm-pits, raised her to the sill, and gently swung her out. Her body, sweeping in a curve through the jet of fire from the windows below, bumped into the upright ladder, the shock being broken by the fireman into whose arms she swung, and by the man above, who held desperately to the rope until her weight tore it from his hand. With the speed of desperate necessity, the belt was unsnapped, the unconscious form was passed from practised hand to hand down the ladder, and the rope was once more hurled at McCarty.

With his breath coming in gasps that seemed to inhale molten metal, the veins in his forehead starting, and his strength ebbing with each moment, McCarty bent over the women and children, one by one, and lowered them to safety. The smell of burning cloth from the scorching quilt at the door, the furnace-like air of the place, the stifling clouds of smoke, made the pause of a few seconds between the operations seem like eternities, and he groaned in pain as he labored.

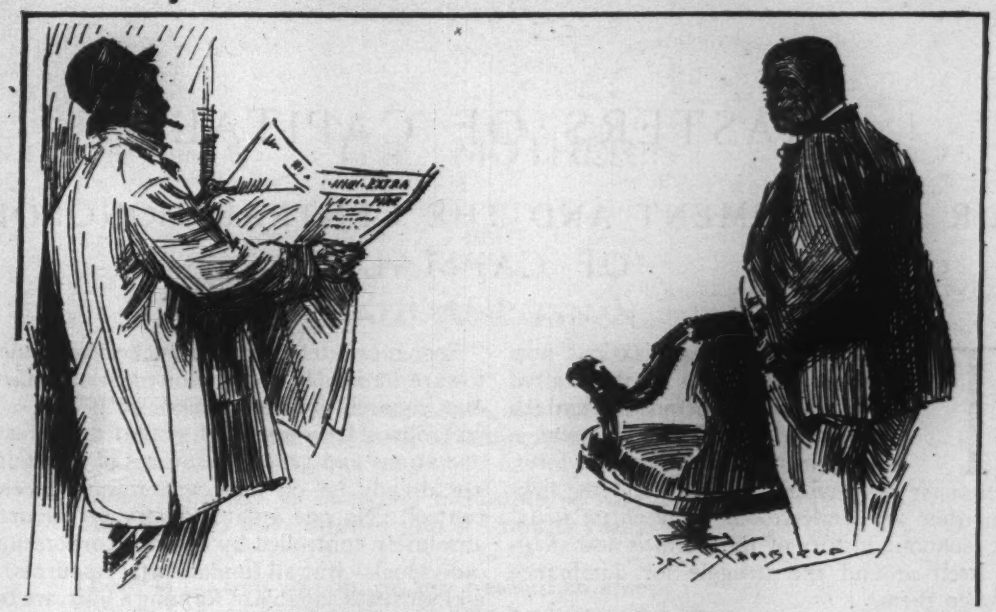
Once, indeed, the man on the floor, roused to sudden strength by desperate fear, howled in terror and started to rise.

"Put that on me!" he yelled, trying to grasp the rope from the policeman. "It's my turn!"

As the man rose to his knees, McCarty, with his little remaining strength, kicked him beneath the chin, and gave a ghastly chuckle as he



"'AH, WOULD YE?' CRIED McCARTY, HIS NERVES GLAD OF THE OPPORTUNITY FOR ACTION!"



"O'GRADY SILENTLY HELD UP THE MORNING PAPER"

saw the fellow collapse just as the last woman was lowered over the sill.

It was with little sense of what he did that the policeman, a few seconds later, snapped the belt about the man and rolled him into the outer air. Then the gray head faltered, and the body fell, exhausted and inert, across the window-ledge, the tired lungs gasping for air.

Twice the heavy belt, hurled by the fireman, hit him on the head as the men shouted desperately to rouse him. Then, revived a little by the cooler air outside, McCarty, still in a daze, painfully worked the band around his shoulders, snapped the clasp, and fell forward senseless.

Cold water and the refreshing air revived him a while later. Beside him, as he opened his bloodshot eyes to find himself lying on the sidewalk, knelt Sergeant MacFarlane, gently bathing McCarty's face, at the same time blinking hard.

"You damned old cuss," whispered the Sergeant, with relief that was almost a sob. "If those guys on the Board can touch you after this——"

"Get that truck out of the way and tell the men to stand back!" McCarty dimly heard the fire chief order the captain. "The walls are going to fall soon. But everybody's saved!".

Steve O'Grady, his clothes reeking with smoke and his face showing the need of a shave, as well as of ablutions, after a night of continuous work at the fire, paused at Maguire's office early the same morning on his way home to get some sleep. Maguire had just arrived, and as the reporter entered he smiled rather sourly.

With an expansive smile, somewhat marred by a cigar stuck jauntily in one corner of his mouth, O'Grady silently held up the morning paper, on the front page of which glared heavy headlines telling of McCarty's work.

"Kind of timely, wasn't it?" remarked Maguire curtly, as he seated himself at his desk. "What's that West End beat you suggested for Mac?"

MASTERS OF CAPITAL

OUR GOVERNMENT AND THE CENTRAL MONOPOLY OF CAPITAL

TWO great social organizations now confront each other in the United States — political democracy and the corporation. Both are yet new,— developments, in their present form, of the past two hundred years,— and the laws of neither are understood. The entire social and economic history of the world is now shaping itself around the struggle for dominance between them.

The article by John Moody and George Kibbe Turner in the June McCLURE's, "How Morgan Built the 'Money Power,'" is a clear statement of the tendency of corporate power toward autocracy, and the startling distance that has been traveled in this country toward an ultimate monopoly — the control in a single central group of the great existing corporate properties of this country, and the power of creating new ones.

The problem presented by this situation is the most difficult that any modern nation has faced; and the odds, up to the present time, have all been with the corporations. Property settles by economic law in strong hands; it has unlimited rewards for service, and the greatest power in the world — the power of food and drink, life and death — over mankind. Corporate property in the last twenty years has been welded into an instrument of almost infinite power, concentrated in the hands of a very few and very able men.

The power of the political State — which must cope with this — is diffused to the highest possible degree. The control of corporate capital is becoming a unit; its operations and interests cover the whole country. The management and direction of popular government, so far as this greatest of all its problems is concerned, is in the hands of half a hundred minor, independent States, each with only a partial knowledge and interest in the matter.

This type of organization is not only absurdly incompetent, as an instrument, to deal with the organization opposed to it; but the personnel of the bodies of men which it enlists in its service is notoriously and necessarily inferior.

Sooner or later the so far unchecked tendency toward monopoly in the United States must be met squarely by the American people. The fact, now clearly apparent, is that the industrial operations and general resources of the country are already far on their way toward a central control. No one great industry or resource is absolutely controlled by any one corporation or individual. But all fundamental resources, and all industries capable of forming a unit, are being drawn together toward monopoly control; and these units are being concentrated again, as has been shown by Messrs. Moody and Turner, in a central monopoly in the great security and money market of New York.

The problem of the relation of the State and the corporation is now the chief question of the world. In Europe the State is relatively much stronger; in America the corporation. In Europe the movement toward State Socialism — the collective ownership and operation of the machinery of industry and transportation — is far on its way; in America we are moving to control the corporation by political instruments, such as State boards and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

How long will the power of governmental control over the great national industrial corporations be divided, as it is now, between these half hundred provinces, established under the industrial conditions of the eighteenth century?

If it remains there, does any grown man question the ultimate result of the struggle between corporate monopoly and government?

And if corporate centralization of power continues unchecked, what is the next great popular agitation to be in this country? For State Socialism?

The next article by Messrs. Moody and Turner in their series "The Masters of Capital in America"— to be printed in the August number of McCLURE's — will summarize the measure of control that the central banking and corporation group in Wall Street now holds over the railroads, the large industries, and the fundamental resources of the United States.

THE MOTHER

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THERE is no height, no depth, that could set us apart—
Body of mine and soul of mine, heart of my heart.

There is no sea so deep, no mountain so high,
That I could not come to you if I heard you cry.

There is no hell so sunken, no heaven so steep,
Where I should not seek you and find you and keep.

Now you are round and soft, and sweet as a rose;
Not a stain on my spotless one, white as the snows.

If some day you came to me heavy with sin,
I, your mother, would run to the door and let you in.

I would wash you white again with my tears and grief,
Body of mine and soul of mine, till you found relief.

Though you had sinned all sins there are 'twixt east and west,
You should find my arms wide for you, your head on my breast.

Child, if I were in heaven and you were in hell,—
Angels white as my spotless one stumbled and fell,—

I would leave the fields of God and Queen Mary's feet,
Straight to the heart of hell would go seeking my sweet.

God, mayhap, would turn Him at sound of the door:
"Who is it goes out from Me, to come back no more?"

Then the blessed Mary would say from her throne:
"Son, 'tis a mother goes to hell, seeking her own.

"Body of mine and Soul of mine, born of me,—
Thou who wert once little Jesus beside my knee,—

"It is so that mothers are made: Thou madest them so.
Body of mine and Soul of mine, do I not know?"